

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
THE  
SON of ULYSSES.  
BY THE  
ARCHBISHOP of CAMBRAY.

Translated into ENGLISH by

Mr. DES MAIZEAUX, F. R. S.

A NEW EDITION, revised and corrected.

*P A R I S :*

Sold by THEOPHILE BARROIS le jeune, Bookseller,  
rue Hautefeuille, n<sup>o</sup>. 22.

M. DCC. XCVIII. O. S.



1607 | 5541.



A

# DISCOURSE\*

ON

## EPIC POETRY,

AND THE

## EXCELLENCE

Of the POEM of

# TELEMACHUS.

IF we could relish naked truth, she The origin  
I would not want, to gain our love, the and end of  
ornaments which imagination lends her: poetry.

but her pure and delicate light does not sufficiently  
soothe the senses of man; she requires an attention  
which is too troublesome to his natural levity. To  
instruct him, it is necessary to give him not only  
pure ideas which enlighten his mind, but also  
images which strike his senses, and keep his eyes  
steadfastly fixed on the truth. This is the source of  
eloquence, of poetry, and of all the sciences which  
belong to the imagination. It is the weakness of  
man which makes these sciences necessary. The plain  
and unchangeable beauty of virtue does not always  
affect him: it is not sufficient to shew him truth;  
she must be painted amiable (a).

We shall examine the poem of Telemachus in these  
two views, of instructing and pleasing; and we shall  
endeavour to shew that the author has instructed more  
than the ancients by the sublimity of his moral, and

\* This discourse has been revised, altered and improved  
in many places, according to corrections communicated by  
Mr. Ramsay, who is the author of it.

(a) *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

HOR. Art. Poet.

A

that he has pleased as much as they by imitating all their beauties.

There are two ways of instructing men in order to render them good : The first, by shewing them the deformity of vice , and its fatal consequences, which is the chief design of tragedy : The second, by discovering the beauty of virtue, and its happy end, which is the proper character of the Epopœa, or epic poem. The passions which belong to the former, are terror and pity ; those which agree to the latter, are admiration and love. In one, the actors speak ; in the other, the poet makes the narration.

Two sorts of heroic poetry.

The epic poem may be defined, *A fable related by a poet to raise the admiration, and inspire the love of virtue, by the representation of the action of a hero favoured of heaven, who executes a great design by triumphing over all obstacles that oppose it.* There are therefore three things in the Epopœa, the *action*, the *moral*, and the *poetry*.

The definition and division of epic poetry.

### I. Of the EPIC ACTION.

The action must be *great, one, entire, marvellous*, but yet *probable*, and of a *due length*. The Telemachus has all these qualifications. Let us compare it with the models of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, and we shall be convinced of it.

The qualities of the epic action.

We shall only speak of the Odyssæy, whose plan has a greater resemblance of this of Telemachus. In that poem Homer introduces a wise king returning from a foreign war, wherein he had given signal proofs of his wisdom and valour. Tempests stop him by the way, and cast him on divers countries, whose manners, laws and politics he learns. Hence naturally arise an infinite number of incidents and dangers. But knowing how many disorders his absence caused in his kingdom, he surmounts all these obstacles, despises all the pleasures of

The design of the Odyssæy.

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life, and is unmoved even by immortality itself: he renounces every thing in order to relieve his people, and to see his family again (a).

(b) In the *Æneid*, a pious and valiant hero, having escaped from the ruins of a powerful state, is destined by the Gods to preserve its religion, and to found an empire more great and more glorious than the first. This prince being chosen king by the unfortunate remains of his fellow-citizens, wanders a long while with them in several countries, where he learns every thing that is necessary to a king, to a legislator, to an high-priest. He at last finds an asylum in a remote country, from whence his ancestors came. He defeats several powerful enemies who oppose his settlement, and lays the foundation of an empire, which was afterwards to be the master of the universe.

The subject  
of the  
*Æneid*.

The action of *Telemachus* comprehends what is great in both these poems. We there see a young prince animated by the love of his country, going in quest of his father; whose absence caused the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. He exposes himself to all sorts of danger; he signalizes himself by heroic virtues; he refuses royalty, and crowns more considerable than his own; and, passing thro' several unknown countries, learns every thing that is necessary to govern afterwards according to the wisdom of *Ulysses*, the piety of *Æneas*; and the valour of both, like a wise politician, a religious prince, and an accomplished hero.

The plan of  
*Telemachus*.

The action of the *Epopœa* ought to be one. The epic poem is not a history, like the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan* and the *Punic war* of *Silius Italicus*; nor the entire life of a hero, like the *Achilleid* of *Statius*: the unity of the hero does not constitute the unity of the action. The life of man is full of inequalities; he is continually changing his designs, either thro' the inconstancy of his passions, or

The action  
ought to be  
one.

(a) See father *Bossu*, B. I. chap. 10.

(b) *Ibid.* chap. 11.



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the unforeseen accidents of life. Whoever should describe the whole man, would draw but a fantastical picture, a contrast of opposite passions, without coherence or order. It is for this reason that the *Epopœa* is not the panegyric of a hero who is proposed for a pattern, but the recital of a great and illustrious action which is exhibited for imitation.

It is in poetry as in painting; the unity of the principal action does not hinder the inserting of many particular incidents. Of episodes.

The design is formed in the beginning of the poem, and the hero accomplishes it by surmounting all difficulties. It is the recital of these obstacles which makes the episodes; but all these episodes dépend on the principal action, and are so interwoven in it, and so connected together, that the whole presents but one single picture, composed of several figures in a beautiful disposition and in a just proportion.

I do not here inquire if it is true that Homer sometimes drowns his main action in the length and number of his episodes; if his action is double; if he often loses sight of his principal personages. It is sufficient to remark, that the author of *Telemachus* has every where imitated the regularity of Virgil, by avoiding the faults which are imputed to the Greek poet. All our author's episodes are connected, and so artfully interwoven into each other, that the former brings on that which follows. His chief personages do not disappear, and his transitions from the episode to the principal action, always make us sensible of the unity of the design. In the first six books, *Telemachus* speaks, and makes a recital of his adventures to *Calypso*; and yet this long episode, in imitation of that of *Dido*, is related with so much art, that the unity of the principal action remains perfect. The reader is there in suspense, and perceives from the beginning that the abode of the hero in that island, and what passes there, is only an

The unity of the action of *Telemachus*, and the continuity of the episodes.



obstacle that is to be surmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth books, where Mentor instructs Idomeneus, Telemachus is not present, being at that time in the army : but then it is Mentor, one of the principal persons of the poem, who does every thing with a view to Telemachus, and for his instruction after his return from the camp. It is also great art in our author, to introduce episodes into his poem which do not arise from the principal fable, without breaking either the unity or continuity of the action. These episodes are placed there, not only as important instructions for a young prince ( which is the great design of the poet), but because they are recounted to his hero during a time of inaction, to fill up a vacuity. Thus Adoam informs Telemachus of the manners and laws of Betica, during the calm of a voyage; and Philoctetes relates his misfortunes to him, while the young prince is in the confederate camp waiting for the day of battle.

The epic action ought to be *entire*. This integrity supposes three things, the cause, the intrigue, and the unravelling.

The action ought to be entire.

The cause of the action ought to be worthy of the hero, and conformable to his character. Such is the design of Telemachus, which we have seen already.

The intrigue must be natural, and drawn from the action itself. In the *Odyssey*, Neptune forms it; in the *Æneid*, it is the anger of Juno; and in Telemachus, the hatred of Venus. The intrigue in the *Odyssey* is natural, because there is naturally no obstacle more to be dreaded by those who go to sea, than the sea itself (a). The opposition of Juno in the *Æneid*, as an enemy of the Trojans, is a beautiful fiction. But the hatred of Venus against a young prince, who despises pleasures through a love of virtue, and subdues his passions by the assistance of wisdom, is a fable which is drawn from nature, and at the same time includes a sublime moral.

(a) See father Bossu, B. II. chap. 13.

The unravelling must be as natural as the intrigue. In the *Odyssæy*, Ulysses arrives among the Phæacians, relates to them his adventures, and those islanders, fond of the marvellous, and charmed with his stories, furnish him with a ship to return home : the unravelling is plain and natural. In the *Æneid*, Turnus is the only obstacle to the settlement of Æneas ; this hero, to save the blood of his Trojans, and that of the Latins, whose king he was soon to be, decides the quarrel by a single combat (a) : this unravelling is noble. That of Telemachus is at once natural and great. This young hero, in obedience to the commands of heaven, conquers his love for Antiope, and his friendship for Idomeneus, who offered him his crown and his daughter. He sacrifices the most violent passions, and even the most innocent pleasures, to the pure love of virtue. He embarks for Ithaca on ships with which he was furnished by Idomeneus, for whom he had performed many services. When he is near his own country, Minerva causes him to put in at a little desert island, where she discovers herself to him. Having accompanied him, without his knowing her, through stormy seas, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man, wisdom at length conducts him to a solitary place, where she speaks to him, informs him of the end of his labours, and of his future good fortune, and then leaves him. As soon as he is going to enjoy happiness and repose, the Divinity withdraws, the marvellous ceases, and the epic action ends. It is in adversity that man shews himself a hero, and needs a divine support. It is only after he has suffered, that he is able to walk alone, to conduct himself, and to govern others. In the poem of Telemachus, the observation of the minutest rules of art is accompanied with a profound moral.

The unravelling.

(a) See father Bossu, B. II. chap. 13.

Besides the plot and general solution of the main action, each episode has its own plot and solution, which ought to have all the same qualities. In the *Epopœa*, we do not look for the surprising intrigues of modern romances: surprise alone raises but a very imperfect and transitory passion. The sublime is to imitate simple nature, to prepare the incidents in so delicate a manner, that they may not be foreseen, and to conduct them with such art that the whole may appear natural. We are not uneasy, suspended, diverted from the chief end of heroic poesy, which is instruction, to attend to a fabulous unravelling and an imaginary intrigue. This is allowable, when the sole design is to amuse; but in an epic poem, which is a kind of moral philosophy, these intrigues are only witty conceits beneath its gravity and dignity.

The general qualification of the intrigue and unravelling of the epic poem.

As the author of *Telemachus* has avoided the intrigues of modern romances, so has he not fallen into the marvellous with which some reproach the ancients; he neither makes horses speak, nor tripods walk, nor statues work: not that this kind of the marvellous shocks reason, when it is supposed to be the effect of a divine power that can do every thing. The ancients introduced the Gods in their poems, not only to bring about great events by their interposition, and to unite the probable and the marvellous; but to teach men, that the most valiant and most wise can do nothing without the help of the Gods. In our poem, *Minerva* continually conducts *Telemachus*. Thereby the poet makes every thing possible to his hero, and intimates, that man can do nothing without the assistance of divine wisdom. This is not all his art: the sublime consists in the concealing the Goddess under an human form. Not only the probable, but the natural also, is here united to the marvellous. All is divine, and yet all appears human. And this is not yet all: if *Telemachus* had known that he was conducted

The action must be marvellous.

by a Goddess, his merit would have been less; he would have had too great a support in her. Homer's heroes almost always know what the Gods do for them. Our poet, by concealing the marvellous part of his fiction from his hero, exercises his virtue and his courage.

Tho' the action must be probable, it is not necessary that it be true; because the end of the epic poem is not to make a panegyric or satire upon any particular man, but to instruct and please by the recital of an action, which leaves the poet at liberty to feign whatever characters, personages, and episodes he pleases, which are proper to the moral he designs to insinuate.

The truth of the action is not contrary to the nature of the epic poem, provided it does not hinder the variety of the characters, the beauty of the descriptions, the enthusiasm, fire, invention, and other parts of the poetry; and provided that the hero be made for the action, and not the action for the hero. An epic poem may be built on a true as well as on a fabulous action.

The nearness of times should be no check upon the poet in the choice of his subject, provided he supplies this defect by the distance of places, or by probable and natural events, the detail of which has escaped the historians, and which it is supposed could not be known but by the persons who are actors in them. Thus an epic poem and an excellent fable may be built on an action of Henry IV. or of Montezuma, because it is not essential to the epic action, as F. Bossu observes, that it be true or false, but that it be moral, and teach important truths.

The duration of the epic poem is longer than that of tragedy. In the former, the poet relates the continued triumph of virtue: in the latter, he shews the unexpected mischiefs which arise from the passions. The action of the one ought consequently to have a greater length than

Of the duration of the epic poem.



that of the other. The Epopœa may take in the actions of several years; but, according to the critics the time of the principal action, from the place where the poet begins his narration, cannot exceed a year; as the time of tragic action ought at most to be but one day. However, Aristotle and Horace say nothing about it, and Homer and Virgil have observed no certain rule as to this particular. The action of the *Iliad* in all its parts takes up but fifty days; that of the *Odyssey*, from the place where the poet begins his narration, but about two months; that of the *Æneid*, one year; and a single campaign suffices Telemachus, from his departure from the island of Calypso to his return to Ithaca. Our poet has shewn the mid-way between the impetuosity and vehemence with which the Greek poet runs towards his end, and the majestic and even pace of the Latin poet, who sometimes seems to flag, and to lengthen out his narration too much.

(a) When the epic action is long and not continued, the poet divides his fable into two parts: in the former, the hero speaks, and relates his past adventures; in the latter, the poet only makes a relation of what afterwards happens to his hero. Thus Homer does not begin his narration till after Ulysses is departed from the isle of Ogygia; nor Virgil his, till after Æneas is arrived at Carthage. The author of *Telemachus* has perfectly imitated these two great models. He divides his action, like them, into two parts. The principal contains what he himself relates, and begins where *Telemachus* concludes the recital of his adventures to Calypso. He takes only a little matter, but he treats it at large: eighteen books are employed upon it. The other part is much more extended as to the number of the incidents and the time; but it is much more contracted as to the circumstances: it contains only the six first books. By this division of what our poet relates himself, and of what he makes *Telemachus* relate,

Of the epic  
narration.

(a) See *F. Bosu*, B. II, chap. 18.



he recalls the whole life of the hero, and collects all the events of it together, without prejudicing the unity of the principal action, and without giving too great a duration to his poem. He joins variety and continuity of adventures together: all is motion, all is action in his poem. One never sees his personages idle, nor does his hero ever disappear.

## II. Of the MORAL:

Virtue may be recommended by examples and by instructions, by manners and by precepts: and in this respect our author greatly excels all other poets.

We are indebted to Homer for the noble invention of personalizing the divine attributes, human passions, and physical causes; a fruitful source of beautiful fictions which animate and enliven every thing in poetry. But his religion is reduced to a texture of fables, which represent the divine nature under images by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.

Of the  
manners.

Every one knows the taste which all antiquity, sacred and profane, Greek and Barbarian, had for similitudes and allegories. The Greeks derived their mythology from Egypt. Now hieroglyphic characters were, among the Egyptians, the chief, not to say the most ancient, way of writing. These hieroglyphics were figures of men, birds, animals, reptiles, and various productions of nature, which denoted, as emblems, the divine attributes and the qualities of spirits. This symbolical style was founded upon a very ancient opinion, that the universe is only a picture which represents the divine perfections; that the visible world is only an imperfect copy of the invisible; that there is consequently a hidden analogy between the original and the pictures, between spiritual and corporeal beings, between the properties of one and those of the other.

This manner of painting words, and of giving body to thoughts, was the true source of mythology and of all poetic fictions: but in process of time, especially

when the hieroglyphical style was turned into the alphabetical and vulgar, men having forgotten the primitive meaning of these symbols, fell into the grossest idolatry. The poets debased every thing by giving a loose to their imagination. By their appetite for the marvellous, they turned theology and the ancient traditions into a real chaos, and a monstrous jumble of fictions and all the human passions. The historians and poets of after-ages, as Herodotus, Diodorus the Sicilian, Lucian, Pliny, Cicero, who did not go back to the original design of this allegorical theology, understood every thing according to the letter, and equally derided the mysteries of their religion and the fable. But when we consult among the Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, those who have left us some imperfect fragments of the ancient theology, as Sanchoniatho and Zoroaster, Eusebius, Philo and Manetho, Apuleius, Damascius, Horus Apollo, Origen, St. Clement of Alexandria, they all tell us that these hieroglyphic and symbolical characters denote the mysteries of the invisible world, the doctrines of the most profound theology, *the heavens and the faces of the Gods.*

The Phrygian fable invented by Æsop, or, according to some, by Socrates himself, gives us at first sight to understand that we must not adhere to the letter, since the actors, who are made to speak and reason, are animals void of speech and reason: why then should we adhere to the letter only in the Egyptian fable and the mythology of Homer? The Phrygian fable exalts the nature of the brute, by giving him understanding and virtues. The Egyptian fable seems indeed to degrade the divine nature, by giving it body and passions. But one cannot read Homer with attention, without being convinced that he understood many great truths, which are diametrically opposite to the senseless religion with which the letter of his fiction presents us. This poet lays it down as a principle in

several places of his poems, (a) that it is a weakness to believe that the Gods resemble men, that they are inconstant, and pass from one passion to another; (b) that all the Gods enjoy is eternal, and that all we possess passes away and perishes; (c) that the state of souls after death, is a state of punishment, suffering, and expiation; but that the soul of the hero does not remain in hell; that it takes its flight to the stars, and sits down at the table of the Gods, where it enjoys a happy immortality; that there is a continual intercourse between men and the inhabitants of the invisible world; that without the Deity, mortals can do nothing; (d) that true virtue is a divine power that comes from heaven, which transforms the most brutal, the most cruel and passionate men, and makes them humane, tender and pitiful. When I see these sublime truths in Homer, inculcated, particularized, insinuated by a thousand different examples and a thousand various images, I cannot believe that this poet is to be understood according to the letter in other places, where he seems to attribute to the supreme Deity prejudices, passions and vices.

I know that several moderns, in imitation of Pythagoras and Plato, have censured Homer for having thus debased the divine nature, and having declaimed with much wit and force against the absurdity of representing the mysteries of theology by impious actions attributed to the celestial powers, and of teaching morality by allegories whose letter presents nothing but vice. But without any breach of the regard due to the judgment and taste of these critics, may we not respectfully represent to them, that their anger against the allegorical taste of antiquity may be carried too far?

However, I do not pretend to justify Homer in the extravagant sense of his blind admirers; he lived in a time when the ancient traditions concerning the ori-

(a) Odyss. B. III.

(b) Ibid. B. IV.

(c) Ibid.

(d) Iliad. B. XXIV.

ental theology began to be forgotten. Our moderns therefore have some reason to shew no great regard for Homer's theology; and they who endeavour to vindicate him in every thing under pretence of a perpetual allegory, discover that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the spirit of these true ancients, in respect of whom, the bard who sings of Troy is himself but a modern.

Not to continue this discussion any longer, I shall content myself with remarking that the author of *Telemachus*, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided two great faults which are imputed to him. He personalizes like him the divine attributes, and makes subordinate Deities of them; but he never introduces them but on occasions that deserve their presence. He never makes them speak or act but in a manner that is worthy of them. He artfully joins together *the poetry of Homer and the philosophy of Pythagoras*. He says nothing but what the pagans might have said, and yet he has put into their mouths what is most sublime in the Christian morality, and has hereby shewn that this morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly discover them there, if he obeyed the voice of pure and simple reason, in order to give himself wholly up to that sovereign and universal truth, which enlightens all spirits, as the sun enlightens all bodies, and without which the reason of every particular man is nothing but darkness and error.

The ideas our poet gives us of the Deity are not only worthy of him, but infinitely amiable with regard to man. Every thing inspires confidence and love; a gentle piety, a noble and free adoration, due to the absolute perfection of the infinite Being; and not a superstitious, gloomy, slavish worship, which oppresses and dejects the heart, when God is considered only as a powerful legislator, who punishes with rigour the violation of his laws.



He represents God as a lover of men; but his love and goodness towards us are not directed by the blind decrees of a fatal destiny, nor merited by the pompous show of an exterior worship, nor subject to the whimsical caprices of the pagan Deities, but always regulated by the immutable law of wisdom, which cannot but love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they slay, but of the passions which they sacrifice.

His ideas of the Deity.

We may more easily vindicate the characters which Homer gives to his heroes than those which he gives to his Gods. It is certain that he paints men with simplicity, strength, variety and passion. Our ignorance of the customs of a country, of the ceremonies of its religion, of the genius of its language; the fault, whereof most men are guilty, of judging of every thing by the taste of their age and nation; the love of pomp and false magnificence, which has corrupted pure and primitive nature; all these things may mislead us, and give us an unreasonable disgust of things that were most esteemed in ancient Greece.

Of the manners of Homer's heroes.

There are, according to Aristotle; two sorts of Epopœas, one *pathetic*, the other *moral*; one, where the great passions reign; the other, where the great virtues triumph. The *Iliad* and *Odyssy* afford examples of both these kinds.

Of the two sorts of epic poems, the pathetic and the moral.

In the former, Achilles is represented naturally with all his faults; sometimes so transported, as to preserve no dignity in his anger; sometimes so furious, as to sacrifice his country to his resentment. Tho' the hero of the *Odyssy* be more regular than the young, hot, and impetuous Achilles, yet the wise Ulysses is often false and deceitful: And the reason is, because the poet paints men with simplicity, and such as they generally are. Valour is



often united to a furious and brutal violence. Policy is almost always joined with lying and dissimulation. To paint after nature, is to paint like Homer.

Without pretending to criticise on the different views of the Iliad and Odyssey, these remarks by the way on their different beauties, are sufficient to make us admire the art with which our author unites in his poem these two sorts of Epopœas, the *pathetic* and the *moral*. There is an admirable mixture and contrast of virtues and passions in this wonderful picture. It shows nothing too great, but equally represents to us the excellence and meanness of man. It is dangerous to shew us one without the other, and nothing is more useful than to let us see them both together; for perfect justice and virtue require that we should esteem and despise, that we should love and hate ourselves. Our poet does not raise Telemachus above humanity: he makes him fall into the weaknesses which are compatible with a sincere love of virtue: and his weaknesses serve to reclaim him, by inspiring him with a diffidence of himself and his own strength. He does not make the imitation of him impossible, by giving him a spotless perfection; but he excites our emulation, by setting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the same imperfections which every one feels in himself, performs the most noble and the most virtuous actions. He has joined together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles, the wisdom of Ulysses, and the tender disposition of Æneas. Telemachus is wrathful like the first, without being brutal; politic like the second, without being deceitful; and tender-hearted like the third, without being voluptuous.

These two  
sorts in Te-  
lemachus.

I own that there is a great variety in Homer's characters. The courage of Achilles and that of Hector, the valour of Diomed and that of Ajax, the wisdom of Nestor and that of Ulysses, the love of Helen and that of Briseis, the fidelity of Andromache and that

of Penelope, are by no means alike. There is wonderful judgment and nicety in the characters of the Greek poet. But what is there of this kind which we do not find in the poem of Telemachus, in the so varied and always so well supported characters of Sesostris and Pygmalion, of Idomeneus and Adrastus, of Protefilaus and Philocles, of Calypso and Antiope, of Telemachus and Bocchoris? I even dare to affirm that there is in this instructive poem not only a variety in the colouring of the same virtues and passions, but so great a diversity also of opposite characters, that we find in this work the entire anatomy of the human mind and heart: for the author knew *man* and *men*. He had studied one within himself, and the other amidst a flourishing court. He divided his life between solitude and society: he lived continually attentive to the truth which instructs us within, and never went out of himself but to study characters, in order to cure the passions of some, and to perfect the virtues of others. He knew how to suit himself to all men in order to sound them, and to assume all sorts of forms without ever departing from his real character.

Another way of instructing is by precepts. The author of Telemachus joins the most important instructions with heroic examples, the morality of Homer with the manners of Virgil. His morality however has three qualifications, which are not found in the same degree in any of the ancients, whether poets or philosophers: It is *sublime* in its principles, *noble* in its motives, and *universal* in its uses.

Of moral  
precepts  
and in-  
structions.

1. Sublime in its principles. It arises from a profound knowledge of man. The poet lets the reader into his own heart; he shews him the secret springs of his passions, the latent windings of self-love, the difference between false and solid virtues. From the

The quali-  
ties of the  
morality of  
Telemachus.

knowledge of man, he ascends to that of God himself. He every where makes us sensible, that the infinite Being incessantly acts in us, in order to make us good and happy : that he is the immediate source of all our knowledge, and of all our virtues : that we are not less indebted to him for reason, than for life : that his sovereign truth ought to be our only light, and his supreme will the rule of all our affections : that, for want of consulting his universal and unchangeable wisdom, man sees nothing but seducing phantoms, and, for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confused noise of his passions : that solid virtues are something foreign, as it were, that is infused into us ; that they are not the effects of our own endeavours, but of a power superior to man, which works in us when we do not obstruct it, and of whose working we are not always sensible, by reason of its delicacy. He at length shews us, that without this first and sovereign power, which raises man above himself, the most shining virtues are only the refinements of self-love, which confines all its views to itself, makes itself its own Deity, and becomes at the same time the idolater and the idol. Nothing is more admirable than the picture of the philosopher, whom Telemachus sees in hell, and whose only crime was his having been enamoured of his own virtue.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourselves, in order to refer every thing to the supreme Being, and to make us adore him ; as the end of his politics is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to induce us to love the human race. The systems of Machiavel, Hobbes, and the two more modern authors, Pufendorf and Grotius, are well known. The two first lay down, as the only maxims in the art of government, craft, artifice, stratagem, despotic power, injustice, and irreligion. The two last build their politics upon maxims of government, which are not even equal to those of Plato's Republic, or Tully's Offices.

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These two modern authors laboured indeed with a view of being useful to society, and directed almost every thing to the happiness of man considered in a civil capacity. But the author of *Telemachus* is an original, in that he has joined the most perfect politics to the ideas of the most consummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common father, and every nation as it were one great family. From this beauteous and delightful idea arise what politicians call *the Laws of nature and nations*, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer considered as independent on others, but the human race is an indivisible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our own country; the heart enlarges itself, grows immense, and by an universal friendship embraces all mankind. Hence arise a love for strangers, a mutual confidence between neighbouring nations, integrity, justice, and peace between the princes of the universe as well as between the private men of every state. Our author also shews us, that the glory of *royalty* is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that the authority of the prince is never better established, than when it is founded in the love of the people; and that the true riches of a state consist in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and in being satisfied with necessaries, and with simple and innocent pleasures. He hereby shews that virtue not only contributes to the fitting of men for future felicity; but that it actually renders society as happy as it can be in this life.

2. The morality of *Telemachus* is noble in its motives. Its grand principle is, that the love of *beauty* ought to be preferred to the love of *pleasure*, as Socrates and Plato express themselves; the *honest* to the *agreeable*, according to the expression of Cicero. Lo! the source of noble sentiments, greatness of soul, and all heroic virtues. It is by these pure and ele-

The morality of *Telemachus* is noble in its motives.



vated ideas, that he destroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by dispute, the false philosophy of those *who make pleasure the only spring of the human heart*. Our poet shews by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart. I know that this heroic virtue passes among vulgar souls for a phantom, and that men of a lively imagination have inveighed against this sublime and solid truth by many frivolous and despicable witticisms: for finding nothing in themselves that may be compared to these noble sentiments, they conclude that humanity is not capable of them. They are dwarfs, that judge of the strength of giants by their own. Minds that continually grovel within the bounds of self-love, will never comprehend the power and extent of a virtue which raises a man above himself. Some philosophers, who in other respects have made fine discoveries in philosophy, have been so far carried away by their prejudices, as not sufficiently to distinguish between the love of order and the love of pleasure, and to deny that the will may be as strongly moved *by the clear view of truth, as by the natural taste of pleasure*.

A man cannot read Telemachus with attention without getting over these prejudices. He there sees the generous sentiments of a noble soul whose conceptions are all great; of a disinterested heart that continually forgets itself; of a philosopher who does not confine his views to himself, nor to his own country, nor to any thing in particular, but directs every thing to the common good of mankind, and all mankind to the supreme Being.

3. The morality of Telemachus is universal in its uses, extensive, fruitful, suited to all times, to all nations, and all conditions. We there learn the duties of a prince, who is at the same time a king, a warrior, a philosopher and legislator. We there

The morality of Telemachus is universal in its uses.



see the art of governing different nations; the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always to have in our own kingdom a warlike youth that is ready to defend it; to enrich our dominions without falling into luxury; to find the medium between the excess of despotic power, and the disorders of anarchy. Here are given precepts for agriculture, trade, arts, government, the education of children. Our author introduces into his poem not only heroic and royal virtues, but those also which are suitable to all sorts of condition. While he is forming the heart of his prince, he teaches every private man his duty.

The design of the Iliad is to represent the fatal consequences of discord among the commanders of an army. The Odyssey shews us what prudence and valour in a king may effect. In the Æneid the actions of a pious and valiant hero are described. But all these particular virtues do not constitute the happiness of mankind. Telemachus goes far beyond all these plans, by the greatness, number and extent of his moral views; so that one may say with the philosophical critic upon Homer, \* *The most useful present which the Muses have made to men, is the Telemachus; for if the happiness of mankind could arise from a poem, it would arise from it.*

### III. Of the POETRY.

It is a fine remark of Sir William Temple, *That in poetry are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture.* But as poetry only differs from eloquence, in that it paints with enthusiasm; we rather chuse to say that poetry borrows its harmony from music, its passion from painting, its force and justness from philosophy.

\* L'Abbé Terrasson's dissertation on the Iliad.

The style of Telemachus is polite, clear, flowing, magnificent; it has all the richness of Homer, without his redundancy of words. Our author is never guilty of repetitions; when he speaks of the same things, he does not recall the same images. All his periods fill the ear by their number and cadence; there is nothing shocking, no hard words, no abstruse terms, nor affected turns. He never speaks for the sake of speaking, nor even barely to please: all his words make us think, and all his thoughts tend to make us virtuous.

The harmony of the style of Telemachus.

The images of our poet are as perfect as his style is harmonious. To paint is not only to describe things, but to represent the circumstances of them in so lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine we see them. The author of Telemachus paints the passions with art; he had studied the heart of man, and knew all its springs. When we read his poem, we see nothing but what he shows us, nor do we hear any but those whom he directs to speak: he warms, he moves, he transports; we feel all the passions he describes.

The excellence of the painting of Telemachus.

The poets usually make use of two sorts of painting, similes and descriptions. The similes of Telemachus are just and noble. The author does not raise the mind too much above his subject by extravagant metaphors, nor does he perplex it by too great a crowd of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the descriptions of the ancients, as their battles, games, shipwrecks, sacrifices, &c. without expatiating on trifling particulars that make the narration languish, and without debasing the majesty of the epic poem by the description of things that are low and beneath the dignity of the work. He sometimes descends to particulars; but he says nothing that does not merit attention, and that does not contribute towards the idea which he designs

Of the comparisons and descriptions of Telemachus.

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to give. He follows nature in all her varieties. He knew that all discourses ought to have their inequalities, and be sometimes sublime without swelling into bombast, and sometimes plain without being low. It is a false taste always to aim at embellishment. His descriptions are magnificent, but natural; simple, and yet agreeable. He does not only paint after nature, for his pictures moreover are always amiable. He joins together the truth of design, and the beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer, and the dignity of Virgil. Nor is this all; the descriptions of this poem are not designed only to please: for they are all likewise instructive. If the author speaks of the pastoral life, it is to recommend an amiable simplicity of manners. If he describes games and combats, it is not solely to celebrate the funeral rites of a friend or a father; it is also to chuse a king who excels all others in strength of mind and body, and who is equally capable of bearing the fatigues of both. If he represents to us the horrors of a shipwreck, it is to inspire his hero with firmness of soul, and resignation to the Gods, in the greatest dangers. I could run through all his descriptions, and find the like beauties in them: but I shall content myself in observing, that in this new edition the sculpture of the formidable *Ægis*, which Minerva sent to Telemachus, is full of art, and includes this sublime moral: that the shield of the prince, and the support of the state, are good manners, sciences and agriculture: that a king armed by wisdom, always seeks for peace; and finds fruitful resources against all the evils of war, in a well disciplined and laborious people, whose minds and bodies are equally inured to labour.

Poetry derives its strength and justness from philosophy. In *Telemachus*, we every where see a rich, a lively, an agreeable imagination, and yet a just and a profound judgment: two qualifications which are rarely found in the same author. The soul must be in an

The philosophy of *Telemachus*.

almost continual motion, to invent, to raise the passions, to imitate, and at the same time in a perfect tranquillity, to judge as it produces, and out of a thousand thoughts which offer themselves to select the most proper. The imagination must undergo a kind of rapture and enthusiasm; while the mind, at peace in its empire, checks and turns it where it pleases. Without this pathos which animates the whole, the discourse is cold, languid, abstracted, historical; without this judgment which regulates the whole, it has no justness nor true beauty.

The fire of Homer, especially in the *Iliad*, is impetuous and violent like a storm of flames which sets every thing in a blaze. The fire of Virgil has more light than heat, and always shines in an uniform and equal manner. That of Telemachus warms and enlightens all at once, according as it is necessary to convince the mind, or to move the passions. When this flame enlightens, it make us feel a gentle heat, which gives no uneasiness. Such are the discourses of Mentor upon politics, and of Telemachus on the sense of the laws of Minos, &c. These pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light. There the enthusiasm and poetic fire would be hurtful, like the too fierce rays of the sun which dazzle the eyes. When the business is no longer to reason, but to act; when a man has clearly seen the truth, and his reflections arise only from irresolution, then the poet raises a fire and pathos which determine and bear away the enfeebled soul, which has not the courage to yield to the truth. The episode of Telemachus's amour in the island of Calypso, is full of this fire.

The poetry of Telemachus compared with that of Homer and Virgil.

This mixture of light and heat distinguishes our poet from Homer and Virgil. The enthusiasm of the former sometimes makes him forget art, neglect order, and pass the bounds of nature; the strength and flight of his great genius bore him away in spite of himself. The pompous magnificence, the judgment



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and conduct of Virgil sometimes degenerate into too formal a regularity, and he then seems rather an historian than a poet. The latter pleases philosophical and modern poets much more than the former. Is it not because they are sensible that they can more easily imitate by *art* the great judgment of the Latin poet, than the noble fire of the Greek, which *nature* alone can bestow?

Our author must needs please all sorts of poets, as well those who are philosophers, as those who admire nothing but enthusiasm. He has united the perfections of the mind with the charms of the imagination. He proves the truth like a philosopher, and he forces us to love the truth he has proved, by the sensations he excites. All is solid, true, proper to persuade; no points of wit, no glittering thoughts, whose only design is to make the author admired. He has followed this great precept of Plato, which says, That a writer ought always to conceal himself, to keep out of sight, and make himself forgotten, in order to produce nothing but the truths he designs to inculcate, and the passions he designs to purify.

In *Telemachus* all is reason, all is passion. It is this which makes a poem for all nations and all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. The translations which have been made of it into languages less delicate than the French, do not efface its original beauties. The † learned lady who apologizes for Homer, assures us, that the Greek poet is an infinite loser by a translation; that it is not possible to transfuse into it the strength, dignity, and soul of his poetry. But one may venture to affirm that *Telemachus* will always preserve, in all languages, its strength, dignity, soul, and essential beauties. And the reason is because the excellence of this poem does not consist in the happy and harmonious arrangement of words, nor even in the charms which it borrows from the imagination; but in a sublime taste of the

† Madam DACIER.

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truth, in noble and elevated sentiments, and in the natural, delicate, and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, of all times, of all countries, and equally strike good wits and great souls throughout the world.

Several objections have been made First objection against Telemachus  
against Telemachus: 1. That it is not in verse.

Verification, according to Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Strabo, is not essential to the Epopœa. It may be written in prose, as some tragedies are written without rhyme. A man may make verses without poetry, and be very poetical without making verses according to the rules of art: but he must be born a poet. What constitutes poetry, is not the fixed number and regular cadence of the syllables; but the sentiment which animates the whole, the lively fiction, the bold figures, the beauty and variety of the images. It is the enthusiasm, the fire, the impetuosity, the energy, and I know not what, in the words and thoughts, which nature alone can give. All these qualifications are found in Telemachus. The author has therefore performed what Strabo says of Cadmus, Pherecydes and Hecateus: *He has perfectly imitated poetry; he has indeed broken the measure of it, but he has preserved all the other poetical beauties.*

ANSWER.

Lo! Homer lives and sings again  
In Cambray's more instructive strain,  
Which glowing virtue warms.  
Nor clogg'd with jingling chains the Nine  
The soaring bard, that truth might shine  
In all her native charms\*.

And indeed I know not whether the constraint of rhyme and the scrupulous regularity of our European construction, together with the fixed and measured number of feet, would not very much lower the flight

\* Ode to the Gentlemen of the Academy, by Mr. de la Motte, First Ode.

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and pathos of heroic poesy. To move the passions strongly, we must often neglect order and connection. It was for this reason that the Greeks and Romans, who painted every thing with life and taste, used to invert their phrases; their words had no certain place: they ranged them as they pleased. The languages of Europe are a composition of Latin, and of the jargon of all the barbarous nations which subverted the Roman empire. These northern people froze every thing, like their climate, by a cold regularity of syntax. They knew nothing of the beautiful variety of long and short syllables, which so well imitates the delicate motions of the soul; they pronounced every thing with the same coldness, and knew at first no other harmony in their words than a vain jingling of final syllables of the same sound. Some Italians and Spaniards have endeavoured to free their verse from the constraint of rhyme. An English poet \* has done it with wonderful success, and has even happily begun to introduce inversions of phrases into his language. Perhaps the French in time may resume this noble freedom of the Greeks and Romans.

Some, through a gross ignorance of the noble liberty of the epic poem, have reproached Telemachus with being full of anachronisms.

Second objection against Telemachus.

The author of this poem has only imitated the prince of the Latin poets, who could not but know that Dido was not contemporary with Æneas †. The Pygmalion of Telemachus the brother of this Dido, Sesostris, who is said to have lived about the same time, &c. are no more faults than the anachronism of Virgil. Why should we censure a poet for sometimes breaking through the order of time, since it is sometimes a beauty to break through the order of nature? It would not indeed be allowable to contradict an historical fact that happened

ANSWER.

\* Milton, and many others since.

† According to the chronology of the famous Sir ISAAC NEWTON, they were contemporary.

not long since ; but in remote antiquity, whose annals are so uncertain, and involved in so much obscurity, a poet may adapt ancient traditions to his subject. This is Aristotle's opinion, and Horace confirms it. Some historians have written, that Dido was chaste, and Penelope a strumpet ; that Helen never saw Troy, nor Æneas Italy : and yet Homer and Virgil made no scruple to depart from history, to make their fables more instructive. Why shall not the author of Telemachus be allowed for the instruction of a young prince, to bring the heroes of antiquity together, Telemachus, Sesostris, Nestor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, Adrastus, in order to unite in the same picture the different characters of good and bad princes, whose virtues were to be imitated and vices avoided ?

Some censure the author of Telemachus for having inserted the loves of Calypso and Eucharis in his poem, and several other descriptions of the same kind, which seem, they say, too full of passion.

Third objection against Telemachus.

The best answer to this objection, is the effect which Telemachus produced in the heart of the young prince for whom it was written. Persons of a lower rank have not the same need to be cautioned against the dangers to which elevation and authority expose those who are destined to reign. If our poet had written for a man who was to have passed his life in obscurity, these descriptions would have been less necessary. But for a young prince, in the midst of a court where gallantry passes for politeness, where every object infallibly awakens a taste of pleasure, and where all that surrounds him is employed to seduce him ; for such a prince, I say, nothing was more necessary than to represent to him with that amiable modesty, that innocence and wisdom which are found in Telemachus, all the seducing wiles of an extravagant passion ; than to paint this vice in its imaginary beauty, in order afterwards to make him sensible of its real deformity ; and to shew him the

ANSWER.



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utmost depth of the abyſs, to prevent his falling into it, and even to remove him far from the brink of ſo dreadful a precipice. It was therefore wiſe and worthy of our author, to caution his pupil againſt the extravagant paſſions of youth, by the fable of Calypſo; and to give him, in the hiſtory of Antiope, an example of a chaſte and lawful love. By thus repreſenting this paſſion to us, ſometimes as a weakneſs unworthy of a great ſoul, ſometimes as a virtue worthy of a hero, he ſhews us that love is not beneath the majeſty of the Epopœa, and thereby unites in his poem the tender paſſions of modern romances, and the heroic virtues of the ancient poetry.

Some think that the author of *Telema- chus* too much exhausts his ſubject, by the fertility and richneſs of his genius. He ſays every thing, and leaves nothing to the thoughts of others. Like Homer, he ſets all nature before our eyes. We are better pleaſed with an author who, like Horace, includes a great deal in a few words, and gives us the pleaſure of unfolding the extent of them.

Fourth objection against *Telema- chus*.

It is true that the imagination can add nothing to the pictures of our poet; but the mind by purſuing his ideas opens and extends itſelf. When his buſineſs is to paint, his pictures are perfect, and want nothing; when it is to inſtruct, his inſtructions are fruitful, and we diſcover in them a vaſt extent of thoughts. He leaves nothing to the imagination, but he furniſhes infinite matter for thinking. This was ſuitable to the character of the prince for whom alone the work was written. He diſcovered in his infancy a happy and fruitful imagination, an elevated and extenſive genius, which made him reſiſh the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which ſuggeſted to our author the deſign of a poem, which might equally contain the beauties of both thoſe poets. This plenty of beautiful images was neceſſary to employ the imagination, and form the taſte of the prince. It is evident that theſe graces might have

ANSWER.

been as easily suppressed as produced, and that they arise as much from design as fecundity, in order to answer the wants of the prince and the views of the author.

It has been objected, that the hero and fable of this poem have no relation to the French nation; whereas Homer and Virgil have interested the Greeks and Romans, by making choice of actions and actors from the histories of their countries.

Fifth objection against *Telema- chus*.

If the author has not interested the French in particular, he has done more; he has interested all mankind. His plan is more extensive than that of either of the two old poets. It is greater to instruct all mankind at once, than to confine one's precepts to a particular country. Self-love bids us direct every thing to it, and is discovered even in the love of our country; but a generous soul ought to have more extensive views.

ANSWER.

Besides was not France greatly interested in a work, which had formed for her a prince the most proper one day to govern her according to her wants and desires, like a father of his people and a Christian hero? What was seen of this prince gave hopes, and was the first fruits of what was to follow; the neighbours of France were already interested in it as in an universal blessing, and the fable of the *Greek* became the history of the *French* prince.

The author had a greater design than that of pleasing his own country; he designed to serve it, without its knowledge, by helping to form for it a prince, who even in the sports of his infancy seemed born to crown it with happiness and glory. This august child loved fables and mythology; it was necessary to take an advantage of his taste, and to shew him in what he was fond of, the solid and the beautiful, the simple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind by affecting actions, generous principles, which might caution him against the dangers of the highest birth and

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supreme power. With this view, a Greek hero, and a poem in imitation of Homer and Virgil, the histories of foreign countries, times and actions, were extremely proper, and perhaps the only means of setting the author at full liberty to paint, with truth and force, all the rocks which threaten princes in all ages.

It happens by a natural and necessary consequence, that these universal truths may sometimes seem to relate to the histories of the present time, and the actual state of things; but these are only general relations, which have no particular applications; it was necessary that the fictions which were designed to form the infancy of the young prince, should comprehend precepts for all the moments of his life.

This suitableness of general maxims of morality to all sorts of circumstances, raises our admiration of the fertility, depth and wisdom of the author; but it does not excuse the injustice of his enemies, who have endeavoured to find in his Telemachus certain odious allegories, and to pervert the wisest and most sober designs into the most outrageous satires against all he most respected. They have inverted the characters, to find imaginary relations and to poison the purest intentions. Should the author have suppressed these fundamental maxims of such sound and seasonable morality and politics, because the most discreet manner of saying them could not shelter them from the misconstructions of those who delight in the basest malice?

Our illustrious author has therefore united in his poem the greatest beauties of the ancients. He has all the enthusiasm and profusion of Homer, and all the magnificence and regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints every thing with strength, simplicity and life, and has variety in his fable and diversity in his characters; his reflections are moral, his descriptions lively, his imagination fruitful, and every where that beautiful fire which nature alone can bestow. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly observes the unity of action, uniformity of character, the

order and rules of art. His judgment is profound and his thoughts elevated, while he at the same time unites the natural to the noble, and the simple to the sublime. Art every where becomes nature. But the hero of our poet is more perfect than those of Homer and Virgil, his morality more pure, and his sentiments more noble. From all this let us conclude, that the author of *Telemachus* has shewn by this poem, that the French nation is capable of all the delicacy of the Greeks, and of all the great sentiments of the Romans. The elogium of the author is that of his country.

*End of Mr. Ramsay's Discourse.*







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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the FIRST.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, guided by Minerva in the shape of Mentor, gets on shore after a shipwreck in the island of the Goddess Calypso, who was still bewailing the departure of Ulysses. The Goddess gives him a kind reception, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and desires of him an account of his adventures. He relates to her his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being sacrificed to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave Acestes in an incursion of Barbarians, and the care which this king took to requite their service by giving them a Tyrian ship to return to their own country.*

CALYPSO could not be comforted for the departure of Ulysses: in her grief she found herself unhappy by being immortal. Her grotto no longer echoed with the sweet music of her voice: the nymphs who attended her dared not speak to her. She often walked alone on the flowery turf,

with which an eternal spring surrounded her island : but these beautiful scenes, far from alleviating her sorrow, did but recall to her the sad remembrance of Ulysses, whom she there had seen so many times with her. She often stood motionless on the sea-shore, which she watered with her tears, and was continually turned towards the part where the ship of Ulysses, ploughing the waves, had disappeared from her eyes. On a sudden she perceived the fragments of a vessel that had just been wrecked, rowers benches broken in pieces, oars scattered here and there on the sand, a rudder, a mast and cordage floating towards the shore. Then she descried two men at a distance : one of them seemed in years ; the other, though young, resembled Ulysses. He had his sweet and noble aspect, with his stature and majestic port. The Goddess knew him to be Telemachus, the son of that hero : but though the Gods far surpass all men in knowledge, she could not discover who the venerable person was by whom Telemachus was attended ; because the superior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they please ; and Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the shape of Mentor, would not be known by Calypso. Mean time Calypso rejoiced at a wreck which brought the son of Ulysses, so like his father, into her island. She advances towards him and without seeming to know who he is. What inspires you, says she to him, with the presumption to land in my island ? Know, young stranger, that none enters my empire unpunished. She endeavoured to hide under these threatening words the joy of her heart, which in spite of her appeared in her face.

Telemachus answered, O ! whoever you are, whether a mortal or a Goddess ( though none can see and not take you for a Deity ), can you be insensible to the misfortunes of a son, who, seeking his father through perils of winds and waves, has seen his vessel split against your rocks ? Who then is the father you are in quest of ? replied the Goddess. He

is called Ulysses, said Telemachus; he is one of the kings who have, after a ten years siege, subverted the famous Troy. His name was renowned through all Greece and Asia for his valour in combat, and yet more so for his wisdom in council. Now wandering o'er the whole extent of seas, he runs through all the most terrible dangers. His country seems to fly before him. Penelope his wife, and I his son, have lost all hopes of ever seeing him again. I am running the same hazards as he, to learn where he is. But, what do I say! perhaps he is now buried in the profound abysses of the sea. Pity our woes; and, O Goddess! if you know what the destinies have done either to save or destroy Ulysses, deign to inform his son Telemachus of it.

Calypso, surprised and moved at finding so much wisdom and eloquence in such blooming youth, could not satisfy her eyes with looking upon him, and remained silent. At length she said to him, We will inform you, Telemachus, what has befallen your father; but the history of it is long, and it is time for you to refresh yourself after your toils. Come into the place of my abode, where I will receive you as my son; come, you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and I will procure you happiness, if you know how to enjoy it.

Telemachus followed the Goddess, incircled by a crowd of young nymphs, above whom she raised her whole head, as a large oak in a forest raises its thick branches above all the surrounding trees. He admired the lustre of her beauty, the rich purple of her long flowing robe, her hair tied with graceful negligence behind, the fire which flashed from her eyes, and the mildness which tempered its vivacity. Mentor, with downcast eyes and a modest silence, followed Telemachus.

They came to the entrance of Calypso's grotto; where Telemachus was surprised to see, with an appearance of a rural simplicity, all that can charm the eye. There was seen indeed neither gold, nor silver,



nor marble, nor columns, nor pictures, nor statues : the grotto was hewn out of the rock, in arches lined with shells and pebbles ; its tapestry was a young vine which extended its pliant branches equally on all sides. Gentle zephyrs here maintained, in spite of the beams of the sun, a delightful coolness. Fountains, sweetly purling through meadows sown with amaranths and violets, formed, in various places, baths as pure and clear as crystal. A thousand springing flowers enamelled the verdant carpets which surrounded the grotto. There was found a whole wood of those tufted trees which bear apples of gold, and whose blossoms, which are renewed in all seasons, shed the sweetest of all perfumes. This wood seemed to crown those beautiful meads, and formed a shade which the rays of the sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard but the warbling of birds, or the murmurs of a brook, which, rushing from the top of a rock, fell in large and frothy streams, and fled across the meadows.

The Goddess's grotto was on the declivity of a hill, from whence one beheld the sea, sometimes clear and smooth as glass, sometimes idly irritated against the rocks on which it broke, bellowing and swelling its waves like mountains. From another side was seen a river, in which were islands bordered with blooming limes, and lofty poplars, which raised their haughty heads even to the clouds. The several channels, which formed those islands, seemed sporting in the plain. Some rolled their limpid waters with rapidity ; some had a peaceful and sleepy stream ; others by long windings ran back again, to re-ascend as it were to their source, and seemed not to have power to leave these enchanting borders. At a distance were seen hills and mountains, which lost themselves in the clouds, and formed, by their fantastic figures, as delightful an horizon as the eye could wish to behold. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vine branches, hanging

## Book I.      TELEMACHUS.

5

in festoons; the grapes, brighter than purple, could not conceal themselves under the leaves, and the vine was over-loaded with its fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomgranate, and all other trees, overspread the plain, and made it a large garden.

Calypso, having shewn Telemachus all these natural beauties, said to him, Repose yourself; your garments are wet, it is time for you to change them: afterwards I will see you again, and relate things with which your heart will be touched. The Goddess then caused him and Mentor to enter into the most secret and retired part of a grotto, next to that in which she herself resided. In this apartment the nymphs had taken care to light a great fire of cedar-wood, whose fragrant odor diffused itself on all sides, and had left vestments in it for their new guests. Telemachus, seeing they had allotted him a tunic of fine wool, whose whiteness eclipsed that of snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, took the pleasure which is natural to youth, in viewing their magnificence.

Mentor said to him in a grave tone, Are these, Telemachus, the thoughts which ought to possess the heart of the son of Ulysses? Think rather of supporting your father's reputation, and of conquering the fortune which persecutes you. A young man who loves to deck himself vainly like a woman, is unworthy of wisdom and glory: glory is due only to a soul which knows to bear pain, and trample pleasures under foot.

Telemachus answered, sighing, May the Gods destroy me rather than suffer luxury and voluptuousness to take possession of my heart! no, no, the son of Ulysses shall never be vanquished by the charms of a soft and an effeminate life. But how gracious is heaven in directing us after our shipwreck to this Goddess, or this mortal, who loads us with benefits!

Fear, replied Mentor, lest she load you with evils: fear the sweet, deceitful words more than the rocks which dashed your vessel in pieces. Shipwreck and death are less fatal than pleasures which attack virtue. Take heed not to credit what she will relate to you. Youth is presumptuous; it hopes every thing from itself; though frail, it thinks itself all-sufficient, and that it has never any thing to fear; it is credulous and unwary. Be sure not to regard Calypso's sweet and flattering words, which will insinuate themselves like a serpent under flowers. Suspect their hidden poison, mistrust yourself, and always wait for my advice.

After this, they returned to Calypso, who was waiting for them. The nymphs with braided hair and white vestments immediately served up a plain repast, but exquisite with regard to its taste and elegance. There was no flesh but that of birds which they had taken in their nets, or of beasts which they had killed with their arrows in the chase. Wine, more delicious than nectar, flowed from large silver vases into golden cups crowned with flowers. There were brought in baskets all the fruits which the spring promises, and autumn lavishes on the earth. At the same time four young nymphs began to sing. They first sung the war of the Gods against the giants; then the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who was conqueror by means of the golden apples gathered in the gardens of the Hesperides: at last the Trojan war was likewise sung, and the combats and wisdom of Ulysses extolled to the skies. The chief of the nymphs, whose name was Leucothoe, joined the harmony of her lyre to the sweet voices of all the others. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which ran down his cheeks gave a new lustre to his beauty. But as Calypso perceiv-

ed that he could not eat, and that he was seized with grief, she made a sign to the nymphs ; upon which they sung the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to hell to fetch his dear Eurydice from thence.

When the repast was ended, the Goddess took Telemachus aside, and bespoke him thus : You see, son of the great Ulysses, with what favour I receive you ; I am immortal ; no man can enter this island without being punished for his temerity ; and even your shipwreck could not save you from my indignation, if I did not moreover love you. Your father had the same good fortune as you ; but alas ! he was not wise enough to turn it to his advantage. I detained him a long while in this island ; he might here have lived with me in a state of immortality : but the blind passion of returning to his wretched country, made him reject all these advantages. You see all he has lost for Ithaca, which he will never see again. He was resolved to leave me ; he departed, and I was revenged by the tempest : his vessel, having long been the sport of the winds, was buried in the waves. Make a right use of so sad an example. After his shipwreck you can have no hopes of either seeing him again, or of ever reigning in the island of Ithaca after him ; be not afflicted at his loss, since you find a Goddess ready to make you happy, and a kingdom which she offers you. To these words Calypso added a long discourse, to shew how happy Ulysses had been with her. She recited his adventures in the cave of Polyphemus the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates king of the Lestrigons. She forgot not what happened to him in the island of Circe the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers he was in between Scylla and Charybdis. She described the last storm which Neptune had raised against him when he departed from her ; and designing to make Telemachus think that he perished in this tempest, she suppressed his arrival in the island of the Phæacians.



Telemachus, who had at first too hastily abandoned himself to joy at being so well treated by Calypso, at length perceived her artifice, and the wisdom of the counsels which Mentor had just given him. He replied in a few words, O Goddess, excuse my sorrow. I cannot at present but grieve. Perhaps hereafter I may be more able to relish the happiness you offer me. Permit me now to weep for my father. You know better than I how much he deserves to be lamented.

Calypso, not daring to urge him further at first, pretended even to sympathise with him in his grief, and to pity Ulysses. But the better to know the means of winning the heart of the youth, she asked him how he was wrecked, and by what accidents he was on her coast. The relation of my misfortunes, said he, would be too tedious. No, no, replied she, I long to know them; make haste to relate them to me. She pressed him a long while: at length, not being able to deny her, he began thus:

I left Ithaca in order to go and enquire of the other kings returned from the siege of Troy news of my father. My mother Penelope's suitors were surpris'd at my departure; for knowing their treachery, I had taken care to conceal it from them. Nestor, whom I saw at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me in a friendly manner at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether my father was still alive. Weary of living continually in suspense and uncertainty, I resolv'd to go into Sicily, where I had heard that my father had been driven by the winds. But the sage Mentor, whom you see here present, oppos'd this rash design; representing to me the Cyclops, monstrous giants who devour men, on the one side; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans who were on those coasts. The Trojans, said he, are exasperated against all the Greeks, and would take a singular pleasure in shedding the blood

## Book I.      TELEMACHUS.

of the son of Ulysses. Return, continued he, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, beloved of the Gods, will be there as soon as you: but if the Gods have decreed his destruction, if he must never see his country again, you should at least go to revenge him, to set your mother at liberty, to manifest your wisdom to the world, and to let all Greece see in you a king as worthy of reigning as ever Ulysses himself was. These were salutary words; but I was not wise enough to listen to them; I listened only to my passions. The sage Mentor loved me so well as to attend me in this rash voyage, which I undertook contrary to his counsel; and the Gods permitted me to commit a fault, which was to cure me of my presumption.

Whilst Telemachus was speaking, Calypso gazed at Mentor. She was astonished, and fancied she perceived in him something divine; but she could not clear up the confusion of her thoughts. She remained therefore full of fear and suspicion at the sight of this stranger. And being apprehensive that she should discover her disorder, Go on, said she to Telemachus, and satisfy my curiosity. Telemachus thus resumed his story:

We had for a long time a favourable wind for sailing to Sicily; but at last a black tempest ravished the heavens from our eyes, and we were involved in a profound night. By the flashes of lightning we discovered other ships exposed to the same danger, and presently knew that they were Æneas's fleet; no less formidable to us than the rocks themselves. Then I perceived, but too late, what the heat of my imprudent youth had hindered me from considering with attention. Mentor appeared in this danger not only firm and intrepid, but more gay than usual. It was he who encouraged me, and I was sensible that he inspired me with an invincible fortitude. He gave out all orders with tranquillity, while the pilot was at a loss what to do. Dear

Mentor, said I, why did I refuse to yield to your counsel? How wretched am I in following my own; at an age when one has no foresight of the future, no experience of the past, nor wisdom to govern the present! O! should we ever escape this tempest, I will mistrust myself as my most dangerous enemy; you, Mentor, shall always rule me.

Mentor replied with a smile, I am far from reproaching you with the fault you have committed; it suffices that you are sensible of it, and that it will teach you another time to curb your desires. But when the danger is over, your presumption perhaps will return. We must however at present support ourselves by our courage. Before we run into danger, we should foresee and apprehend it; but when one is in it, we have nothing to do but to despise it. Be therefore the worthy son of Ulysses, and manifest a courage superior to all the dangers which threaten you.

The good-nature and courage of Mentor charmed me; but I was still much more surprised, when I saw with what dexterity he delivered us from the Trojans. The moment the heavens began to clear up, and the Trojans seeing us near could not but have known us, he observed one of their ships, which nearly resembled ours, and had been separated by the storm, whose stern was crowned with certain flowers. He immediately placed garlands of the like flowers upon our stern; he tied them himself with ribbands of the same colour as those of the Trojans, and ordered all our rowers to stoop as close as possible to their benches, that they might not be known by the enemy. In this condition we passed through the midst of their fleet, while they shouted for joy at seeing us, as though they had seen their companions whom they thought they had lost: nay, we were constrained, by the violence of the sea, to sail a good while along with them. At last we staid a little behind; and whilst the im-

petuous winds drove them towards Africa, we made our utmost efforts to land by dint of rowing on the neighbouring coast of Sicily.

We indeed arrived there, but what we sought was no less fatal than the fleet which occasioned our flight. We found on this coast of Sicily other Trojans, and consequently enemies of the Greeks. Here reigned old Acestes, who sprung from Troy. We had hardly reached the shore, but the inhabitants, supposing us either other people of the island who had taken arms to surprise them, or foreigners who came to seize their lands, burnt our vessel in the first transport of their rage, and murdered all our companions ; reserving only Mentor and myself to present us to Acestes, that he might learn from us what were our designs, and from whence we came. We entered the city with our hands tied behind our backs, and our death was deferred only that we might serve for a sight to a cruel people, when they should know that we were Greeks.

We were immediately presented to Acestes, who holding his golden sceptre in his hand, was administering justice among the people; and preparing for a grand sacrifice. He asked us, in a stern voice, of what country we were, and the occasion of our voyage. Mentor immediately replied, and said to him, We come from the coast of great Hesperia, and our country is not far from thence. Thus he avoided saying that we were Greeks. But Acestes, without hearing any thing more, and taking us for foreigners who concealed our design, ordered us to be sent into a neighbouring forest, to serve as slaves under those who tended his flocks. This condition appearing to me more intolerable than death, O king, cried I, put us to death rather than treat us thus unworthily. Know that I am Telemachus, the son of the sage Ulysses, king of the Ithacans ; I am seeking my father in every sea : if I can neither find him, nor return to my native coun-



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try, nor avoid slavery, take from me a life which I cannot support.

I had hardly uttered these words, when all the enraged people cried out, that they ought to put to death the son of the cruel Ulysses, whose artifices had overthrown the city of Troy. O son of Ulysses, said Acestes to me, I cannot refuse your blood to the manes of the many Trojans, whom your father has sent to the banks of black Cocytus; you, and he who conducts you, shall die. At the same time an old man of the company advised the king to sacrifice us on the tomb of Anchises. Their blood, said he, will be grateful to the shade of that hero; Æneas himself, when he shall hear of such a sacrifice, will rejoice to see how much you love what of all things in the world was the dearest to him. All the people applauded this proposition, and thought of nothing but of sacrificing us. They were already leading us to the tomb of Anchises; they had there erected two altars, on which the holy fire was kindled; the knife which was to slay us was before our eyes; we were crowned with flowers; no pity could save our lives; our fate was determined, when Mentor, calmly desiring leave to speak to the king, said to him:

O Acestes, if the misfortunes of the youthful Telemachus, who never bore arms against the Trojans, cannot move you, at least let your own interest move you. The knowledge I have obtained of presages and the will of the Gods, inform me, that before three days are elapsed, you will be attacked by barbarous nations, which are coming like a torrent from the tops of the mountains to overflow your city, and to ravage all your country. Make haste to prevent them; put your subjects under arms, and delay not a moment to drive within your walls the rich flocks and herds which you have in the fields. If my prediction is false, you will be at liberty to sacrifice us in three days; if

on the contrary it is true, you will remember that you ought not to take away the life of those to whom you owe your own.

Acestes was astonished at these words, which Mentor pronounced with a confidence which he had never found in any man. I plainly perceive, O stranger, replied he, that the Gods who have allotted you so small a portion of the gifts of fortune, have given you a wisdom which is more valuable than the greatest prosperity. At the same time he put off the sacrifice, and immediately gave the orders which were necessary to prevent the attack, with which Mentor had threatened him. Nothing was seen on every side but trembling women, men bowed down with age, and little children with tears in their eyes, retiring into the city. Herds of lowing oxen and flocks of bleating sheep came in crowds, quitting their fat pastures, and unable to find stabling enough to receive them. There was in all parts a confused noise of men, who pressed upon and could not understand each other, who took in this confusion a stranger for their friend, and who run without knowing whither they were going. But the chiefs of the city, conceiting themselves wiser than the rest, imagined that Mentor was an impostor, who had made a false prediction to save his life.

Before the end of the third day, whilst they were full of these thoughts, there was seen on the descent of the neighbouring mountains a curling cloud of dust; then they perceived an innumerable host of armed Barbarians. They were the Hymerians, a savage people, with the nations which inhabit the Nebrodian mountains, and the top of Agragas, where a winter reigns, which was never softened by the zephyrs. They who had despised Mentor's prediction, lost their slaves and their flocks. The king said to Mentor, I forget that you are Greeks; our enemies are become our faithful friends. The Gods have sent you to save us; I do not expect less from



your valour than from the wisdom of your counsels; make haste to succour us.

Mentor discovers in his eyes an intrepidity which astonishes the fiercest warriors. He takes a buckler, a helmet, a sword and a lance; he marshals the soldiers of Acestes; he marches at their head, and advances in good order towards the enemy. Acestes, though full of courage, can by reason of his age only follow him at a distance. I follow him closer, but cannot equal his valour. In the battle his cuirass resembled the immortal Ægis. Death ran from rank to rank wherever his blows descended: so a Numidian lion, stung with hunger, falls on a flock of feeble sheep; he rends, he slays, he swims in blood, and the shepherds, instead of succouring the flock, fly trembling to escape his fury.

The Barbarians, who hoped to surprise the city, were themselves surprised and thrown into disorder. The subjects of Acestes, animated by Mentor's words and valour, felt a vigour of which they thought themselves incapable. With my lance I killed the son of the enemy's king; he was of my age, but he was taller than I; for these people are descended from a race of giants of the same origin as the Cyclops. He despised so weak an adversary as me. But without being alarmed at his prodigious strength or savage and brutal air, I thrust my lance against his breast, and made him as he expired vomit forth torrents of black blood. He had like to have crushed me in his fall. The clattering of his arms resounded in the mountains. I took the spoils, and returned to find Acestes. Mentor, having entirely routed the enemy, cut them in pieces, and pursued the fugitives even into the woods.

This so unexpected a success made Mentor looked upon as a man beloved and inspired by the Gods. Acestes, touched with gratitude, told us, that he should be in the greatest fear for us, if Æneas's fleet

should return to Sicily. He gave us a ship to return without delay to our own country, loaded us with presents, and pressed us to depart, in order to prevent the evils he foresaw. But not caring to give us either a pilot or rowers of his own nation, for fear they should be too much exposed upon the coast of Greece, he provided for us some Phœnician merchants, who, trading with all the nations of the world, had nothing to fear, and were to bring back the vessel to Acestes, when they had left us in Ithaca. But the Gods, who sport with the designs of men, reserved us for other misfortunes.

*End of the First Book.*



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the SECOND.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of its king. He adds, that Mentor was sent a slave into Ethiopia; that he himself was reduced to tend a flock in the desert of Oasis; that Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, comforted him, by teaching him to imitate Apollo, who had formerly been a shepherd to king Admetus; that Sesostris was at last informed of all the wonders which he did among the shepherds; that being convinced of his innocence he recalled him, and promised to send him back to Ithaca; but that the death of this king plunged him again in fresh misfortunes; that he was imprisoned in a tower on the sea-shore, from whence he saw the new king Bocchoris, who perished in a battle against his own subjects, who had rebelled, and were assisted by the Tyrians.*

THE Tyrians, by their pride, had irritated against them king Sesostris, who reigned in Egypt, and had conquered many kingdoms. The riches they had acquired by commerce, and the strength

strength of their impregnable city of Tyre, which is situated in the sea, having puffed up the heart of these people, they had refused to pay Sesostris the tribute he imposed upon them in his return from his conquests, and had sent some troops to his brother, who had attempted to assassinate him at his return, in the midst of the rejoicings of a grand festival.

Sesostris had resolved, in order to humble their pride, to interrupt their commerce in every sea. His ships went to all parts in search of the Phœnicians. An Egyptian fleet met us, as we began to lose sight of the mountains of Sicily. The port and the land seemed to fly from us, and to lose themselves in the clouds. At the same time we saw the Egyptian ships, like a floating city, approaching. The Phœnicians knew, and endeavoured to get clear of them: but it was too late. Their sails were better than ours; the wind favoured them; their rowers were more numerous. They board, take, and carry us prisoners into Egypt.

In vain did I represent to them that we were not Phœnicians; they hardly deigned to hear me. They took us for slaves in whom the Phœnicians traded, and thought only of the profit of such a prize. We now observe the waves of the sea to whiten by their confluence with those of the Nile, and perceive the coast of Egypt almost as low as the sea. We afterwards arrive at the isle of Pharos, which is near to the city of No, and from thence sail up the Nile as far as Memphis.

If grief for our captivity had not rendered us insensible to all pleasures, our eyes would have been charmed with seeing this fertile country of Egypt like a delightful garden, watered by an infinite number of canals. We could not cast our eyes on either shore without seeing opulent cities, country houses agreeably situated, lands yearly covered with a golden harvest without ever lying fallow, meadows



full of flocks and herds, husbandmen bending under the weight of the fruits which the earth had poured out of her bosom, and shepherds who made all the echoes round them repeat the sweet sounds of their flutes and their pipes.

Happy the people, said Mentor, who are governed by a wise king! They abound; they live happy, and love him to whom they owe all their happiness. It is thus, added he, O Telemachus! that you ought to reign, and to cause the joy of your people, if ever the Gods put you in possession of the kingdom of your father. Love your subjects as your children, relish the pleasure of being beloved by them, and act so that they may never be sensible of peace and joy, without remembering that it is a good king who made them these rich presents. Kings who think only of making themselves feared, and of humbling their people in order to render them more submissive, are the scourges of human kind. They are feared as they desire to be; but then they are hated, detested, and have more to apprehend from their subjects than their subjects have to apprehend from them.

I answered Mentor, Alas! it is not our business to think of the maxims by which we ought to reign; there is no Ithaca for us, we shall never see our country nor Penelope again. And though even Ulysses should return, full of glory, to his kingdom, he will never have the pleasure of seeing me there: never shall I have that of obeying him, in order to learn how to command. Let us die, my dear Mentor; other thoughts are no longer allowed us; let us die, since the Gods have no pity of us.

As I spoke thus, profound sighs interrupted all my words. But Mentor, who was apprehensive of evils before they happened, no longer knew what it was to fear them when they were present. Unworthy son of the wise Ulysses! cried he, what! do

you suffer yourself to be vanquished by your misfortunes ! Know that you will one day see again the isle of Ithaca and Penelope : you shall see, even in his former glory, him whom you never knew, the invincible Ulysses ; whom fortune cannot subdue, and who, in his calamities, yet greater than yours, teaches you never to despair. O ! if he should hear, in the remote country on which the tempest has thrown him, that his son knows to imitate neither his patience nor his fortitude, the news would overwhelm him with shame, and be more grievous to him than all the evils he has so long endured.

Mentor afterwards made me take notice of the joy and plenty which overspread the whole country of Egypt, in which were reckoned two-and-twenty thousand cities. He admired the good government of these cities ; the justice exercised in favour of the poor against the rich ; the good education of children, who were trained up to obedience, labour, sobriety, the love of arts or letters ; the exact observation of all religious ceremonies, the disinterested spirit, the thirst of honour, the fidelity towards men, and the reverence of the Gods, which every father instilled into his children. He was never weary of admiring this beautiful order. Happy the people, was he continually saying to me, who are thus governed by a wise king ! but still more happy the king who causes the felicity of such multitudes, and finds his own in his virtue ! He holds men by a chain an hundred times stronger than that of fear, namely, that of love. Men not only obey, but even delight to obey him. He reigns in all hearts ; every one, instead of wishing to get rid of him, is afraid of losing him, and would lay down his life for him.

I was attentive to what Mentor said, and perceived that my courage revived from the bottom of my heart as my wise friend was talking to me. As soon as we arrived at Memphis, a rich and magnificent city, the governor ordered that we should

go as far as Thebes, to be presented to king Sesostris, who was desirous of inspecting into things himself, and was greatly exasperated against the Tyrians. We therefore still proceeded up the Nile, as far as the famous Thebes, which has an hundred gates, and was the place of this great prince's residence. This city appeared to us of a prodigious extent, and more populous than the most flourishing cities of Greece. Its policy is perfect with regard to the neatness of the streets, water courses, the conveniency of baths, the culture of arts, and the public safety. The squares are adorned with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble, and of a plain but majestic architecture. The prince's palace alone is like a great city: nothing is seen there but marble columns, pyramids and obelisks, colossal statues, and furniture of solid gold and silver.

Those who had taken us told the king, that we were found on board a Phœnician ship. He gave audience every day, at certain stated hours, to all his subjects, who had any complaints to make, or informations to give him. He neither despised nor repulsed any man, and thought himself a king only to do good to his subjects, whom he loved as his children. As for strangers, he received them with indulgence, and was desirous of seeing them, because he thought that one always learns something useful, by informing one's self of the customs and maxims of distant nations. This curiosity of the king was the occasion of our being brought before him. He was on an ivory throne, holding a golden scepter in his hand. He was now in years, but agreeable, full of sweetness and majesty. He administered justice daily among his people with a patience and wisdom which all admired without flattery. After having toiled all the day in settling public affairs, and in rendering impartial justice, he refreshed himself in the evening in hearing of the learned, or in conversing with the best of men, whom he well knew how to select and admit into

his familiarity. He could not be reproached in all his life, but with having triumphed with too much ostentation over the kings he conquered, and with reposing too much confidence in one of his subjects, whose picture I shall presently give you.

When he saw me, he pitied my youth; he asked me my name and my country, and we were astonished at the wisdom which flowed from his mouth. I answered him, O mighty prince, you are no stranger to the siege of Troy which lasted ten years, and its destruction which cost all Greece so much blood. Ulysses my father was one of the principal kings who destroyed that city. He wanders through every sea without being able to find the isle of Ithaca, his kingdom. I am in search of him, and a misfortune like his was the occasion of my being taken. Restore me to my father and to my country: so may the Gods preserve you to your children, and make them sensible of the happiness of living under so good a father!

Sesostris continued to behold me with an eye of compassion: but desiring to know if what I said was true, he referred us to one of his officers, who was commanded to inform himself of those who had taken our ship, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. If they are Phœnicians, said the king, they must be doubly punished, for being our enemies, and still more for having endeavoured to deceive us by a base lye. If on the contrary they are Greeks, I would have them treated kindly, and sent back to their own country in one of my ships; for I love Greece: several Egyptians have been legislators there. I am no stranger to the virtue of Hercules; the fame of Achilles has reached even to us, and I admire what has been told me of the wisdom of the unhappy Ulysses. It is a pleasure to me to relieve virtue in distress.

The officer to whom the king committed the inquiry into our affair, had a soul as corrupted and artful as Sesostris was sincere and generous. This



officer was called Metophis. He endeavoured to ensnare us by his questions; and perceiving that Mentor answered with more wisdom than I, he looked upon him with aversion and jealousy: for the bad are provoked at the good. He separated us, and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This separation was a thunder-bolt to me: Metophis always hoped that by examining us separately, he should make us say contrary things; he hoped especially to dazzle me by flattering promises, and to make me confess what Mentor might have concealed from him. In short, he did not really seek for the truth, but endeavoured to find some pretence to tell the king that we were Phœnicians, in order to make us his slaves. In fact, notwithstanding our innocence and the king's sagacity, he found the means of deceiving him. Alas! to what are kings exposed! Even the wisest are frequently abused. Artful and selfish men surround them; the good retire, because they are neither importunate nor flatterers: the good wait till they are sought after, and princes do not often seek after them. On the contrary, the wicked are impudent, treacherous, insinuating and officious, artful dissemblers, ready to do any thing against honour and conscience, to gratify the passions of him who reigns. O! how unhappy is a king in being exposed to the artifices of the wicked! He is ruined if he does not repulse flattery, and if he loves not those who boldly tell him the truth. These were the reflections I made in my distress; I recollected all that I had heard from Mentor.

In the mean time Metophis sent me towards the mountains of the desert of Oasis with his slaves, that I might be a slave with them, and look after his numerous flocks. Here Calypso interrupted Telemachus, saying, Well, what did you do then, you who in Sicily preferred death to slavery? Telemachus replied, My misfortunes continually increased; I had no longer the sad consolation of chusing

servitude or death; I was forced to be a slave, and to exhaust, if I may use the expression, all the rigors of fortune. I had no hope left, and I could not speak even one word in order to work out my deliverance. Mentor has since told me that he was sold to Ethiopians, and that he went with them into Ethiopia.

As for me I arrived in horrible deserts : here burning sands are seen in the midst of the plains ; snows which never dissolve, and make an eternal winter on the tops of the mountains ; and pastures for catile are only found amongst the rocks. Towards the middle of these steep mountains, the valleys are so deep, that the rays of the sun can hardly reach them.

The only persons I found in this country, were shepherds as savage as the country itself. There I passed the nights in bewailing my misfortunes, and the days in tending a flock, to avoid the brutal fury of the chief slave, who, hoping to obtain his liberty, was continually accusing the rest, in order to make a merit to his master of his zeal and attachment to his interests. The name of this slave was Butis. I was ready to sink on this occasion. Opprest with grief, I one day forgot my flock, and stretched myself on the grass near a cave, where I expected death, unable longer to support my pains. The same moment I perceived that the whole mountain trembled ; the oaks and pines seemed to descend from its summit ; the winds retained their breath, and a hollow voice issuing out of the cave, uttered these words : « Son of the sage Ulysses, you, like him, must become great by patience. Princes who have always been happy, are seldom worthy of being so ; luxury corrupts, and pride intoxicates them. Happy will you be if you surmount your misfortunes, and if you never forget them. You shall see Ithaca again, and your glory shall ascend to the stars. When you are the master of others, remember that you yourself have been weak, poor, and in trouble

like them ; take a pleasure in relieving them ; love your subjects, detest flattery, and know that you will be great only in proportion to your moderation and resolution in subduing your passions. »

These divine words penetrated even to the bottom of my heart, and caused joy and courage to revive in it. I did not feel that horror which makes the hair rise upright on the head, and chills the blood in the veins, when the Gods reveal themselves to mortals : I rose in tranquillity ; I fell on my knees, and lifting up my hands to heaven, worshipped Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle. At the same time I found myself a new man ; wisdom enlightened my mind ; I felt a pleasing power to moderate all my passions, and to check the impetuosity of my youth. I made myself beloved by all the shepherds of the desert. My meekness, my patience, my diligence, at last appeased the cruel Butis, who was in authority over the other slaves, and at first took a pleasure in tormenting me.

The better to bear the irksomeness of captivity and solitude, I sought for books ; for I was overwhelmed with melancholy, for want of some instructions to cherish and support my mind. Happy they, said I, who are disgusted with violent pleasures, and know to be contented with the sweets of an innocent life ! Happy they who delight in being instructed, and who take a pleasure in cultivating their minds with knowledge ! On whatever part adverse fortune may throw them, they always carry entertainment with them ; and the disquiet which preys upon others, even in the midst of pleasures, is unknown to those who can employ themselves in reading. Happy they who love to read, and are not, like me, deprived of it. As these thoughts were revolving in my mind, I went into a gloomy forest, where I immediately perceived an old man holding a book in his hand.

The forehead of this old man was large, bald, and a little wrinkled : a white beard hung down to his girdle ; his stature was tall and majestic, his complexion still fresh and ruddy, his eyes lively and piercing, his voice sweet, his words plain and charming. I never saw so venerable an old man. His name was Termofiris : he was a priest of Apollo, and officiated in a marble temple, which the kings of Egypt had dedicated to that God in this forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns in honour of the God. He accosts me in a friendly manner, and we discourse together. He related things past so well, that they seemed present, and yet with such brevity that his accounts never tired me. He foresaw the future by his profound knowledge, which made him know men, and the designs of which they were capable. With all this wisdom he was chearful and complaisant, and the sprightliest youth has not so many graces as this man had in so advanced an age. He accordingly loved young men, when they were tractable, and had a relish for virtue.

He soon tenderly loved me ; he furnished me with books for my consolation, and called me his son. I often said to him, O my father ! the Gods, who deprived me of Mentor, have had pity on me ; they have given me another support in you. This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was, without doubt, inspired by the Gods. He recited to me the verses he had made, and gave me those of several excellent poets who were favourites of the Muses. When he was clad in his long robe of a shining white, and took his ivory lyre in his hand, the tygers, the bears, the lions, came to fawn upon him, and to lick his feet. The Satyrs came out of the woods to dance around him, the trees themselves seemed to be moved, and one would have thought the affected rocks were going to descend from the tops of the mountains at the charms of his melodious accents. He sung but the majesty of the Gods, the



virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of men who prefer glory to pleasure.

He often told me that I ought to take courage, and that the Gods would not abandon either Ulysses or his son. At last he assured me that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to teach the shepherds to cultivate the Muses. Apollo, said he, provoked at Jupiter's disturbing the heavens with his thunder in the brightest days, determined to revenge himself on the Cyclops who forged the bolts, and slew them with his arrows. Mount Etna immediately ceased to disgorge its storms of curling flames; no longer were heard the strokes of the terrible hammers, which striking the anvil excited the groans of the deep caverns of the earth, and of the abysses of the sea. Iron and brass being no longer polished by the Cyclops, began to rust. Vulcan quits his forge in a rage, mounts though lame with speed towards Olympus, arrives sweating and covered with dust, in the assembly of the Gods, and makes bitter complaints. Jupiter is provoked at Apollo, drives him out of heaven, and hurls him headlong to the earth. His empty chariot performs of itself its usual course, to give the day and night to men with a regular change of the seasons. Apollo, stript of his rays, was forced to turn shepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. He played on the flute, and all the other swains came to shady elms on the border of a limpid fountain, to hear his songs. Till then they had led a savage and brutal life; they knew but to tend, to shear and milk their sheep, and make cheeses: the whole country was like a frightful desert.

Apollo quickly taught all the shepherds the arts which can render their life agreeable. He sung the flowers with which the spring is crowned, the perfumes she sheds, and the verdure which rises under her steps. He afterwards sung the delightful nights of summer, when the Zephyrs revive mankind, and the dew quenches the thirst of the earth. He like-

wife mingled in his songs the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toils, and the repose of winter, when the sportful youth dance before the fire. At last he represented the gloomy woods which cover the mountains, and the hollow vallies, where rivers by a thousand windings seem to sport amidst the laughing meadows. Thus he taught the swains what are the charms of a country life, when we know how to taste the bounties of simple nature. The shepherds with their pipes soon saw themselves happier than kings, and their cottages attracted in crowds the uncorrupted joys which fly the gilded palace: the sports, the smiles, the graces, every where attended the innocent shepherdesses. Every day was a festival. Nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, or the soft breath of the Zephyrs sporting in the branches of the trees, or the murmurs of a lucid rill falling from the rocks, or the songs with which the Muses inspired the swains who attended Apollo. This God taught them to obtain the prize in the race, and to pierce with arrows the hinds and the stags. The Gods themselves grew jealous of the shepherds, and thinking their life sweeter than all their own glory, recalled Apollo to Olympus.

This history, my son, should instruct you: since you are in the condition in which Apollo was, till this uncultivated earth; like him make the desert bloom; teach all these shepherds the charms of harmony; soften their savage hearts; shew them the beauty of virtue, and make them sensible how sweet it is in solitude to enjoy the innocent pleasures, which nothing can take from shepherds. A day, my son, a day will come, when the pains and cruel cares which besiege kings, will make you regret on a throne the life of a shepherd.

This said, Termosiris gave me so sweet a flute, that the echoes of the mountains, which made it heard on every side, soon drew all the neighbouring swains around me. My voice had a divine har-

mony; I was moved and rapt as it were out of myself, to sing the charms with which nature has adorned the country. We passed whole days and a part of the nights in singing together. All the shepherds, forgetting their huts and their flocks, stood motionless around me, whilst I gave them their lessons. These deserts appeared no longer savage; all was pleasant and smiling; the courteous manners of the inhabitants seemed to meliorate the soil.

We often assembled to offer sacrifices in the temple of Apollo, of which Termosiris was priest. The shepherds went thither, crowned with laurels in honour of the God; the shepherdesses likewise went thither, dancing and bearing garlands of flowers and baskets of sacred offerings on their heads. After the sacrifice we made a rural feast. Our greatest dainties were the milk of our goats and our sheep, which we took care to milk ourselves, with fruits fresh gathered with our own hands, such as dates, figs and grapes; our seats were the verdant turf, and the thick trees afforded us a pleasanter shade than the gilded roofs of the palaces of kings.

But what crowned my fame among the shepherds was, that an hungry lion one day came and fell on my flock. He was already beginning an horrible slaughter; I had only my crook in my hand, but I advanced boldly. The lion bristles up his mane, shews me his teeth and his claws, and opens his parched and flaming mouth. His eyes seemed very red and fiery; he beats his sides with his long tail: I fell him to the ground. The little coat of mail which I wore according to the custom of the shepherds of Egypt, prevented his tearing me in pieces. Thrice I threw him down, and thrice he rose again, making all the forest ring with his roarings. At last I strangled him in my arms; and the shepherds, witnesses of my victory, insisted on my wearing the skin of this terrible animal.

The same of this action, and of the happy reformation of all our shepherds, spread throughout Egypt, and reached even the ears of Sesostris. He was informed that one of the captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the golden age in these almost uninhabitable deserts. He desired to see me, for he loved the Muses; and every thing which could instruct mankind charmed his noble heart. He saw me, he heard me with pleasure, and found that Metopis had deceived him through avarice. He condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, and stript him of all the riches which he unjustly possessed. O how unhappy, said he, is the man who is exalted above others! He cannot often see the truth with his own eyes: he is encompassed by men who hinder it from arriving at him; every one has an interest to deceive him; every one, under an appearance of zeal, hides his ambition. They pretend to love the king, but they love only the riches he bestows; they are so far from loving him, that to obtain his favour they flatter and betray him.

After this, Sesostris treated me with a tender friendship, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca with ships and troops, to deliver Penelope from all her suitors. The fleet was now ready, and we thought only of embarking. I admired the turns of fortune, who suddenly exalts whom she has the most deprest. This experience made me hope that Ulysses might probably return at length to his kingdom after long sufferings. I thought also within myself that I might yet see Mentor again, though he had been carried into the most unknown countries of Ethiopia. While I delayed my departure a little to endeavour to learn some news of him, Sesostris, who was very old, died suddenly, and his death plunged me again into new misfortunes.

All Egypt seemed inconsolable for this loss. Every family thought it had lost its best friend, its protector, its father. The old men, lifting up their hands



to heaven, cried, Never had Egypt so good a king, never will she have the like! O ye Gods! ye should never have shewn him to men, or never have taken him from them! Why must we survive the great Sesostris? The young men said, The hope of Egypt is lost; our fathers have been happy in living under so good a king; as for us, we have seen him only to feel his loss. His domestics wept night and day. When the king's funeral was performed, during forty days the most distant people ran in crowds to it. Every one desired yet once more to see the body of Sesostris; every one desired to preserve an idea of him, and several to be laid in the sepulchre with him.

What still increased their sorrow for his loss was, that his son Bocchoris had neither humanity for strangers, nor curiosity with regard to the sciences, nor esteem for men of virtue, nor love of glory. His father's greatness had contributed to render him thus unworthy of reigning. He had been bred up in luxury, and a brutal pride; he looked upon men as nothing, believing that they were made only for him, and that he was of a nature different from theirs. He minded only to gratify his passions, to squander away the immense treasures which his father had husbanded with so much care, to harass the people, and to suck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering counsels of the giddy youths who surrounded him, whilst he discarded with disdain all the wise old men who had shared his father's confidence: he was a monster, and not a king. All Egypt groaned; and though the name of Sesostris, so dear to the Egyptians, made them bear with the shameful and cruel conduct of his son, yet the son hastened to his ruin: and indeed a prince so unworthy of a throne could not reign long.

I was no longer allowed to hope for my return to Ithaca; I remained in a tower on the sea-shore near Pelusium, where our embarkation was to have been

made, if Sesostris had not died. Metophis, having had art enough to get out of prison, and to establish himself in the good graces of the new king, had caused me to be confined in this tower, to revenge himself for the disgrace I had occasioned him. I spent the days and the nights in a deep melancholy. All Termosiris had foretold me, and all I had heard from the cave, appeared to me no more than a dream. I was overwhelmed with the bitterest sorrow. I viewed the billows which came and beat against the foot of the tower where I was a prisoner: I often employed myself in contemplating vessels tost by tempests, and in danger of splitting on the rocks on which the tower was built; but instead of bewailing men threatened with shipwreck, I envied their lot. Soon, said I to myself, will they end the misfortunes of their life, or arrive in their own country: I, alas! can hope for neither.

Whilst I was thus pining away in fruitless grief, I perceived as it were a forest of ship-masts. The sea was covered with sails which were swelled by the winds, and the waves foamed beneath innumerable oars. I heard from all parts a confused noise, and perceived on the shore a party of affrighted Egyptians running to arms, and others who seemed going to meet the fleet which they saw arriving. I soon perceived that these foreign ships were some of Phœnicia, and others of the isle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to render me skilful in what relates to navigation. The Egyptians seemed to me to be divided among themselves. I had no difficulty in believing that the thoughtless Bocchoris had by his violences caused a revolt of his subjects, and kindled a civil war. I was from the top of the tower a spectator of a bloody battle.

The Egyptians who had called in foreigners to their assistance, having favoured their descent, attacked the other Egyptians who had the king at their head. I saw this prince animating his subjects by

his example, and looking like the God of war. Rivers of blood flowed around him ; his chariot wheels were dyed with a black, thick and frothy gore, and could hardly pass over the heaps of mangled dead.

This young king, well made, robust, of an high and haughty mien, had fury and despair in his eyes. He was like a fine headstrong horse ; his courage pushed him into dangers, but wisdom did not temper his valour. He knew neither how to retrieve his errors, nor to give proper orders, nor to foresee the evils which threatened him, nor to save his men of whom he had the greatest need. Not that he wanted a genius, for his understanding was equal to his courage ; but he had never been instructed by adversity. His governors had poisoned his naturally good disposition by flattery. He was intoxicated with his power and his fortune ; he thought that every thing ought to give way to his impetuous desires ; the least resistance enflamed his anger. He then no longer reasoned ; he was as it were beside himself ; his furious pride transformed him into a wild beast ; his natural gentleness and good sense forsook him in an instant ; his most faithful servants were forced to fly from him, and he no longer liked any but those who soothed his passions. He was thus, contrary to his true interest, always in extremes, and forced all good men to detest his extravagant conduct. His courage supported him a long while against a multitude of enemies, but he was at last overpowered. I saw him fall : the dart of a Phœnician pierced his breast ; the reins slipped out of his hand, and he fell from his chariot under his horses feet. A soldier of the island of Cyprus cut off his head ; and, taking it by the hair, showed it as it were in triumph to the victorious army.

I shall all my life remember my having seen his head swimming in blood, his eyes shut and extinguished, his face pale and disfigured, his mouth half opened, and seeming still desirous of finishing

the speech it had began, his haughty and threatening air, which death itself could not efface. As long as I live, his image will be before my eyes; and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I shall not forget, after so terrible an example, that a king is not worthy of commanding, nor happy in his power, but in proportion as he subjects it to reason. Alas ! what a misfortune for a man designed to cause the public happiness, to be the master of such multitudes only to render them wretched !

*End of the Second Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the THIRD.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus relates, that the successor of Bocchoris restoring all the Tyrian prisoners, he himself was carried with them to Tyre in Narbal's ship, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that Narbal gave him the character of their king Pygmalion, whose cruel avarice was to be feared; that he was afterwards instructed by Narbal in the maxims of the Tyrian commerce, and was going to embark on board a Cyprian ship, in order to go by the island of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be apprehended; that he was then on the brink of ruin, but that Astarba, the tyrant's mistress, saved him, in order to put to death in his stead a youth, whose disdain had provoked her.*

CALYPSO heard such wise reflections with astonishment. What charmed her most was to observe, that Telemachus ingenuously related the errors he had committed through precipitation, and a want of docility with regard to the sage Mentor's counsels. She found a surprising nobleness and grandeur in the youth, who accused himself, and

who seemed to have made so good an use of his failings, as to render himself wise, provident and moderate. Go on, said she, my dear Telemachus, I long to know how you got out of Egypt, and where you found the sage Mentor again, of whose loss you was with so much reason sensible.

Telemachus thus resumed his story. The Egyptians the most virtuous and the most faithful to the king, being the weakest, and seeing their king dead, were constrained to yield to the others. Another king was appointed, whose name was Termutis. The Phœnicians, with the troops of the island of Cyprus, departed after they had made an alliance with the new prince, who restored all the Phœnician prisoners. I was reckoned as one of the number; and being released from the tower and embarking with the rest, hope began to dawn again in the bottom of my heart.

A favourable gale already filled our sails; the rowers cleft the frothy waves; the wide sea was covered with ships; the mariners shouted for joy; the shores of Egypt flew far from us; the hills and the mountains grew level by degrees; we began to see nothing but the heavens and the waters, while the rising sun seemed to dart his sparkling fires out of the bosom of the deep: his rays gilt the tops of the mountains, which we still discovered a little above the horizon; and the whole heaven, painted with a deep azure, promised us an happy voyage.

Though I was dismissed as a Phœnician, none of the Phœnicians with whom I was, knew me. Narbal, who commanded the ship on board of which I was put, asked me my name and my country. Of what city of Phœnicia are you? said he to me. I am not a Phœnician, said I; but the Egyptians took me at sea in a Phœnician vessel. I have been a captive in Egypt as a Phœnician; it is under this name that I have suffered a long while; it is under this name that I was set at liberty. Of what coun-

try are you then? replied Narbal. I am Telemachus, said I, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca in Greece. My father rendered himself famous among all the kings who besieged the city of Troy; but the Gods have not permitted him to see his country again. I have sought him in various countries; fortune persecutes me as well as him. You see a wretch, who wishes only for the happiness of returning to his own country, and of finding his father.

Narbal looked upon me with surprise, and thought he observed in me I know not what of fortunate, which is one of the gifts of heaven, and is not found in common men. He was naturally sincere and generous; he was touched with my misfortunes; and talked to me with a confidence, with which the Gods inspired him, for my preservation, in an imminent danger.

Telemachus, said he, I do not, I cannot doubt of what you tell me. The sweetness and virtue visible in your countenance, do not permit me to mistrust you: nay, I feel that the Gods, whom I have always served, love you; and that they would have me love you as if you were my son. I will give you wholesome advice, and ask nothing of you in return but secrecy. Fear not, said I, that it will be any pain to me to be silent with regard to the things with which you shall be pleased to intrust me. Though I am so young, I am already grown old in the habit of never disclosing my secrets, and more especially in never betraying, under any pretence whatever, those of another. How can you, said he, have accustomed yourself to secrecy in so tender an age? I shall be glad to hear by what means you have acquired this quality, which is the foundation of the wisest conduct, and without which all talents are useless.

When Ulysses, said I, departed to go to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees and in his arms, as I have been informed. Having kissed me with tenderness, he said these words to me, though I could

not understand them : O my son ! may the Gods preserve me from ever seeing thee again ; may the scissars of the fatal Sisters rather cut the thread of thy days when it is hardly formed, as a reaper with his sickle cuts down a tender flower which is beginning to blow ; may my enemies dash thee in pieces before thy mother's eyes and mine, if thou art one day to be corrupted and to abandon virtue ! O my friends ! continued he, I leave you this son who is so dear to me, take care of his infancy ; if you love me, remove pernicious flattery far from him ; teach him to vanquish himself ; let him be like a young tree, which is only bent in order to be made straight. Above all, forget nothing in order to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret. Whoever is capable of lying, is unworthy of being reckoned in the number of men ; and whoever knows not to be silent, is unworthy of ruling.

I relate to you the very words, because care was taken frequently to repeat them to me, they penetrated even to the bottom of my heart ; and I often repeat them to myself. My father's friends were careful to exercise me betimes in secrecy. I was in the tenderest state of childhood, when they intrusted me with all their uneasiness, at seeing my mother exposed to a great number of rash suitors who sought to marry her. Thus they treated me from that time as a reasonable and trusty man ; they often conferred with me about the most important affairs, and informed me of what they had resolved on to remove these suitors. I was transported at their having such a confidence in me ; I thereby thought myself already a perfect man. I never abused it ; I never let slip a single word which could discover the least secret. The suitors often endeavoured to make me talk, hoping, that a child, who had seen or heard any thing of importance, could not contain himself : but I well knew how to answer them without lying,



and without informing them of any thing which I ought not to tell them.

Hereupon Narbal said to me, You see, Telemachus, the power of the Phœnicians. They are formidable to all their neighbours by their innumerable ships. The trade they carry on as far as the pillars of Hercules, yields them riches surpassing those of the most flourishing nations. The great king Sesostris, who could never have conquered them by sea, had great difficulty in conquering them by land, with his armies which had subdued all the east. He imposed a tribute upon us which we did not long pay. The Phœnicians were too rich and too powerful to bear the yoke of servitude with patience: we recovered our liberty. Death did not allow Sesostris time to finish the war against us. It is true that we had every thing to fear from his wisdom, even more than from his power; but his power passing into the hands of his son, wholly destitute of wisdom, we concluded that we had nothing to fear. And indeed the Egyptians, instead of returning in arms to our country to subdue us once again, were constrained to invite us to their assistance, to deliver them from that impious and outrageous prince. We have been their deliverers. What glory added to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians!

But whilst we deliver others, we ourselves are slaves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the hands of Pygmalion our king. He has dipt his hands, his cruel hands, in the blood of Sichæus, the husband of Dido his sister. Dido, greatly desirous of revenge, fled from Tyre with many ships. Most of those who love virtue and liberty, accompanied her: she has founded on the coast of Africa a stately city, which she calls Carthage. Pygmalion, tormented by an insatiable thirst of wealth, renders himself more and more miserable and odious to his subjects. It is a crime at Tyre to have great riches. Avarice makes him mistrustful, suspicious,

cruel; he persecutes the rich, and he fears the poor.

It is a still greater crime at Tyre to be virtuous: for Pygmalion supposes, that good men cannot suffer his unjust and infamous actions. Virtue condemns him, and he is exasperated and irritated against her. Every thing moves him, disquiets him, gnaws him; he is afraid of his shadow, and sleeps neither night nor day. The Gods, to plague him, load him with treasures, which he dares not enjoy. What he seeks in order to be happy, is the very thing which hinders him from being so. He repines at all he gives, he is always afraid of losing, and tortures himself for gain. He is hardly ever seen; he continues solitary, sad, dejected, in the most secret parts of his palace: even his friends dare not approach him for fear of being suspected by him. A frightful guard, with naked swords and pikes erected, continually invest his palace. Thirty chambers, which have a communication one with another, and each of them an iron door with six huge bolts, are the places where he shuts himself up. It is never known in which of these chambers he lies; and it is affirmed, that he never lies two nights successively in the same, for fear of being murdered in it. He is a stranger to the sweets of pleasure, and the yet greater sweets of friendship. If any one talks to him of pursuing pleasure, he is sensible that it flies far from him, and that it refuses to enter his heart. His hollow eyes are full of a fierce and savage fire, and incessantly straying on all sides. He listens to, and is alarmed at, the least noise. He is pale, emaciated, and gloomy cares are pictured on his ever-wrinkled visage. He is mute; he sighs; he groans from the bottom of his heart, and cannot conceal the remorse which preys on his bowels. The most exquisite dishes disgust him. His children, instead of being his hope, are the objects of his fear; he has made them his most dangerous enemies. He has

not had all his life a secure moment; he preserves himself only by shedding the blood of all those he fears. A fool! who does not see that the cruelty in which he confides, will cause his destruction. Some one of his domestics, as suspicious as himself, will quickly rid the world of this monster.

As for me, I fear the Gods; whatever it may cost me, I will be faithful to the king they have given me. I had rather that he should take away my life than I his, or even than be wanting in my duty to defend him. As for you Telemachus, be sure not to tell him that you are the son of Ulysses: he would hope that Ulysses, returning to Ithaca, would pay him a large sum for your ransom, and he would keep you in prison.

When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, and perceived the truth of every thing which he had told me. I was not able to conceive that a man could render himself so miserable as Pygmalion seemed to be. Astonished at a sight so terrible and new to me, I said to myself, Lo! a man who only sought to make himself happy, and imagined that he should accomplish it by riches and absolute power; he possesses all he can desire, and yet he is wretched even by his riches and his power. Were he a shepherd, as not long since I was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent pleasures of the country, and enjoy them without remorse. He would dread neither daggers nor poison; he would love men, and be loved by them. He would not have these immense riches which are as useless to him as sand, since he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the fruits of the earth, and suffer no real want. This man seems to do all he desires, but is far from doing it; he does every thing his brutal passion commands. He is continually hurried away by his avarice, his fears, and his suspicions. He seems the master of all other men, but is not master

master of himself; for he has as many masters and tormentors as he has violent desires.

I reasoned thus of Pygmalion without seeing him; for he was not to be seen: one only beheld with awe the lofty towers which were night and day surrounded by guards, wherein he immured himself as in a prison, shutting himself up with his treasures. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, so gentle, so easy of access, so affable, so curious to see strangers, so attentive to hear every body, and to draw out of the hearts of men the truth they conceal from kings. Sesostris, said I, feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he shewed himself to all his subjects as to his own children: this man fears every thing, and has every thing to fear. This wicked king is continually exposed to a tragical death, even in his inaccessible palace, in the midst of his guards: On the contrary, the good king Sesostris was safe in the midst of a crowd of his people, like an indulgent father in his own house, surrounded by his family.

Pygmalion gave orders to send home the troops of the isle of Cyprus, that came to assist his in consequence of an alliance which was between the two nations. Narbal took this opportunity to set me at liberty: he caused me to be mustered among the Cyprian soldiers; for the king was suspicious even in the minutest things. The failing of easy and indolent princes is to give themselves up, with a blind confidence, to crafty and corrupt favourites; the failing of this man was, on the contrary, to mistrust the worthiest men. He knew not to discern upright and frank men who act without disguise: he had accordingly never conversed with men of probity; for such men never make their court to so corrupted a king. Besides, he had seen, since his accession to the throne, in the men by whom he was served, so much dissimulation, perfidy, and shocking vices, disguised under the appearances of virtue, that he looked upon all men without exception as if they



had been masked; he supposed that there was no real virtue on the earth, and so regarded all men as being nearly alike. When he found a man false and corrupt, he did not give himself the trouble to seek for another, supposing that another would not be better: the good seemed to him worse than the most openly wicked, because he thought them as wicked and more deceitful.

To return to myself, I was blended with the Cyprians, and escaped the piercing jealousy of the king. Narbal trembled for fear I should be discovered, which would have cost him his life, and me mine. His impatience to see us depart was incredible, but contrary winds detained us a good while at Tyre.

I made use of this opportunity to inform myself of the manners of the Phœnicians, so famous in all the known nations. I admired the happy situation of this great city, which stands in an island in the midst of the sea. The neighbouring coast is delightful for its fertility, for the exquisite fruits it bears, for the number of cities and villages which almost touch each other, and lastly for the mildness of its climate; for the mountains screen this coast from the burning winds of the south, and it is refreshed by the north wind which blows from the sea. This country lies at the foot of Libanus, whose summit cleaves the clouds, and almost touches the stars; eternal ice covers its brow, and rivers of snow pour like torrents from the tops of the rocks which environ its head. Beneath is seen a vast forest of ancient cedars, that seem as old as the earth in which they grow, and extend their thick branches even to the clouds. This forest has at its foot fat pastures on the side of the mountain. Here bellowing bulls are seen to stray, and bleating sheep and tender lambkins skipping over the grass. There glide a thousand rills of limpid water. Lastly, beneath these pastures appears the foot of the mountain, resembling a garden. Spring and autumn here reign at the same time, in order to join fruits and flowers

together. Neither the pestilent breath of the south, which blasts and burns up all things, nor the bleak north wind, did ever presume to sully the lively colours which adorn this garden.

It is near this beautiful coast that the island on which Tyre is built emerges out of the sea. This great city seems to float upon the water, and to be the queen of all the sea. The merchants resort to it from all parts of the world, and its inhabitants themselves are the most famous merchants in the universe. When one enters into this city, one imagines at first that it is not a city which belongs to any particular people, but that it is the common city of all nations, and the center of their commerce. It has two great moles, like arms, that stretch themselves into the sea, and embrace an immense harbour, where the winds cannot enter. In this port is seen as it were a wood of the masts of ships; and these ships are so numerous, that one can hardly perceive the sea which supports them. All the citizens apply themselves to commerce, and their great riches never give them a distaste to the pains necessary to increase them. Here on all sides is seen the fine linen of Egypt, and twice dyed Tyrian purple of a marvellous lustre. This double tincture is so lively, that time cannot efface it: it is used for fine cloths, enriched with embroideries of gold and silver. The Phœnicians trade with all nations as far as the streights of Gades, and have penetrated even into the vast ocean which surrounds the whole earth. They have also made long voyages on the red sea; it is this way they go to unknown islands in quest of gold, perfumes, and divers animals which are not found elsewhere.

I could not satisfy my eyes with the magnificent sight of this great city, where every thing was in motion. I did not see here, as in the cities of Greece, idle and inquisitive persons who go to hear news in public places, or to stare at foreigners who arrive in the port. The men are employed in unlading

their ships, in sending away or selling their merchandises, in putting their warehouses in order, and in keeping an exact account of what is owing to them by foreign merchants. The women never cease either to spin wool, or to draw patterns of embroidery, or to fold up rich stuffs.

Whence comes it, said I to Narbal, that the Phœnicians have rendered themselves masters of the commerce of the whole earth, and thus enrich themselves at the expence of all other nations? You see the cause, said he: the situation of Tyre is happy for trade. It is our country which has the honour of having invented navigation: for the Tyrians were the first (if we may credit what is related of the darkest antiquity) who tamed the waves, long before the time of Tiphys and the Argonauts, so much vaunted of in Greece: they, say I, were the first who ventured to commit themselves in a feeble bark to the mercy of waves and tempests, who sounded the depths of the sea, who observed the stars at a great distance from the land, according to the science of the Egyptians and Babylonians, and joined together so many nations whom the sea had separated. The Tyrians are industrious, patient, laborious, neat, sober, and frugal; they have a regular form of government, they are perfectly united among themselves; and never was a nation more constant, more sincere, more faithful, more trusty, more courteous to all strangers.

This, without seeking for any other cause, is what gives them the dominion of the sea, and makes so profitable a trade flourish in their port. If divisions and jealousies should creep in among them, if they should begin to soften in pleasures and idleness, if the chiefs of the nation should despise labour and frugality, if arts should cease to be honourable in their city, if they should be wanting in honesty to strangers, if they should alter ever so little their maxims of a free trade, if they should neglect their

manufactures, and cease to advance the large sums which are necessary to render all their commodities perfect each in its kind, you would soon see the fall of the power you admire.

But explain to me, said I, the true means of establishing hereafter a like trade in Ithaca. Do, replied he, as is done here : treat all strangers in a kind and condescending manner ; let them find in your ports safety, conveniency, and an entire freedom ; never suffer yourself to be drawn away either by avarice or by pride. The true way to gain a great deal is never to aim at gaining too much, and to know the proper times of losing. Make yourself beloved by all strangers, and even suffer in some things by them ; beware of exciting their jealousy by your haughtiness ; be steady in the rules of commerce, and let them be plain and easy ; accustom your subjects to observe them inviolably ; punish with severity the frauds and even the negligence or extravagance of merchants, which ruin trade in ruining those who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to cramp commerce, in order to turn it according to your own views. It is most proper for the prince not to be concerned in it, but to leave the whole profit to his subjects who have all the trouble of it ; otherwise he will discourage them. He will draw sufficient advantages from it by the great riches which will enter into his dominions. Commerce is like certain springs ; if you endeavour to divert their course, you dry them up. It is only profit and conveniency which attract strangers to you. If you render trade less easy and less beneficial to them, they insensibly retire, and never return ; because other nations, making their advantage of your imprudence, allure them to their country, and accustom them to live without you. I must even own to you, that for some time the glory of Tyre has been greatly obscured. O ! had you seen it, my dear Telemachus, before Pygmalion's reign, you would have been much more astonished. You now find here only the sad



remains of a grandeur which hastens to its ruin. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! The sea formerly brought thee the tribute of all the nations of the earth.

Pygmalion fears every thing both from foreigners and his own subjects. Instead of opening his ports, according to our ancient custom, to all the most distant nations with an entire freedom, he insists on knowing the number of the ships which arrive, their country, the names of persons on board them, their kind of trade, the nature and price of their merchandises, and the time they are to stay here. He does still worse; for he uses artifice to ensnare the merchants, and confiscate their effects. He harasses the merchants whom he thinks the richest; he establishes under various pretences new imposts: he will enter into trade himself, and every one is afraid of having to do with him. Trade therefore languishes; foreigners by degrees forget the way to Tyre, which was formerly so well known to them; and if Pygmalion does not change his conduct, our glory and power will soon be transported to some other people better governed than we.

I then asked Narbal how the Tyrians had rendered themselves so powerful by sea; for I was unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which conduces to the good government of a kingdom. We have, answered he, the forests of Libanus, which furnish us with timber for our shipping, and we carefully reserve them for this use; we never fell any of them but for the service of the public. As for the building of ships, we have the advantage of having skilful workmen. How, said I to him, were you able to find these workmen? He replied, They were trained up by degrees in our own country. When we well reward those who excel in arts, we are sure of soon having men who carry them to their highest perfection; for men who have the most knowledge and genius, do not fail to apply themselves to those arts to which

the greatest rewards are annexed. Here we treat with honour all those who succeed in the arts and sciences useful in navigation. We respect a good geometrician; we highly esteem a skilful astronomer; we load with riches a pilot who excels others in his function; we do not despise a good carpenter; on the contrary, he is well paid and well treated: even good rowers have rewards sure and proportioned to their service; we feed them well; we take care of them when they are sick; in their absence we take care of their wives and their children. If they perish in a shipwreck, we indemnify their family, and we dismiss those who have served a certain time. By these means we have as many of them as we please. The father is glad to bring up his son in so good a trade, and from his earliest youth is diligent to teach him to handle an oar, to manage the cordage, and to despise storms. It is thus that we lead men, without compulsion, by rewards and good regulations. Power alone never does well; the submission of inferiors is not sufficient: we must win their hearts, and make men find their account in the things wherein we design to make use of their industry.

After this discourse, Narbal conducted me to visit all the magazines, the arsenals, and all the trades which are subservient to the building of ships. I asked a detail of the minutest things, and wrote down all I heard, for fear of forgetting some useful circumstance.

Mean while Narbal, who knew Pygmalion and loved me, waited with impatience for my departure, fearing I should be discovered by the king's spies, who passed night and day thro' all parts of the city; but the winds did not yet permit us to embark. Whilst we were employed in curiously viewing the port, and in asking questions of several merchants, we saw coming towards us one of Pygmalion's officers, who said to Narbal, The king has just heard from one of the captains of the ships which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought a stranger

who passes for a Cyprian : it is his majesty's pleasure that he be apprehended, and that he may know for certain of what country he is ; you are to answer for him on peril of your head. At this instant I was gone to a small distance to take a nearer view of the proportions which the Tyrians had observed in building an almost new ship, ( which was, they said, by this exact proportion of all its parts, the best sailer which had ever been seen in the port ) and I was asking some questions of the builder who had adjusted those proportions.

Narbal, surprised and terrified, answered, I will go and seek this stranger who is of the isle of Cyprus. But when he had lost sight of the officer, he run to me to inform me of the danger I was in. I but too well foresaw it, my dear Telemachus, said he ; we are lost. The king, whom his jealousy tortures day and night, suspects that you are not of the isle of Cyprus ; he orders me to apprehend you, and will put me to death if I do not deliver you into his hands. What shall we do ? O God ! give us wisdom, to extricate ourselves out of this danger. I must lead you, Telemachus, to the king's palace. You shall maintain that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and the son of a statuary of Venus : I will aver that I formerly knew your father, and perhaps the king, without further inquiry, will suffer you to depart. I see no other way to save your life and mine.

I replied to Narbal : Let a wretch perish whom his destiny desires to destroy ; I can die, Narbal, and I owe you too much to draw you into my ruin. I cannot resolve to tell a lie ; I am not a Cyprian, and cannot say that I am. The Gods see my sincerity : it is theirs to save my life by their power, if they please ; but I will not save it by an untruth.

Narbal answered, This untruth, Telemachus, has nothing which is not innocent ; the Gods them-

selves cannot condemn it ; it does no injury to any one ; it saves the lives of two innocent persons ; it deceives the king only to hinder him from committing a great crime. You carry too far the love of virtue, and the fear of wounding religion.

It is enough, said I, that a lie is a lie, to be unworthy of a man who speaks in the presence of the Gods, and owes every thing to truth. He who violates the truth offends the Gods, and commits a violence on himself ; for he speaks against his conscience. Cease, Narbal, to propose what is unworthy of you and of me. If the Gods have pity of us, they well know how to deliver us ; if they are pleased to leave us to perish, we shall die the victims of truth, and leave men an example to prefer unspotted virtue to length of life : mine is already but too long, being so miserable. It is you alone, O my dear Narbal ! for whom my heart is melted. Must your friendship for a wretched stranger be thus fatal to you !

We continued a good while in this kind of combat ; but at length perceived a man, quite out of breath, running towards us. He was another of the king's officers, and came from Astarba. This woman was beautiful as a Goddess ; she joined to the charms of the body all those of disposition and genius ; she was gay, flattering, insinuating. With so many delusive charms, she had, like the Sirens, a heart full of cruelty and malice ; but she knew how to hide her corrupt affections by deep artifice. She had won Pygmalion's heart by her beauty, her wit, her sweet voice, and the harmony of her lyre. Pygmalion, blinded by his violent love for her, had abandoned queen Tophia his consort, and only studied how to gratify the passions of the ambitious Astarba. His love of this woman was little less fatal to him than his infamous avarice. But though he had so great a passion for her, she only despised and loathed him. However she concealed her real sentiments, and



seemed to desire to live only for him, at the same time that she could not endure him.

There was at Tyre a young Cretan, whose name was Malachon, of a marvellous beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and immersed in pleasures. He minded but to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, to comb his flaxen locks which flowed over his shoulders, to perfume himself, to give a graceful turn to the folds of his gown, and to sing his amours to his lyre. Astarba saw him, loved him, and grows distracted for him. He slighted her, because he had a passion for another woman. Besides, he was afraid to expose himself to the cruel jealousy of the king. Astarba, finding herself disdained, gave way to her resentment. In her despair she fancied that she could make Malachon pass for the stranger whom the king was inquiring after, and who was said to have come with Narbal. And indeed she made Pygmalion believe it, and bribed all those who could undeceive him. As he loved not virtuous men, and could not discern them, he was surrounded by such only as were selfish, artful, and ready to execute his unjust and bloody commands. These people were afraid of Astarba's power, and assisted her to deceive the king, for fear of displeasing this haughty woman, who had his whole confidence. Thus Malachon, tho' known for a Cretan thro' all the city, passed for a young stranger whom Narbal had brought from Egypt, and was thrown into prison.

Astarba, who was afraid lest Narbal should go and speak to the king, and discover the imposture, sent in haste to Narbal this officer, who spoke these words to him : Astarba forbids you to discover to the king who your stranger is ; she asks nothing of you but silence, and will so order matters that the king shall be satisfied with you. In the mean time, be expeditious in causing to embark with the Cyprians the young stranger whom you brought with you from Egypt,

that he may be no more seen in the city. Narbal, overjoyed at being able thus to save his own life and mine, promised to be silent; and the officer, satisfied with having obtained what he asked, returned to give Astarba an account of his commission.

Narbal and I admired the goodness of the Gods, who rewarded our sincerity, and have so tender a care of those who hazard all for virtue. We looked with horror upon a king given up to avarice and voluptuousness. He who is so excessively afraid of being deceived, said we, deserves to be, and is almost always grossly deceived. He mistrusts men of probity, and abandons himself to villains: he is the only one who is ignorant of what is transacting. Lo, Pygmalion! he is the sport of a shameless woman. Mean time the Gods make use of the falsehood of the wicked to save the good, who had rather lose their life than tell an untruth.

We now perceived the winds change, and become favourable to the Cyprian fleet. The Gods declare themselves, cried Narbal; they, my dear Telemachus, will provide for your safety; fly this cruel and accursed land. Happy he who might follow you to the most unknown shores! Happy he who might live and die with you! But cruel fate ties me down to this my unhappy country; I must suffer with her; perhaps must be buried in her ruins: no matter, provided I always speak the truth, and my heart love nothing but justice. As for you, my dear Telemachus, pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you the most precious of all gifts, which is a pure and spotless virtue until death. Long may you live! may you return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from her rash suitors! may your eyes see, may your hands embrace the sage Ulysses, and may he find in you a son equal to his wisdom! But in your good fortune remember the unhappy Narbal, and never cease to love me.

When he had ended these words, I bedewed him with my tears without replying : profound sighs prevented my speaking : we embraced in silence. He conducted me to the ship : he remained on the shore ; and when the bark sailed, we did not, as long as we could see, cease to look at each other.

*End of the Third Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the FOURTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Calypso interrupts Telemachus, that he may repose himself. Mentor blames him in private for having undertaken the relation of his adventures, but advises him to conclude since he has begun it. Telemachus relates that, in his voyage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, he had a dream wherein he saw Venus and Cupid, against whom Minerva protected him; that he afterwards fancied he saw Mentor likewise, exhorting him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the ship would have been lost in a storm, if he had not himself taken the helm, because the Cyprians, being drowned in wine, were not in a condition to save it; that at his arrival in the island he beheld with horror the most contagious examples of vice; that Hazael the Syrian, whose slave Mentor was now become, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, restored him, his wife guide, and took them both on board his ship to carry them to Crete, and that in this passage they saw the glorious sight of Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses.*

AND now Calypso, who had hitherto continued motionless and transported with pleasure in hearing Telemachus's adventures, interrupted him, that he might take some repose. It is time for you,



said she, to go and enjoy the sweets of sleep after so many toils. You have nothing to apprehend here ; every thing is favourable to you ; give a loose therefore to joy, and taste of the peace, and of all the other blessings which the Gods are ready to heap upon you. To-morrow, when Aurora with her rosy fingers opens the golden gates of the East, and the steeds of the Sun, springing from the briny waves, spread the flames of day, and chase before them all the stars of heaven, we will resume, my dear Telemachus, the story of your misfortunes. Never did your father equal you in wisdom and courage. Neither Achilles who conquered Hector, nor Theseus who returned from hell, nor even the great Alcides who purged the earth of so many monsters, ever discovered such fortitude and virtue. May a sound sleep make the night seem short to you ! but, alas ! how tedious will it be to me ! how shall I long to see you, to hear you again, to make you repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet ! Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wise Mentor whom the Gods have restored to you, go into this retired grotto, where every thing is prepared for your repose. May Morpheus shed his sweetest charms on your heavy eye-lids ! may he cause a heavenly vapour to glide thro' all your weary limbs, and send you pleasant dreams, which, hovering around you, may sooth your senses by the most smiling images, and chase far from you whatever might awake you too early.

The Goddess herself conducted Telemachus to this grotto, which was separated from her own, but altogether as rural and pleasant. A fountain, gliding in a corner, gently murmured, and invited sleep. The nymphs had here prepared two soft and verdant beds, and covered them with two large skins ; the one with a lion's for Telemachus, the other with a bear's for Mentor.

Mentor, before he suffered sleep to close his eyes, thus addressed Telemachus : The pleasure of relating your story has carried you too far ; you have charmed

the Goddess by displaying the dangers from which your courage and dexterity have delivered you; you have thereby only the more inflamed her heart, and prepared a more dangerous captivity for yourself. How can you expect that she will let you depart from her island now you have enchanted her by the recital of your adventures? Vanity has made you speak imprudently. She promised to relate some adventures to you, and to inform you of the fortunes of Ulysses; but she found the means of talking a great while without saying any thing, and engaged you to tell her all she desires to know: such is the art of flattering and enamoured women. When, Telemachus, will you be so wise as never to talk out of vanity, and to conceal the shining parts of your story, when it is of no service to reveal them? Others admire your wisdom at an age when it is excusable to want it: but, as for me, I can pardon you nothing; I am the only one who knows and loves you enough to tell you of all your faults. How far are you still from being as wise as your father?

How, replied Telemachus, could I refuse to relate my misfortunes to Calypso? No, answered Mentor: it was necessary to relate them; but you should have mentioned such things only as might have inspired her with pity. You might have told her that you were one while a wanderer, then a captive in Sicily, and afterwards in Egypt. This would have been sufficient, and all the rest served but to inflame the poison which already rages in her heart. The Gods grant that yours may be preserved from it!

But what shall I do now? continued Telemachus in a modest and submissive manner. It is now too late, replied Mentor, to conceal the sequel of your adventures; she knows too much of them already to be capable of being deceived in what is to come; your reserve would only provoke her. To-morrow therefore conclude your narrative of all that the Gods have done in your favour; and learn another time to

ſpeak with more reſerve of things which may tend to your own praiſe. Telemachus received this good advice kindly; and they both betook themſelves to reſt.

As ſoon as Phœbus had ſhed his earlieſt rays on the earth, Mentor, hearing the voice of the Goddeſs calling her nymphs in the grove, awakened Telemachus. It is time, ſaid he, to ſhake off ſleep. Come, let us return to Calypſo, but be upon your guard againſt the honey of her words; let the door of your heart be continually ſhut againſt her, and dread the inſinuating poiſon of her praiſes. She yeſterday extolled you above your wiſe father, the invincible Achilles, the famous Theſeus, and Hercules, who is become immortal. Did you not perceive how exceſſive ſuch commendations are? Or did you believe what ſhe ſaid? Know that ſhe does not believe it herſelf. She praiſes you only becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be impoſed upon by praiſes which bear no proportion to your actions.

This ſaid, they went where the Goddeſs was waiting for them. She ſmiled when ſhe ſaw them, concealing under an appearance of joy the fear and inquietude of her heart; for ſhe foreſaw that Telemachus, conducted by Mentor, would eſcape from her as Ulyſſes had done. Make haſte, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus, to ſatisfy my curioſity; I ſaw you, methought, all the night departing from Phœnicia, and going to try your fortune in the iſland of Cyprus. Give me an account therefore of your voyage, and let us not loſe a moment. They then ſat down, in a ſhady grove, on the graſs enamelled with violets.

Calypſo could not forbear continually caſting tender and paſſionate looks on Telemachus, nor ſee without indignation that Mentor watched even the leaſt motion of her eyes. Mean while all the nymphs were ſilent, and leaning forwards to liſten, formed a kind of ſemi-circle in order to hear and ſee the better. The eyes of the aſſembly were immovable, and fixed on Telemachus, who with downy

cast eyes and graceful blushes, thus resumed the thread of his story :

The gentle breath of a favourable wind had hardly filled our sails, when the coast of Phœnicia disappeared. As I was with Cyprians, whose manners I was a stranger to, I resolved to say nothing, to make my remarks on every thing, and observe all the rules of discretion to gain their esteem. But, during my silence, I was seized with a sweet and powerful sleep. My senses were bound up and suspended, my soul was serene, and my heart overflowed with joy. All of a sudden methought I saw Venus cleave the clouds in her flying chariot drawn by a pair of doves. She had all that radiant beauty, that lively youth, those tender graces which were seen in her when she sprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himself. She descended all at once with the utmost rapidity, laid her hand upon my shoulder with a smile, and calling me by my name, uttered these words : Young Greek, you are going to enter my empire, you will soon arrive at the happy island where pleasure, smiles, and wanton sports, spring up under my footsteps. There shall you burn perfumes on my altars, there shall you plunge into rivers of delight. Let the sweetest hopes dilate your heart, and beware of resisting the most potent of all the Goddesses, who designs to make you happy.

At the same time I perceived her son Cupid fluttering his little wings, and hovering round his mother. Though he had the fondness, the graces, the sprightliness of a child in his face, yet had he I know not what in his piercing eyes which made me tremble. He smiled when he looked upon me ; but his smiles were malicious, scornful and cruel. He drew out of his golden quiver the sharpest of his arrows, he bent his bow, and was aiming at my heart, when Minerva suddenly appeared and covered me with her ægis. The countenance of this Goddess has not those effeminate charms and that amorous languor



which I observed in Venus's face and air. On the contrary, Minerva was a plain, careless, modest beauty; all was grave, manly, noble, full of strength and majesty. Cupid's arrow not being able to pierce the ægis, and falling to the ground, he sighed bitterly through indignation, and was ashamed to see himself vanquished. Begone, Minerva cried, begone, rash boy; thou never wilt conquer but ignoble souls, who prize thy shameful pleasures more than wisdom, virtue, and glory. The God of love, provoked at the words, betook himself to flight; and, Venus re-ascending to Olympus, I saw her chariot and doves a long while in a gold and azure cloud: at length she disappeared; and then turning my eyes to the earth, I beheld Minerva no more.

I was, methought, afterwards transported into such a delightful garden as men describe the Elysian fields to be. There I found Mentor, who said: Fly this cruel country, this infectious island, where all breathe nothing but voluptuousness; where the most heroic virtue has reason to tremble, and can save itself only by flight. As soon as I saw him, I attempted to throw myself on his neck and embrace him; but I perceived that my feet were not able to move, that my knees failed under me, and that my hands, endeavouring to lay hold of Mentor, pursued an empty shadow, which continually eluded my grasp. As I was making this effort, I awaked, and perceived that this mysterious dream was a divine admonition. I felt myself inspired with a firm resolution against pleasure, with a diffidence of myself, and a detestation of the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what pierced me to the heart, was my thinking that Mentor was dead, that he had passed the Stygian lake and was become an inhabitant of the happy mansions of the just.

This thought made me shed a torrent of tears. I was asked why I wept. Tears, said I, but too well become a wretched stranger, who wanders without hopes of ever seeing his country again. In the mean

time all the Cyprians who were in the ship, abandoned themselves to the most extravagant mirth. The rowers, averse to labour, slept on their oars; the pilot, crowned with flowers, left the helm; and, holding in his hand an enormous bowl of wine which he had almost emptied, he and all the rest of the crew, transported with the fury of Bacchus, sung such songs in honour of Venus and Cupid as would excite horror in all lovers of virtue.

While they were thus forgetful of the dangers of the sea, a sudden storm troubled the heavens and the waters. The loosened winds furiously bellowed in the sails, and the black billows beat against the sides of the bark, which groaned beneath their strokes. Sometimes we rode on the backs of the swelling waves; sometimes the sea, seeming to slip from under the vessel, plunged us down a bottomless gulph, and close by us we beheld several rocks, on which the angry surge broke with an horrible roar. Then I learnt by experience what Mentor had often told me, that men of dissolute and pleasurable lives are cowards in time of danger. All our dejected Cyprians wept like women; I heard but woeful cries, but sad laments for the lost sweets of life, and vain vows of sacrifices to the Gods, if they arrived at their port. No one had presence of mind enough either to work their ship himself, or to command others to do it. Thinking it my duty to save the lives of all the rest as well as my own, I took the helm in my hand, because the pilot, disordered with wine, like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be sensible of the danger the vessel was in; I encouraged the affrighted sea-men, and ordered them to take down their sails. They plyed their oars with great vigour; we steered between the rocks and had a near prospect of all the horrors of death.

This adventure seemed like a dream to all those who owed the preservation of their lives to me, they looked upon me with astonishment. We arrived at the isle of Cyprus in the vernal month, which is sacred to Venus.

This season, say the Cyprians, properly belongs to this Goddess; for it seems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleasures and flowers together.

On my arrival at this island, I perceived a mildness in the air, which rendered the body slothful and inactive, but inspired gayety and wantonness. The country, tho' naturally fruitful and pleasant, was, I observed, almost wholly uncultivated, so greatly were the inhabitants averse to labour. I saw on all sides women and maidens gorgeously attired, singing the praises of Venus, and going to devote themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty, the graces, joy, pleasure, shone equally in their faces; but their charms were too affected, and there was none of that noble simplicity, that amiable modesty, which is the greatest allurements of beauty. Their soft air, the studied adjustment of their looks, their vain attire, their languishing gait, their eyes which seemed to pursue those of the men, the jealousies among themselves about kindling the greatest passions; in a word, all that I saw in these women appeared to me vile and contemptible: their immoderate desires to please excited my aversion.

I was conducted to the Goddess's temple: she has several in that island; for she is particularly worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos; it was to Cythera that I was conducted. The temple is all marble, and a perfect peristyle. Its large and lofty pillars render the fabric exceedingly majestic. On each front, above the architrave and freeze, are large pediments, on which are represented in bas-relief all the most agreeable adventures of the Goddess. At the gate there is continually a crowd of people who come to make their offerings. Within the enclosure of this sacred place no victim is ever slain, no fat of bulls and heifers is burnt as elsewhere, nor is their blood ever spilt there: the beasts which are offered, are only presented before the altar, and none can be offered which are not young, white, and without blemish or

imperfection : they are crowned with purple fillets embroidered with gold ; their horns are gilt and adorned with nosegays of odoriferous flowers ; and when they have been presented before the altar, they are sent back to a retired place, where they are slain for the banquets of the Goddess's priests.

Here also are offered all sorts of perfumed liquors, and wine more delicious than nectar. The priests are clad in long white robes with girdles of gold, and fringes of the same at the bottom of their vestments. The most exquisite perfumes of the East are burning night and day on the altars, and form a kind of cloud which ascends to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with pendant festoons ; all the vases which are used in the sacrifices, are gold, and a sacred grove of myrtle surrounds the edifice. None but boys and girls of extraordinary beauty may present the victims to the priests, or presume to kindle the fire of the altars. But immodesty and lasciviousness dishonour this magnificent temple.

At first I was struck with horror at what I saw ; but insensibly began to grow familiar with it. I was no longer startled at vice ; all companies inspired me with I know not what inclination to intemperance : my innocence was laughed at, and my sobriety and modesty served for a jest to this shameless people. They tried all arts to stir up my passions, to ensnare me, and to awaken my appetite for pleasure. I found that I lost strength daily ; my good education could scarce sustain me any longer ; all my virtuous resolutions vanished ; I had no longer power to resist the evil which pressed me on all sides, and was even ashamed of virtue. I was like a man swimming in a deep and rapid river : at first he cleaves the waves and ascends against the stream ; but if the banks are steep, and he cannot rest himself on the shore, he at length tires by degrees, his strength forsakes him, his limbs stiffen with fatigue, and the torrent hurries him away.



Thus my eyes began to grow dim, my heart failed within me, and I no longer summoned my reason to my aid, nor the memory of my father's virtues. The dream wherein I thought I saw Mentor in the Elysian fields, completed my dejection ; a silent, soothing languor possessed me entirely. I already cherished the flattering poison which glided from vein to vein, and penetrated even to the marrow in my bones. I fetched however the profoundest sighs ; I shed the bitterest tears, and roared like a lion in his fury. O wretched condition of youth ! said I : ye Gods, who cruelly sport with men, why do you make them pass through that age which is a time of folly, or a burning fever ? O ! why am I not covered with silver hairs, bowed down and dropping into the grave, like my grandfire Laertes ! Death would be welcomer to me than the shameful weakness I now feel.

I had hardly spoken thus but my grief began to abate, and my heart, intoxicated with extravagant passion, shook off almost all sense of shame ; I was afterwards plunged into an abyss of remorse. In this disorder I wandered up and down the sacred grove, like a hind which the hunter has wounded : she flies through the spacious forest to ease her pain ; but the arrow which sticks in her side, pursues her every where ; she every where bears the murderous shaft. Thus did I vainly run to forget myself, for nothing could sooth the wound in my heart.

In the dark shade of this grove I suddenly perceived at some distance from me the form of the sage Mentor ; but his visage seemed so pale, so sad and austere, that I felt no joy from it. Is it you then, my dear friend, my only hope ? Is it you ? What ! you yourself ? Does not a flattering image delude my eyes ? Is it you, Mentor ? Is it not your shade, still sensible to my woes ? Are you not in the number of happy souls who enjoy the fruits of their vir-

true, and on whom the Gods bestow uncorrupted pleasures and an eternal peace in the Elysian fields ? Say, Mentor, do you still live ? Am I so happy as to possess you, or are you only the shade of my friend ? As I spoke these words, I ran towards him with such eagerness and transport that I was quite out of breath : he calmly waited for me, without taking a single step to meet me. Ye know, ye Gods ! how great was my joy, when I found that my hands touched him ! No, 'tis not an empty shadow ; I hold him, I embrace him, my dear Mentor ! 'Twas thus that I exclaimed ; I bedewed his face with a flood of tears, and hung about his neck without being able to speak. He beheld me with eyes of sadness and tender compassion.

At length I said, Alas ! whence come you ? What dangers have I not been exposed to in your absence, and what could I now do without you ? But he, without answering my questions, cried with a terrible voice, Fly, fly hence with speed : this earth bears no fruit, but poison ; the air you breathe is tainted ; the men are infectious, and speak not but to communicate their deadly venom. Base and infamous voluptuousness, the most horrible evil which issued from Pandora's box, enervates the soul and suffers no virtue here. Fly ; what do you wait for ? Do not so much as look behind you in your flight ? efface even the slightest remembrance of this execrable island.

He said ; and I immediately perceived as it were a thick cloud dispersing from before my eyes, and beheld the pure light. Serene joy and manly fortitude revived in my heart ; a joy very different from that effeminate and wanton joy which had poisoned my senses : one is the joy of drunkenness and disorder, and is interrupted by raging passions and stinging remorse ; the other is the joy of reason, and is accompanied with something blessed and celestial ; it is always pure, equal, and

inexhaustible ; the deeper one plunges into it, the sweeter it is ; it ravishes the soul without discomposing it. I then shed tears of joy, and found that nothing is so delightful as such tears. O happy they, said I, to whom virtue reveals herself in all her beauty ! Can they see her, and not love her ? Can they love her, and not be happy ?

Mentor said, I must leave you ; I must depart this moment ; I am not permitted to stay. Where are you going ? cried I : to what uninhabitable country will I not follow you ? Think not that you can escape me ; I will rather die in pursuing you. As I spoke these words, I held him locked in my arms with all my strength. You hope in vain, said he, to detain me. The cruel Metophis sold me to certain Æthiopians or Arabs, and they, going to trade at Damascus in Syria, determined to sell me again, imagining they could get a large sum for me of one Hazael, who was inquiring for a Greek slave to teach him the manners of Greece, and to instruct him in our sciences. And indeed Hazael bought me at a great price. What I have taught him of our customs, excited his curiosity to go to the island of Crete, to study the wise laws of Minos. During our voyage the winds constrained us to put in at the isle of Cyprus. While we were waiting for a favourable gale, he came to make his offerings in the temple : lo ! he is coming out of it. The winds call us, and already swell our sails. Adieu, my dear Telemachus ; a slave who fears the Gods ought faithfully to attend his master. The Gods no longer permit me to be at my own disposal ; they know, if I were, that I should be wholly at yours. Farewel, remember the toils of Ulysses, Penelope's tears, and the righteous Gods. O ye immortal protectors of innocence, in what a clime am I constrained to leave Telemachus !

No, no, said I, my dear Mentor, it shall not be in your power to leave me here ; I will sooner die than see you depart without me. Is this Syrian master inexorable ?

exorable? Was he suckled by a tygress in his infancy? Will he tear you out of my arms? He must kill me, or suffer me to go with you. You yourself exhort me to fly, and yet will not let me fly by following you! I will go and speak to Hazael, who perhaps will pity my youth and my tears: since he loves wisdom, and is going so far in search of it, he cannot have a savage and insensible heart. I will throw myself at his feet, I will embrace his knees, I will not suffer him to go, 'till he has given me leave to attend you. My dear Mentor, I will make myself a slave with you, I will offer myself to him: if he rejects me, my fate is determined; I will lay down the burden of life.

Hazael at this instant called Mentor; I prostrated myself before him, and he was surpris'd to see a stranger in this posture. What would you have? said he. Life, replied I; for I cannot live, unless you permit me to accompany your slave Mentor. I am the son of the great Ulysses, wisest of all the kings of Greece, who destroyed the haughty city of Troy, so famous throughout all Asia. I tell you my birth not out of vanity, but only to move you to pity my misfortunes. I have sought my father in every sea, accompanied by this man, who was another father to me. Fortune, to fill up the measure of my woes, tore him from me, and made him your slave; suffer me to be so too. If it be true that you are a lover of justice, and going to Crete to learn the laws of good king Minos, harden not your heart against my sighs and my tears. You see the son of a prince, reduced to sue for slavery as his only refuge, tho' in Sicily he heretofore desired death to avoid it; but my former calamities were only faint essays of the outrages of fortune: I now tremble lest I should not be received into the number of slaves. Ye Gods! behold my distress, and O Hazael! remember that Minos, whose wisdom



you admire, will adjudge us both in the kingdom of Pluto.

Hazael, viewing me with a benign and humane aspect, stretched forth his hand and raised me up. I am no stranger, said he, to the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses; Mentor has often mentioned the glory he acquired among the Greeks; and, besides, swift-winged fame has sounded his renown thro' all the nations of the East. Follow me, thou son of Ulysses, I will be your father till you find him who gave you life. Though I were not moved with your father's glory, with his calamities nor yours, yet would my friendship for Mentor engage me to take care of you. I purchased him indeed as a slave, but detain him as my faithful friend: the money he cost me, has gained me the dearest and most valuable friend I have in the world. In him I have found wisdom; to him I owe whatever I may have of love for virtue. From this moment he is free, you shall be so too; I ask nothing of either of you but your hearts.

I passed in an instant from the bitterest woe to the most ravishing joy that mortals are capable of feeling. I saw myself delivered from a most dreadful danger; I was approaching my country; I was assisted in my return to it, and had the consolation of being with a man who already loved me thro' a pure affection for virtue. In short, I found every thing in finding Mentor, and in not being to part with him again.

Hazael advances towards the shore; we follow and embark with him. The rowers cleave the peaceful waves; a gentle zephyr plays in our sails, animates the whole bark, and gives it a pleasing motion. The isle of Cyprus quickly disappears. Hazael, impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of this island. I ingenuously told him to what dangers my youth had been exposed, and the conflict I had endured in my own bosom. He was touched with my abhorrence of vice, and spoke these words: O Venus, I own your power, and that of your son; I have burnt incense on your

altars; but give me leave to detest the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of your island, and the brutish impudence with which they celebrate your festivals.

Afterwards he discoursed with Mentor of the first cause which formed the heavens and the earth; of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided; of that sovereign universal truth which illuminates all spirits, as the sun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never seen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind; he passes his life in profound darkness, like the nations which the sun enlightens not for several months in the year. He thinks himself wise, and is a fool; he thinks he sees all things, and sees nothing, and dies without having seen any thing: at most he perceives but glimmering and false lights, vain shadows, and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleasures of sense, and the allurements of imagination. There are in the world no men really rational, except those who consult, who love, who obey this eternal reason. It is that which inspires us with good thoughts; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our understanding as well as for our lives: it is like a great ocean of light; our souls are like rivulets which flow from it, and return into, and are lost in it again.

Tho' I did not perfectly comprehend the wisdom of this discourse, yet I tasted in it I know not what of pure and sublime; my heart was warmed with it, and truth, methought, shone in every word. They proceeded to speak of the origin of the Gods, of heroes, of poets, of the golden age, of the deluge, of the earliest histories of mankind, of the river of oblivion in which the souls of the dead are plunged, of the eternal pains prepared for the wicked in the dismal gulph of Tartarus, and of the blessed tranquillity which the just enjoy in the Elysian fields, without any apprehension of losing it.

While Hazael and Mentor were discoursing together, we perceived several dolphins, whose scales seemed gold and azure, swelling the waves and making them foam with their sportings. After them came Tritons blowing their writhen shells, and surrounding Amphitrite's chariot, which was drawn by sea-horses that were whiter than snow, that ploughed the briny waves, and left a deep furrow far behind them in the sea. Their eyes flamed, and foam issued from their mouths. The Goddess's car was a shell of a marvellous form; it was of a more shining white than ivory; its wheels were of gold, and it seemed to skim the peaceful surface of the deep. Nymphs crowned with flowers, whose lovely tresses flowed over their shoulders and waved with the winds, swam in shoals behind it. The Goddess had in one hand a sceptre of gold to command the waves, and with the other held on her knees the little God Palemon her son, who hung at her breast. She had such serenity, such sweetness and majesty in her countenance, that every seditious wind and lowering tempest fled before her. Tritons guided the steeds, and held the golden reins. A large purple sail waved in the air above the car, and was gently swelled by a multitude of little zephyrs, who strove to blow it forwards with their breath. In the midst of the air Æolus was seen busy, restless, vehement: his wrinkled face and sour looks, his threatening voice, his long bushy eye-brows, and the gloomy fire and severity of his eyes, silenced the fierce north-winds, and drove back all the clouds. Immense whales and all the monsters of the deep, whose nostrils made the briny wave to ebb and flow, issued in haste from their profound grots to view the Goddess.

*End of the Fourth Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the FIFTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus relates that he was informed, on his arrival in Crete, that Idomeneus, king of that island, had sacrificed his only son to fulfil a rash vow ; that the Cretans, resolving to revenge the son's blood, had constrained the father to quit their country, and were, after long debates, actually assembled to elect another king. Telemachus adds that he was admitted into this assembly ; that he there obtained the prizes in several games ; that he solved the questions left by Minos in his book of laws, and that the old men, who were the rulers of the island, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him their king.*

**A**FTER we had admired this sight, we began to discover the mountains of Crete, which we could yet hardly distinguish from the clouds of the heaven and the billows of the sea. We soon discovered the top of mount Ida above the other mountains of the island : so an old stag in a forest carries his branchy head above those of the surrounding fawns. By degrees we saw more distinctly the coast of the island, which presented itself to us like an amphitheatre. As much as the lands of Cyprus



had appeared uncultivated and neglected, did these of Crete seem fertile and adorned with all sorts of fruits by the labour of the inhabitants.

On all sides we observed well built villages, stately cities, and towns which were equal to cities. We found no field on which the hand of the industrious husbandman was not imprinted; the plough had every where left indented furrows: briars, thorns and all plants that unprofitably incumber the ground, are unknown in this country. We viewed with pleasure the hollow vallies, where herds of oxen were lowing in fat pastures along the banks of the rivers; the sheep feeding on the side of the hills; the spacious plains covered with golden ears, the rich presents of fruitful Ceres; and the mountains adorned with vines, whose clustering grapes, already of a bluish hue, promised the vintagers the delicious gifts of Bacchus to sooth the cares of men.

Mentor said that he had formerly been in Crete, and informed us of all he knew of it. This island, said he, admired by all strangers and famous for its hundred cities, easily maintains all its inhabitants, tho' they are innumerable; for the earth is never weary of pouring her blessings on those who cultivate her: her fruitful bosom is inexhaustible; the more inhabitants there are in a country, the more they abound, provided they are industrious. They have never any occasion to be jealous of each other: our bountiful mother earth multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children, that merit her fruits by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only sources of their misery. Men covet all, and make themselves wretched by their desires of superfluities; if they would live in a plain and simple manner, and be contented with satisfying their real wants, we should every where see plenty, joy, peace, and concord.

This is what Minos, the wisest and best of kings, understood. All that you will see most admirable in this island is the fruit of his laws. The education he

prescribed for children, renders their bodies healthful and robust: they are accustomed betimes to a plain, frugal and laborious life; it is a maxim among the Cretans, that all pleasures enervate both the body and the mind, and the only pleasure which they ever propose to their children is that of being invincible in virtue, and of acquiring glory. Courage is not solely placed in despising death amidst the dangers of war, but also in trampling great riches and shameful pleasures under foot. Three vices are punished here, which are not punished in other nations, ingratitude, dissimulation, and avarice.

As for extravagance and luxury, there is no need to suppress them; for they are unknown in Crete: here every one works without studying to enrich himself, and thinks that he is sufficiently recompensed for his pains by an easy and regular way of living, wherein he enjoys in peace and plenty all that is really necessary to life. Costly furniture is not allowed here, nor magnificent attire, nor sumptuous feasts, nor gilded palaces. Their cloths are of fine wool and of a beautiful colour, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are temperate; they drink but little wine at them, and their chief ingredient is good bread, together with the fruits which the trees yield as it were spontaneously, and the milk of their flocks and herds: at most they only eat coarse meat, and that too is plainly dressed; for they carefully reserve the best of their oxen for the improvement of agriculture. Their houses are neat, convenient, pleasant, but without ornaments: not that magnificent architecture is unknown to them, but they apply it only to the temples of the Gods: men are not allowed to have mansions like those of the immortals. The great riches of the Cretans are health, strength, courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, a plenty of necessaries, a contempt of superfluities, an habit of labour, an abhorrence of idleness, an emulation in virtue, a submission to the laws, and a fear of the righteous Gods.

I asked him in what the king's authority consisted. The king, replied he, is absolute over the people, but the laws are absolute over him. He has an unlimited power to do good, but his hands are tied when he would do evil. The laws commit the people as the most precious of all trusts to his care, on condition that he shall be their father. They ordain that a single person shall by his wisdom and moderation promote the felicity of multitudes, and not that multitudes by their misery and base slavery should serve to flatter the pride and luxury of a single person. The king is to have nothing more than others, except what is necessary either to relieve him in his painful duties, or to imprint on the people a respect for him who is to maintain the laws. Nay, the king is to be more temperate, more averse to luxury, to pomp and pride, than any other. He is not to have more riches or pleasures, but more wisdom, virtue and glory, than the rest of men. Abroad he is to be the defender of his country, by commanding its armies; and to be the judge of the people at home, in order to render them good, wise and happy. It is not for his own sake that the Gods made him king; he is so only to be the servant of the people: to them he owes all his time, all his cares, all his affection; and he is only so far worthy of royalty, as he forgets and sacrifices himself to the good of the public. Minos ordained that his children should not reign after him, unless they reigned according to these maxims; for he loved his people more than his family. It was by this wise conduct that he rendered Crete so powerful and happy; it was by this moderation that he eclipsed the glory of all the conquerors, who aim at making the people subservient to their own grandeur, that is to say, to their vanity: in a word, it was by justice that he deserved to be in hell the supreme judge of the dead.

Whilst Mentor was discoursing thus, we arrived at the island, where we saw the famous labyrinth

made by the ingenious Dædalus, in imitation of the great one which he had seen in Egypt. Whilst we were viewing this curious edifice, we observed multitudes of people on the shore, running to a place near the sea-side; we asked the cause of their hurry, and the following account was given us by one Nauficrates a Cretan.

Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion and grandson of Minos, said he, went, like the other kings of Greece, to the siege of Troy. After the destruction of that city, he set sail to return to Crete; but he was overtaken by so violent a storm, that the pilot of the ship, and all other experienced navigators, thought that they should inevitably be wrecked. Every one had death before his eyes; every one saw the abyss gaping to swallow him up; every one deplored his fate, despairing even of the sad consolation of souls which cross the Styx after their bodies have been buried. Idomeneus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, invoked Neptune: O powerful God! cried he, thou who swayest the wavy empire, deign to hear a wretched mortal! If thou givest me to see the island of Crete again in spite of the raging winds, to thee will I sacrifice the first head which shall present itself to my eyes.

Mean while his son, impatient to see his father again, hastened to meet and embrace him. Unhappy youth! who knew not that he was running to his destruction. The father, having escaped the tempest, arrived at the desired port, and thanked Neptune for hearing his vows; but he soon found how fatal they were to be to him. A foreboding of his misfortune made him bitterly repent of his indiscreet vow; he was afraid of arriving amongst his own subjects, and apprehensive of seeing what was dearest to him in this world. But cruel Nemesis, an inexorable Goddess, who lies in wait to punish men, and especially haughty kings, pushed Idomeneus on with a fatal and invisible hand. He arrives; he hardly dares to lift up his eyes; he sees his son: he starts back.



with horror, and vainly looks about for some other less dear head to serve him for a victim. Mean while the son threw himself on his neck, and is quite astonished at his father's cold returns to his fondness, and at seeing him dissolve into tears.

O my father, said he, whence this sadness ? After so long an absence are you sorry to see your kingdom again, and to be the joy of your son ? What have I done ? You turn away your eyes lest you should see me. The father, oppress'd with grief, made no reply. At last, after many profound sighs, he said, Ah ! Neptune, what have I promised you ? At what a price have you saved me from shipwreck ? Give me back to the waves and the rocks, which, dashing me in pieces, should have ended my wretched life ; let my son live. O cruel God ! here take my blood and spare his. As he spoke thus, he drew his sword to kill himself : but those about him held his hand. Old Sophronymus, an interpreter of the will of the Gods, assuring him that he might satisfy Neptune without putting his son to death. Your vow, said he, was imprudent : the God will not be honoured by cruelty ; beware of adding to your criminal promise the crime of fulfilling it contrary to the laws of nature ; offer to Neptune an hundred bulls whiter than snow ; let their blood stream around his altar crowned with flowers ; let sweet incense smoke in honour of the Gods.

Idomeneus heard these words, hanging down his head and without replying. Fury was kindled in his eyes : his pale and disfigured countenance changed its colour every moment, and his limbs trembled. Mean time his son said, Lo ! father, here I am, your son is ready to die to appease the God of the sea ; draw not his wrath upon you : I die contented, since my death has prevented yours. O my father ! strike, nor fear to find me unworthy of you, or afraid to die.

Idomeneus at the same instant, quite frantick and like one torn by the infernal furies, astonishes all who

were near him ; he plunges his sword into his son's heart ; he draws it out again, all reeking and bloody, to thrust it into his own bowels : he is once more withheld by those about him. The youth falls down in his blood ; the shades of death overspread his eyes ; he half-opens them to the light ; but as soon as he finds it, he can bear it no longer. As a beautiful lily of the fields, that is wounded in its root by the plough-share, droops and can support itself no longer, tho' it has not yet lost its lively white and the lustre which charms the eye, yet as the earth nourishes it no more, its life is extinguished : so the son of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, is cruelly mowed down in his bloom of life. The father grows stupid thro' excess of grief ; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do ; he goes staggering on towards the city, and asks for his son.

Mean while the people, moved with compassion for the son, and with horror at the barbarous action of the father, cry out, the just Gods have delivered him up to the furies. Rage furnishes them with arms ; they seize on sticks and stones, and discord breathes its deadly venom into all their hearts. The Cretans, the wise Cretans, forget the wisdom they so much loved, and no longer acknowledge the grandson of the sage Minos. Idomeneus's friends find no safety for him but in leading him back to his ships ; they embark with him, and commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, coming to himself, thanks them for snatching him from a country which he had stained with his son's blood, and could no longer inhabit. The winds waft them to Hesperia, where they are going to found a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

Mean while the Cretans, having no king to govern them, are come to a resolution to elect one who will maintain the established laws in all their purity ; and the measures they have taken in order to make this choice, are these. All the chief inhabitants of the hun-

dred cities are here met together; they have already opened the assembly by sacrifices; they have convened all the most famous sages of the neighbouring countries, to inquire into the wisdom of those who shall appear worthy to command. They have made preparations for exhibiting public games, wherein all the candidates are to contend; for they will give the crown as a prize to him who shall be judged superior to all others both in body and mind. They will have a king whose body is robust and active, and whose mind is adorned with wisdom and virtue. All strangers are invited hither.

Nausicrates, having related this surprising story, said, Hasten, strangers, to our assembly: you shall contend with the rest; and if the Gods decree the victory to one of you, he shall reign in this country. We followed him, not with any desire of conquest, but only out of curiosity to see so extraordinary an affair.

We came to a sort of circus, which was very large, and compassed with a thick wood. The middle of the circus was an arena, which was prepared for the combatants, and was surrounded by an amphitheatre of verdant turf, on which innumerable spectators were seated in rows. On our arrival we were received with honour; for the Cretans of all nations in the world are the most generous and religious observers of hospitality. They caused us to be seated, and invited us to engage in the combats. Mentor excused himself on account of his age, and Hazael on account of his ill health. My youth and vigour left me no excuse: I glanced my eyes however upon Mentor to discover his thoughts, and perceived that he would have me engage. I accordingly accepted of their offer; I stripped myself of my cloths; floods of sweet and shining oil were poured on all my limbs, and I mingled with the combatants. It was said on all sides, That is the son of Ulysses, who is come to contend for the prize; and several Cretans, who had seen me during my infancy in Ithaca, knew me again.

The first exercise was wrestling. A Rhodian about five and thirty years old, threw all who ventured to engage him. He still retained all the vigour of youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the least motion he made, all his muscles appeared, and all his activity was equal to his strength. Not thinking me worthy of being conquered, and beholding my tender youth with eyes of compassion, he was going away; but I went up to him: whereupon we seized each other, and pressed the breath almost out of our bodies; we stood shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot; all our nerves were on the stretch, and our arms twisted together like serpents, each endeavoured to lift his antagonist from the ground. Sometimes he attempted to throw me by surprise, by pushing me to the right side, and sometimes he endeavoured to bend me to the left. Whilst he was trying me in this manner, I shoved him with so much violence, that his loins gave way; he fell on the sand, and drew me upon him. In vain did he endeavour to get me under him; for I held him immoveable beneath me. All the people cried, Victory to the son of Ulysses! and I helped the confounded Rhodian to get up again.

The combat of the *cæstus* was more difficult. The son of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired so high a reputation in this kind of conflict, that all others yielded to him, and there was none but I who hoped for victory. At first he struck me several blows on the head, and then on the stomach, which made me vomit blood, and spread a thick cloud over my eyes. I reeled; he pressed me, and my breath was almost gone: but I was re-animated by Mentor's crying out, O son of Ulysses, will you be vanquished? Anger gave me new strength, and I avoided several blows which I must otherwise have sunk under. The Samian failing in a blow he made at me, and extending his arm in vain, I surprised him in that stooping posture: he was drawing back when I lifted up my *cæstus* in order to fall upon him with



more force : he endeavoured to avoid me ; but loosing his balance, he gave me an opportunity to knock him down. He was hardly stretched on the earth, when I held out my hand to raise him up : he got up himself, besmeared with dust and blood, and in the utmost confusion ; but he did not dare to renew the combat.

Immediately after began the chariot-races ; the cars were distributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worst, both as to the lightness of the wheels and the strength of the horses. We start, and clouds of rising dust obscure the heavens. At first I let others go before me. A young Lacedæmonian, whose name was Crantor, presently left all the rest behind him. A Cretan, named Polycletus, followed him close. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aspired to succeed him, giving the reins to his foaming coursers, hung over their flowing manes, and the motion of his chariot wheels was so rapid, that they seemed, like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air, not to move at all. My steeds being warmed and brought to their wind by degrees, I left far behind me almost all those who had set out with so much ardor. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinsman, driving his coursers with too much fury, the most vigorous of them fell down, and by his fall deprived his master of the hopes of a crown.

Polycletus, leaning too much over his horses, could not keep himself fast in a shock which his chariot received ; he fell, the reins slipped out of his hands, and he was very fortunate in being able to avoid death. Crantor, seeing, with eyes full of indignation, that I was close by him, redoubled his ardor ; sometimes invoking the Gods and promising them rich offerings, and sometimes encouraging his steeds with words. He was apprehensive lest I should pass between the goal and him ; for my horses, having been more favoured than his, were in a condition to get before him, and he could no way prevent it but by obstructing my passage. To effect this, he run the risk of

breaking his car against the goal, and indeed he broke his wheel against it. My sole care was to make a sudden turn, that I might not be involved in his disorder, and was in a moment at the end of the course. The people once again cried, Victory to the son of Ulysses! 'tis he whom the Gods appoint to reign over us.

Then the most illustrious and wisest of the Cretans conducted us into an ancient and sacred wood, sequestered from the sight of the profane, where the elders, whom Minos had appointed judges of the people and guardians of the laws, assembled us together. We were the same who had contended in the games; nobody else was admitted. The sages opened the book wherein all the laws of Minos were collected together. I felt myself stricken with respect and awe as I approached these seniors, whom age had rendered venerable, without depriving them of their vigour of mind. They were seated in order, and motionless in their places; their hairs were white, and several of them had hardly any. A serene and mild wisdom was conspicuous in their grave countenances. They were not eager to speak, and said nothing but what they had weighed before. When they were of different opinions, they were so moderate in maintaining what they thought on either side, that one would have imagined they were of the same mind. A long experience of things past, and application of business, gave them a great insight into all things; but what most contributed to the perfecting of their judgment, was the tranquillity of their minds, which were free from the extravagant flights and caprices of youth. Wisdom alone operated in them, and the fruit of their long virtue was to have so thoroughly subdued their passions, that they tasted without alloy the sweet sublime pleasure of hearkening to reason. While I was admiring them, I wished that my life could be contracted, that I might once arrive at so valuable an old age, and thought that youth was unhappy in being so impetuous and so far distant from this enlightened and serene virtue.

The chief of these elders opened the book of the laws of Minos. It was a large volume, and was usually locked up in a golden box with perfumes. All these seniors kissed it with respect; for they say that next to the Gods, from whom good laws proceed, nothing ought to be so sacred to men as laws designed to render them good, wise, and happy. Those who are entrusted with the execution of the laws for the government of the people, ought always to be governed by the laws themselves: 'tis the law, and not the man, which ought to reign. Such was the discourse of these sages. The president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

The first question was, Who is the freest of all men? Some answered, that it was a king who had an absolute dominion over his subjects, and was victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained, that it was a man who was so rich, that he could gratify all his desires. Others said, that it was one who was not married, and was continually travelling during his whole life thro' divers countries, without ever being subject to the laws of any. Others imagined, that it was a barbarian who, living by hunting in the midst of the woods, was independent of all government, and free from every want. Others believed, that it was a man lately made free, because, by passing from the rigours of slavery, he had a quicker relish than any body else of the sweets of liberty. And lastly, others bethought themselves to say, that it was a dying person, because death freed him from every thing, and all mankind united had no longer any power over him.

When my turn was come, I was at no loss for an answer, because I had not forgot what Mentor had often told me. The freest of all men, said I, is he who can be free even in slavery itself. In what country or condition soever a man may be, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the Gods, and fears nothing but them: in a word, the truly free man

is he who, void of all fears and all desires, is subject only to the Gods and reason. The elders looked on each other with a smile, and were surpris'd to see that my answer was precisely the same as that of Minos.

They then propos'd the second question in these words, Who is the most unhappy of all men? Every one said what occurred to his mind. One said, It is a man who had neither money, nor health, nor honour. Another said, It is one who has no friend. Others maintained that it was a man who has ungrateful and degenerate children. There came a sage of the isle of Lesbos, who said, The most unhappy of all men is he who thinks himself so; for unhappiness arises less from what we suffer, than from the impatience with which we aggravate our misery. At these words the whole assembly shouted and applauded the sage Lesbian; believing that he would carry the prize as to this question. But my opinion being asked, I answered according to Mentor's maxims: The most unhappy of all men is a prince who thinks to be happy by rendering other men miserable: his blindness doubles his unhappiness; for not knowing his misfortune, he cannot cure himself of it; nay, he is afraid even to know it. Truth cannot pierce thro' his crowds of flatterers to arrive at him. His passions are his tyrants; he knows not his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been sensible of the charms of uncorrupted virtue. He is wretched, and deserves to be so; his wretchedness increases daily; he runs to his destruction, and the Gods are preparing eternal punishment for him. The whole assembly own'd that I had outdone the Lesbian sage, and the elders declared that I had hit upon the true sense of Minos.

For the third question, they asked, Which of the two is preferable, a king victorious and invincible in a war, or a king without experience of war, but qualified to govern his people wisely in peace? The majority answer'd, that a king who was invincible in



war was to be preferred. What profits it, said they, to have a king who knows to govern well in peace, if he knows not to defend his country in times of war? his enemies will vanquish him, and reduce his people to slavery. Others on the contrary maintained, that a pacific king would be better, because he would be apprehensive of war, and take care to avoid it. Others said, that a victorious king would labour to advance his subjects' glory as well as his own, and would render them masters of other nations; whereas a pacific king would keep them in a shameful cowardice. My opinion was asked, and I answered thus:

A king who knows to govern only in peace or only in war, and is not capable of conducting his people in both these circumstances, is but half a king. But if you compare a king who understands nothing but war to a wise king who, without understanding war himself, is capable of maintaining it on occasion by his generals, I think him preferable to the other. A king entirely turned to war would be so continually making it, in order to extend his dominions and glory, that he would ruin his own people. And what boots it them that their prince subdues other nations, if they themselves are miserable under his reign? Besides, long wars always draw after them many disorders: the victors themselves grow licentious in these times of confusion. Consider how dear the triumphing over Troy has cost Greece; she was deprived of her kings for more than ten years. Whilst every thing is inflamed by war, the laws, agriculture, and arts, languish. Even the best princes, while they are engaged in it, are constrained to commit the greatest of evils, which is, to wink at licentiousness and to employ wicked men. How many profligate wretches are there whom one would punish in times of peace, whose audacious villainies we are obliged to reward during the disorders of war? Never had any nation a conquering prince, without having much to suffer from his ambition. A con-

queror, intoxicated with his glory, ruins his own victorious nation almost as much as the nations he conquers. A king who has not the qualifications requisite for peace, is not able to make his subjects taste the fruits of a war happily ended : he resembles a man who can defend his own field, and perhaps usurp his neighbour's, but can neither plough nor sow, in order to reap the harvest. Such a man seems born to destroy, to ravage, to overturn the world, and not to render a nation happy by the wisdom of his government.

Let us come now to the pacific king. He is not indeed qualified to make great conquests, that is, he is not born to trouble the repose of his own people, by seeking to vanquish others whom justice has not subjected to him ; but if he is really adapted to govern in peace, he has all the qualifications which are necessary to secure his subjects against their enemies. For he is just, moderate and easy with regard to his neighbours ; he never undertakes any thing against them which may disturb the publick peace, and he is faithful to his alliances. His allies love him, do not fear him, and have an entire confidence in him. If he has a restless, haughty and ambitious neighbour, all the adjacent princes, who fear the turbulent, and have no jealousy of the peaceful king, join themselves to the latter, in order to hinder him from being oppressed. His probity, his sincerity, his moderation, make him the arbiter of all the neighbouring nations. Whilst the enterprising monarch is hated by all the rest, and continually in danger of their leagues, the peaceful prince has the glory to be as it were the father and guardian of all others. These are the advantages which he has abroad ; those he enjoys at home are still more solid. Since he is qualified to govern in peace, I suppose that he governs by the wisest laws. He suppresses pomp, luxury, and all arts which serve only to cherish vice ; he makes those flourish which are subservient to the real wants of life ; above all, he causes his subjects

to apply themselves to agriculture, and he thereby procures them a plenty of all necessaries. This laborious people, plain in their manners, accustomed to live on a little, and easily getting their livelihood by the culture of their lands, increase daily. Thus the people of this kingdom are innumerable ; but they are a healthful, a vigorous, robust people, who are not enervated by pleasure, who are inured to virtue, who are not addicted to a soft, effeminate and luxurious life, who despise death, and would rather lose their lives than the liberty they enjoy under their wise king, who reigns only to make reason reign. Let a neighbouring conqueror attack this people, and he will find them perhaps not very expert in forming of camps, in ranging themselves in order of battle, or in erecting machines to besiege a city ; but he will find them invincible by their numbers, by their courage, by their patience in fatigues, by their habit of bearing poverty, by the vigour of the combatants, and by a virtue which ill success itself cannot abate. Besides, if the king has not sufficient experience to command his armies himself, he will cause them to be commanded by men who are capable of it, and will know how to make use of them without losing his own authority. He will in the mean while obtain assistance from his allies ; his subjects will rather die than submit to the yoke of a violent and unjust prince, and even the Gods themselves will fight for him. Lo, the resources he will have amidst the greatest dangers. I conclude therefore that a pacific king, who is ignorant of war, is a very imperfect king, since he knows not to discharge one of his greatest duties, the subduing of his enemies ; but I add, that he is however infinitely superior to a conqueror, who wants the accomplishments which are necessary in peace, and is qualified only for war.

I perceived that many persons in the assembly could not relish my opinion ; for most men, dazzled by glaring objects, as victories and conquests, prefer them to what is simple, calm and solid, as the peace.

and good government of a people. But all the elders declared that I had spoken like Minos.

The chief of these seniors cried out, I see the accomplishment of an oracle of Apollo, which is known thro' all our island. Minos having consulted this God, to know how long his offspring would reign according to the laws which he had established, Apollo answered him : Thy race will cease to reign, when a stranger shall enter thy island and cause thy laws to reign there. We were afraid that some stranger would come and conquer the island of Crete ; but Idomeneus's misfortune, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who better than any man understands the laws of Minos, shew us the sense of the oracle. Why do we delay to crown him whom the Gods give us for our king ?

*End of the fifth Book.*





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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the SIXTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus relates that he refused the crown of Crete to return to Ithaca ; that he proposed the election of Mentor, who also refused the diadem ; that the assembly at last pressing Mentor to choose for the whole nation, he told them what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, who was the same moment proclaimed king ; that Mentor and he afterwards embarked for Ithaca : but that Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, had caused them to be wrecked, after which the Goddess Calypso received them into her island.*

**H**EREUPON the elders went out of the sacred wood, and their president, taking me by the hand, told the people, who waited with impatience for their determination, that I had obtained the prize: He had hardly done speaking, when a confused noise was heard thro' the whole assembly. Every one shouted for joy. The shores and all the neighbouring mountains rung with this acclamation: Let the son of Ulysses, who resembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.

I waited a while, and then making a sign with my hand, desired to be heard. Mean time Mentor said in a whisper, Will you renounce your country? Will the ambition of reigning make you forget Penelope, who expects you as her last hope, and the

great Ulysses, whom the Gods have determined to restore to you? These words pierced my very heart, and supported me against the vain desire of reigning. And now a profound silence of all this tumultuous assembly gave me an opportunity to speak thus: O illustrious Cretans, I am not worthy to command you. The oracle you mention plainly shews indeed, that the race of Minos shall cease to reign when a stranger shall enter this island, and cause the laws of that wise king to reign therein; but it is not said that this stranger himself shall reign. I am willing to believe that I am the stranger pointed at by the oracle; I have fulfilled the prediction; I am come into this island; I have discovered the true sense of the laws, and I wish that my explanation may cause them to reign with him whom you shall elect. As for me, I prefer my own country, the poor little island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this fine kingdom. Give me leave to pursue the course which destiny has marked out for me. If I contended in your games, it was not in hopes of reigning here: it was to merit your esteem and compassion; it was that you might furnish me with the means of a speedy return to the place of my nativity. I had rather obey my father Ulysses, and comfort my mother Penelope, than reign over all the nations of the universe. O Cretans! you see the bottom of my heart; I must leave you, but death only shall put a period to my gratitude. Yes, even to his latest breath will Telemachus love the Cretans, and be as much concerned for their glory as for his own.

I had hardly done speaking, when a hollow murmur arose, like that of the billows dashing against each other in a tempest. Some said, Is he a God in an human shape? Others averred, that they had seen me in other countries, and knew me again. Others cried, He must be compelled to reign here. At length I resumed the discourse, and every one was immediately silent, not knowing but that I was

about to accept of what I had refused at first. The words I spoke were these :

Give me leave, ye Cretans, to speak what I think. You are the wisest of all nations; but wisdom, methinks, requires a precaution to which you do not seem to attend. You should choose not the man who reasons the best concerning the laws, but him who practises them with the steady virtue. As for me, I am young, and, of consequence, unexperienced, subject to violent passions, and fitter to learn by obeying how to command hereafter, than to command at present. Seek not therefore a man who has conquered others in exercises of the mind and body, but who has conquered himself; seek one who has your laws written on the table of his heart, and has, all his life, been punctual in obeying them; let his actions rather than his words induce you to choose him.

All the old men, charmed with this discourse, and seeing the applauses of the assembly continually increasing, said : Since the Gods deprive us of the hopes of seeing you reign among us, at least assist us to find a king who may cause our laws to reign. Do you know any one who can command with this moderation ? I know, said I immediately, a man from whom I derive all that you esteem in me ; 'tis his wisdom, and not mine, which has spoken to you ; he inspired me with all the answers you have heard.

At the same time the whole assembly cast their eyes upon Mentor, whom I shewed to them, holding him by the hand. I related the care he had taken of my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the evils which were poured down upon me, when I ceased to follow his counsels. They had not at first taken notice of him by reason of his plain and negligent dress, his modest looks, his almost continual silence, and his cold and reserved air. But when they viewed him with attention, they discovered in his face I know not what of firmness

ness and elevation ; they observed the vivacity of his eyes , and the vigour with which he performed even the minutest actions ; they asked him several questions ; they admired him, and resolved to make him their king. He calmly excused himself, and said, that he preferred the sweets of a private life to the splendor of a crown ; that the best of kings were unhappy, because they hardly ever did the good which they desired to do, and often did, thro' the misrepresentations of flatterers, the evils which they did not design. He added, that if servitude is miserable, royalty is not less so, since it is only servitude in disguise. When one is a king, said he, one is dependent on all those whom we need to make ourselves obeyed. Happy he who is not obliged to command ! We owe to our own country, only when she intrusts us with authority, the sacrifice of our liberty, in order to toil for the publick good.

Upon this the Cretans, not being able to recover from their surprise, asked him whom they ought to choose. A man, replied he, who knows you well, since he must govern you, and who is afraid to take the reins in his hands. Whoever desires a crown, knows not what it is ; and how can he perform the duties which he does not know ? he seeks it for his own sake, and you ought to desire one who accepts it only for yours.

All the Cretans, being strangely astonished to see two strangers refuse the crown, which was courted by so many others, desired to know with whom they came thither. Nausicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the Circus, where the games were celebrated, pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and I came from the island of Cyprus. But their astonishment was still greater, when they knew that Mentor had been Hazael's slave ; that Hazael, touched with his slave's wisdom and virtue, had made him his counsellor and his bosom friend ; that this slave, being set at liberty, was the same person who had refused to be their king, and that Hazael was so



enamoured of wisdom as to come from Damascus in Syria, to be instructed in the laws of Minos.

The elders said to Hazael, We dare not desire you to reign over us; for we suppose that you have the same thoughts as Mentor. You despise men too much to be willing to burden yourself with the care of them; besides, you think too lightly of riches and the splendors of royalty, to be willing to purchase their lustre with the pains which are inseparable from the government of kingdoms. Hazael replied, Believe not, Cretans, that I despise men. No, no: I am sensible how glorious it is to toil to make them virtuous and happy; but these toils are full of anxieties and dangers. The splendor which is annexed to them, is false, and can dazzle none but vain-glorious souls. Life is short; greatness raises the passions above its power to gratify them; it was to learn to be contented without these chimerical blessings, and not to obtain them, that I came so far. Farewell: all my thoughts are fixt on returning to a quiet and retired way of life, where wisdom will cherish my heart, and where the hopes which I derive from virtue of another better life after death, shall comfort me under the miseries of old age. Were I to wish for any thing, it would not be to be a king; it would be, never to be separated from these two men whom you see before you.

At length the Cretans, addressing themselves to Mentor, cried, Tell us, O wisest and greatest of all mortals, tell us then whom we can choose for our king? We will not let you go 'till you have told us the choice which we ought to make. He answered, While I was in the crowd of spectators, I observed a man who discovered not the least solicitude nor eagerness. He is a hale old man; I asked his name, and was told that it is Aristodemus. I afterwards heard somebody tell him that his two sons were in the number of the combatants, which seemed to give him no joy at all. He said, that as for one, he did not wish him the dangers of a crown, and that he

loved his country too well ever to consent that the other should reign. By this I understood, that the father loved with a rational fondness one of his sons who has virtue, and that he did not indulge the other in his vices. My curiosity increasing, I inquired what sort of a life this old man had led, and one of your citizens told me, that he bore arms a long while, and is covered with wounds; but that his sincere virtue and his aversion to flattery rendered him obnoxious to Idomeneus, which hindered the king from employing him at the siege of Troy. Idomeneus was afraid of a man who would give him wise counsels, which he was not inclined to follow: nay, he was jealous of the glory which Aristodemus would be sure soon to acquire; he forgot all his services, and left him here, indigent, and despised by rude and sordid wretches, who esteem nothing but riches. But, contented with his poverty, he lives chearfully in a sequestered part of the island, where he cultivates his fields with his own hands. One of his sons toils with him; they tenderly love each other; they are happy by their frugality, and have, by their labour, procured themselves a plenty of all things which are necessary to a plain way of life. The wise old man gives to the sick poor of his neighbourhood all that remains above a sufficiency for his own and his son's wants. He causes all the young men to work; he encourages and instructs them; he determines all the disputes among his neighbours, and is the father of every family. The misfortune of his own is to have a second son, who would never follow any of his counsels. The father, having long borne with him in order to reclaim him from his vices, at last discarded him, and he has since abandoned himself to vain ambition, and all kind of pleasures.

This, O Cretans, is what I have been told; you should know if this account be true. But if this man be such as he is described to be, why do you exhibit games? Why do you assemble so many strangers? You have in the midst of you a man who knows you

and whom you know ; who understands war ; who has given proofs of his courage, not only against darts and arrows, but against frightful poverty itself ; who has despised riches acquired by flatteries ; who loves labour ; who knows how useful agriculture is to a nation ; who detests pomp ; who does not suffer himself to be unmanned by a blind fondness for his children ; who loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other ; in a word, a man, who is already the father of the people. This man is your king, if it be true that you desire to make the laws of the wise Minos reign amongst you.

All the people cried out, Aristodemus is indeed what you represent him : he is worthy to reign. The elders ordered him to be called. He was sought for in the crowd, where he was confounded with the meanest of the people. He seemed perfectly calm. They told him that they would make him their king. He replied, I can consent to it only on three conditions. First, that I shall resign the crown in two years, if I do not render you better than you are, and if you disobey the laws. Secondly, that I shall have the liberty to continue my plain and frugal way of life. Thirdly, that my children shall have no precedence, and that they shall be treated, after my death, without distinction, according to their merit, like the rest of the citizens.

At these words, the air was rent with a thousand acclamations. The crown was placed by the chief of the elders, who are the guardians of the laws, on the head of Aristodemus. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter and the other superior Gods. Aristodemus made us presents, not with the magnificence which is usual to kings, but with a noble simplicity. He gave Hazael the laws of Minos written by the hand of Minos himself. He gave him also a collection of the whole history of Crete from the time of Saturn and the golden age ; he sent on board his ship all the choicest fruits that grow in Crete, and are unknown in Syria, and offered to supply him with every thing he might want.

As we were eager to depart, he ordered a bark to be got ready for us with a great number of good rowers and soldiers, and he sent cloths and provisions for us on board it. The same instant a wind arose which was fair for sailing to Ithaca; but this wind being contrary to Hazael, obliged him to wait. He saw us depart; he embraced us as friends he was never to see again. The Gods are just, said he, they are witnesses to a friendship which is founded only on virtue: they will one day bring us together again, and the happy fields, where it is said the just enjoy an eternal peace after death, shall see our souls meet each other again, never to be parted more. O could my ashes also but be collected with yours!—As he spoke these words, he shed torrents of tears, and sighs choaked his voice. We wept not less than Hazael; he attended us to the ship.

As for Aristodemus, he said: You have made me a king; remember the dangerous situation in which you have placed me; beseech the Gods to inspire me with true wisdom, and that I may as much exceed other men in moderation as I exceed them in power. As for me, I beseech them to conduct you happily to your own country, to baffle the insolence of your enemies, and to grant that you may see Ulysses reigning there in peace with his dear Penelope. I present you, Telemachus, with a good ship, well provided with rowers and soldiers; they may be useful to you against the unjust persecutors of your mother. O Mentor, your wisdom, which needs nothing, leaves me nothing to desire for you. Depart, and may you live happy together; remember Aristodemus; and if the Ithacans should ever have need of the Cretans, depend upon me to my latest breath. He embraced us, and we could not, as we thanked him, suppress our tears.

Mean while the wind which swelled our sails, promised us a pleasant voyage. Already mount Ida looked to us like a little hill; all the shores disappeared, and the coast of Peloponesus seemed to



advance into the sea to meet us. But a black tempest suddenly overspread the heavens, and irritated all the billows of the sea; day was turned into night, and death presented itself to us. 'Twas you, O Neptune, who with your haughty trident stirred up all the waters of your empire! Venus, to revenge herself for our having despised her even in her temple of Cythera, went to this God; she addressed him with grief; her lovely eyes were bathed in tears: at least, Mentor, who is well skilled in things divine, told me so. Will you, Neptune, said she, suffer these impious wretches to mock my power with impunity? The Gods themselves feel it, and yet these rash mortals presume to censure every thing which is done in my island. They pretend to a wisdom which is proof against all temptations, and treat love as a weakness. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? Why do you delay to bury in your profound abysses these two wretches whom I cannot endure?

She had hardly spoken, when Neptune lifted the waves even to the very skies.—Venus smiled, believing that we should inevitably be wrecked. Our affrighted pilot cried out, that he could no longer withstand the winds which drove us with violence towards the rocks. A sudden gust broke our mast, and a moment after we heard the points of the rocks breaking thro' the bottom of the ship. The water enters on all sides; the vessel sinks, and all our rowers send up loud laments to heaven. I embrace Mentor, and cry, Lo! death is here, we must meet it with courage. The Gods have delivered us from so many dangers only to destroy us now. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. 'Tis some consolation to me to die with you; it were in vain to contend with the storm for our lives.

Mentor answered, True courage always finds some resource. 'Tis not enough to receive death with tranquillity; we must, without fearing it, make our utmost efforts to repel it. Let us take one of these

great benches of the rowers; and whilst this timorous and troubled multitude are regretting life, without seeking the means of preserving it, let us not lose a moment to save ours. Upon this he takes a hatchet; he cuts the mast quite off, which being already broken, and hanging in the sea, had laid the vessel on one side; he throws it over-board; he jumps upon it amidst the furious billows; he calls me by my name, and encourages me to follow him. As a mighty tree, which all the conspiring winds attack, remains so immoveable on its deep roots, that the tempest can only shake its leaves; so Mentor, who was not only firm and courageous, but calm and easy, seemed to command the winds and the sea. I followed him; and who would not have followed, encouraged by him? We steered ourselves on the floating mast, which was very serviceable to us; for we could sit upon it. Had we been obliged to swim without resting, our strength should soon have been exhausted. But the storm often turned this huge piece of timber round, and we were plunged into the sea; we then drank the briny surge, which poured from our mouths, our nostrils and our ears, and were forced to struggle with the billows, in order to get on the upper part of the mast again. Sometimes also a wave as high as a mountain rolled over us, and then we clung close, for fear the mast, which was our only hope, should in such a violent shock get from us.

While we were in this terrible condition, Mentor, as calm as he is now on this surfy seat, said, Do you think, Telemachus, that your life is left to the mercy of the winds and the waves? Do you think that they can destroy you without a command from the Gods? No, no; the Gods determine every thing. It is the Gods therefore, and not the sea, who are to be feared. Were you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could draw you from it; were you in Olympus, viewing the stars beneath your feet, Jupiter could plunge you to the bottom of the abyss, or

hurl you headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus. I heard and admired these words, which comforted me a little ; but my mind was not free enough to make him a reply. He saw me not, neither could I see him. We passed the whole night shivering and half-dead with cold, without knowing whither the tempest would drive us. At last the winds began to abate, and the bellowing sea resembled a person who, having been long in a rage, is grown tired of his fury, and feels but some remains of his trouble and emotion ; its growlings were hollow, and its waves hardly higher than the ridges between the furrows of a ploughed field.

Mean while Aurora opened the gates of heaven to the Sun, and promised us a fine day. The east was all on fire, and the stars, which had so long been hid, appeared again, but fled at the approach of Phœbus. We descried land at a distance, and the winds wafted us towards it. Hope then began to revive in my heart : but we saw none of our companions ; their spirits probably failed, and the tempest overwhelmed them and the ship together. When we were near land, the sea drove us against craggy rocks, which should have dashed us in pieces, had we not steered the end of the mast against them, of which Mentor made as good an use as a skilful pilot makes of the best rudder. Thus we avoided these dreadful rocks, and at last found a pleasant level coast, where swimming without any difficulty, we got a-shore on the sand. It was there you saw us, O mighty Goddess, who inhabit this island ; it was there you vouchsafed us a kind reception.

*End of the Sixth Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the SEVENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Calypso admires Telemachus in his adventures, and does all she can to detain him in her island, by engaging him to return her passion. Mentor supports Telemachus by his remonstrances against the Goddess's artifices, and against Cupid, whom Venus had brought to her assistance. Telemachus however and the nymph Eueharis soon feel a mutual passion, which at first excites Calypso's jealousy, and afterwards her resentment against the two lovers. She swears by Scyx that Telemachus shall depart from her island. Cupid goes to comfort her, and prevails on her nymphs to burn a ship which Mentor had built, at the time that Mentor was dragging Telemachus along to embark on board it. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the vessel on fire. Mentor perceiving it throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself, in order to swim to another ship, which he saw near the coast.*

WHEN Telemachus had concluded his narrative, all the nymphs, who had been motionless, and kept their eyes fixt upon him, looked on each other, and said with astonishment, Who are these men, so beloved of the Gods? Did you



ever hear of such marvellous adventures? The son of Ulysses already excels his father in eloquence, in wisdom and valour. What an air! what beauty! what sweetness! what modesty! but then, what nobleness and elevation of soul! Did we not know that he is the son of a mortal, one might easily take him for Bacchus, for Mercury, or even for the great Apollo. But who is this Mentor who seems a plain, obscure and ordinary man? When one views him near, one finds in him I know not what that is more than human.

Calypso heard this discourse with an uneasiness which she could not hide. Her eyes were incessantly straying from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes she desired that Telemachus would begin the long history of his adventures again; then she would suddenly interrupt herself. At last rising abruptly, and leading him aside into a myrtle grove, she tried all arts to learn of him, if Mentor were not a God concealed under the form of a man. It was not in Telemachus's power to resolve her; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the shape of Mentor, had not discovered herself to him, by reason of his youth. She was not yet sufficiently assured of his secrecy to intrust him with her designs. Besides, she was desirous to try him by the greatest dangers: now had he known that Minerva was with him, such a support would have buoyed him up too much, and he would without difficulty have braved the most terrible accidents. He really therefore took Minerva for Mentor, and all Calypso's artifices to discover what she desired to know, were in vain.

Mean while all the nymphs gathered around Mentor, and took a pleasure in asking him questions. One inquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him if he knew Ulysses before the siege of Troy. He answered them all in a courteous manner; and his words, though plain, were

very graceful. Calypso did not leave them long in this conversation; she returned; and while the nymphs began to gather flowers, singing all the while to amuse Telemachus, she took Mentor aside, in order to make him discover who he was. The balmy vapours of sleep do not glide more sweetly through the weary eyes and all the limbs of a man who is quite exhausted by labour, than the Goddess's soothing words insinuated themselves, in order to enchant the heart of Mentor; but she continually perceived I know not what that baffled all her efforts, and derided her charms. Like a steep rock which hides its head in the clouds, and laughs at the rage of the winds, Mentor was steadfast in his wise designs, and unshaken by Calypso's importunities. He would sometimes even permit her to hope that she should insnare him by her questions, and draw the truth from the bottom of his heart: but the moment she expected to satisfy her curiosity, her hopes vanished; all that she thought she held fast, slipped from her on a sudden, and a short answer from Mentor plunged her again into her doubts.

Thus she passed the days, sometimes flattering Telemachus, and sometimes seeking the means of separating him from Mentor, from whom she no longer hoped for a discovery. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to kindle the fires of love in young Telemachus's heart; and a Goddess, more powerful than herself, came to her assistance.

Venus, still highly resenting the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had expressed for the worship which is paid her in the isle of Cyprus, was inconsolable when she saw that these two rash mortals had escaped from the winds and the seas, in the storm raised by Neptune. She made bitter complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the Gods, smiling, and unwilling to let her know that Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, had saved the son of Ulysses, gave Venus leave to seek the means of being revenged on these two men. She quits Olympus; forgets the

sweet perfumes which are burnt on her altars at Paphos, Cythera, and Idalia ; flies in her chariot drawn by doves ; calls her son ; and grief diffusing itself over her face, which was adorned with new graces, she bespoke him thus :

Beholdest thou, my son, those two mortals who scorn thy power and mine ? Who will worship us for the future ? Go, pierce their insensible hearts with thy arrows, descend with me to that island, and I will talk with Calypso. She said, and, cleaving the air in a golden cloud, presented herself before Calypso, who was then all alone, on the brink of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

Unhappy Goddess ! said she, the ungrateful Ulysses disdained you. His son, still more insensible than he, is ready to treat you with the like contempt ; but Love himself is come to revenge you. I leave him with you ; he shall remain among your nymphs, as the young god Bacchus was formerly educated by the nymphs of the island of Naxos. Telemachus will look upon him as a common child ; he will not suspect him, and will quickly feel his power. She said, and, reascending in the golden cloud from which she alighted, left ambrosial odours behind her, which perfumed all the groves of Calypso.

Cupid remained in Calypso's arms. Though a Goddess, she presently felt his flames spreading in her bosom. To ease herself, she immediately gave him to Eucharis, a nymph, who happened to be by her. But alas ! how often did she afterwards repent her doing so ! At first nothing seemed more innocent, more sweet, more lovely, more ingenuous, more obliging than this child. When one saw his sprightliness, his wheedling, his perpetual smiles, one would have thought that he could inspire nothing but pleasure ; but as soon as one trusted his caresses, one felt I know not what of poison. The false malicious boy caressed but to deceive, and never laughed but at the cruel mischiefs he had done, or designed to do. He durst not approach Mentor, whose severity affrighted

him; he perceived this unknown person was invulnerable, and that none of his arrows could pierce him. As for the nymphs, they quickly felt the fires the treacherous boy inkindles; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds which festered in their hearts.

Mean while Telemachus, seeing the child play with the nymphs, was surpris'd at his beauty and sweetness. He embraces him; he takes him sometimes on his knees, and sometimes in his arms, and finds an inquietude in his own bosom of which he can assign no cause. The more he seeks for innocent diversions, the more restless and languid he grows. Do you see these nymphs? said he to Mentor: how different they are from the Cyprian women, whose charms were disgustful by reason of their immodesty! These immortal beauties display an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity that is enchanting. He blush'd, without knowing why, as he spoke. He could not forbear speaking, and yet had he hardly begun but he was unable to proceed; his words were broken, obscure, and sometimes had no meaning at all.

Hereupon Mentor said, O Telemachus! the dangers of the isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison with those which you do not apprehend at present. Gross vice excites horror; and brutish impudence, indignation: but modest beauty is much more dangerous. In loving it, we fancy we love nothing but virtue, and yield insensibly to the delusive charms of a passion, which we do not perceive 'till it is almost too late to extinguish it. Fly, my dear Telemachus, fly these nymphs, who are so discreet only to insnare you the better. Fly the dangers of your youth; but, above all, fly this child whom you do not know. It is Cupid, whom Venus has brought into this island to revenge herself for the contempt you shew'd of the worship which is paid her at Cythera. He has wounded the heart of the Goddess Calypso; she has conceived a violent passion for you; he has inflamed all her attendant



nymphs, and you yourself, unhappy youth ! burn, and hardly perceive it.

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, saying, Why should we not stay in this island ? Ulysses is not living ; he must long since have been buried in the waves. Penelope, seeing neither him nor me return, has not been able to resist so many suitors ; her father Icarus has constrained her to accept of another husband. And shall I return to Ithaca to see her engaged in new bonds, and her plighted faith to my father broken ? The Ithacans have forgotten Ulysses. To return were rushing on certain death, since Penelope's lovers have seized on all the avenues of the port, to make our destruction at our return the surer.

Mentor replied, Lo the effects of a blind passion. We subtilly hunt after all the reasons which favour it ; we turn away our eyes, that we may not see those which condemn it, and are quick-sighted only to deceive ourselves and to stifle our remorse. Have you forgot all that the Gods have done in order to bring you back to your own country ? How did you get out of Sicily ? Were not the evils you suffered in Egypt suddenly turned into blessings ? What unseen hand snatched you from all the dangers which hung over your head in the city of Tyre ? After so many miracles, are you still ignorant of what the Gods have in store for you ? But what am I saying ! you are unworthy of it. As for me, I will depart ; I shall easily find the means of escaping from this island. Degenerate son of so wise and so brave a father, lead here a soft inglorious life in the midst of women, and do, in despite of the Gods, what your father thought unworthy of him.

These disdainful words pierced the very soul of Telemachus. He was moved at Mentor's reproaches ; his grief was blended with shame ; he dreaded the indignation and departure of his wise guide, to whom he was so much indebted : but a rising passion, of which he himself was not conscious,

had rendered him quite another man. What then! said he to Mentor with tears in his eyes, do you esteem as nothing the immortality which the Goddess offers me? I esteem as nothing, replied Mentor, all that is repugnant to virtue and the commands of the Gods. Virtue calls you back to your own country in order to see Ulysses and Penelope again; virtue forbids you to abandon yourself to an extravagant passion; the Gods, who have delivered you from so many perils, that your glory may shine as bright as your father's, command you to quit this island. Love, the shameful tyrant, Love alone, can detain you here. Ah! what would you do with an immortal life without liberty, without virtue, without glory? Such a life would be the more miserable, in that it could never end.

To this Telemachus answered only by sighs. Sometimes he wished that Mentor had snatched him in spite of himself from this island, and sometimes that his rigid monitor were gone, that he might no longer be reproached with his weakness. All these opposite thoughts racked his heart by turns, but none of them lasted long; his breast was like the sea which is the sport of all the adverse winds. He often lay extended and motionless on the sea-shore, and often in the midst of a gloomy wood, shedding bitter tears, and making loud laments like the roarings of a lion. He was grown lean; his hollow eyes were full of a consuming fire. His wan, dejected and disfigured face would have made one believe that he was not Telemachus. His beauty, his sprightliness, his noble air had forsaken him; he was dying away. As the flower which blows and diffuses its perfumes around the fields in the morning, decays gradually towards the evening, and loses its lively colours, and languishes and withers, and hangs down its lovely head, unable longer to support itself: so was the son of Ulysses at the very gates of death.

Mentor, seeing that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, formed an artful design

to deliver him from so great a danger. He had observed that Calypso was passionately in love with Telemachus, and that Telemachus was not less in love with the young nymph Eucharis; for the cruel boy, to plague mankind, seldom makes them love the person by whom they are beloved. Mentor resolved to excite Calypso's jealousy: Eucharis being to go a hunting with Telemachus, Mentor said to Calypso, I have taken notice that Telemachus has a passion for hunting, which I never observed in him before; this diversion begins to give him a distaste to all others; he delights in nothing but the most savage woods and mountains. Is it you, O Goddess, who inspire him with this violent passion?

These words so cruelly stung Calypso, that she could not contain herself. This Telemachus, said she, who despised all the pleasures of the isle of Cyprus, cannot withstand the moderate beauty of one of my nymphs. How dares he vaunt of having performed so many wonderful actions, he whose heart is shamefully softened by effeminate pleasures, and who seems born to pass an obscure life among women? Mentor, observing with pleasure how jealousy stung Calypso's heart, said no more, that he might not excite her suspicions; he expressed his concern only by a sad and dejected countenance. The Goddess discovered her uneasiness to him at every thing which she saw, and was continually making fresh complaints. This hunting-match, of which Mentor had informed her, compleated her fury; she knew that Telemachus had sought only to steal away from the other nymphs, in order to converse with Eucharis. A second chace was even already proposed, in which she foresaw that he would behave as he had in the first. To break Telemachus's measures, she declared that she would be one of their party; then all of a sudden, unable longer to moderate her resentment, she address him thus:

Is it for this, rash boy, that thou camest into my island, and escapedst the wreck with which Neptune:

justly threatened thee, and the vengeance of the Gods? Didst thou enter this island, which is open to no mortal, but to despise my power and the love which I have shewn thee? Ye Deities of Olympus and Styx! hear a miserable Goddess, make haste to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious wretch! Since thou art more obdurate and unjust than thy father, mayest thou suffer evils more lasting and cruel than his! No, no, mayest thou never see thy country more, the poor, the wretched Ithaca, which thou hast not been ashamed to prefer to immortality! or rather, mayest thou perish in sight of it amidst the billows! may thy body become the sport of the waves, and be cast without hopes of sepulture on this sandy shore! May my eyes see it devoured by vultures! She whom thou lovest shall see it also: she shall see it, her heart shall break at the sight, and her despair prove a pleasure to me.

While Calypso was speaking thus, her eyes were red and fiery; they dwelt upon nothing, and had I know not what of gloom and wildness. Her trembling cheeks were checkered with black and livid spots; she changed colour every moment. A deadly paleness would frequently spread itself over her face; her tears flowed not as formerly in abundance, rage and despair seemed to have dried up their source, and they rarely trickled down her cheeks. Her voice was hoarse, trembling and broken. Mentor watched all her motions, and spoke no more to Telemachus. He treated him as a patient who is given over, often casting looks of compassion upon him.

Telemachus was conscious how culpable he was, and how unworthy of Mentor's friendship; he dared not lift up his eyes, lest they should meet those of his friend, whose very silence condemned him. Sometimes he longed to go and throw himself about his neck, and tell him how sensible he was of his fault; but he was withheld, sometimes by a false sense of shame, and sometimes by a fear of going farther than he desired, in order to retreat from danger; for the



danger seemed pleasing to him, and he could not yet resolve to subdue his senseless passion.

The Gods and the Goddesses of Olympus were assembled together, and, observing a profound silence, kept their eyes fixt on Calypso's island, to see which should be victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid, by playing with the nymphs, had set the whole island on fire; and Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, made use of jealousy, the inseparable companion of Love, against Love himself. Jupiter resolved to be a spectator of the combat, and to remain neuter.

Mean while Eucharis, who was apprehensive of losing Telemachus, practised a thousand arts to hold him in her chains. She was now going a hunting with him for the second time, and was attired like Diana. Venus and Cupid had adorned her with new charms, insomuch that her beauty on that day eclipsed the beauty of the Goddess Calypso herself. Calypso, seeing her at a distance, viewed herself at the same time in the clearest of her fountains; and being ashamed of her own face, she hid herself in the most secret part of her grotto, and spoke thus all alone:

My endeavours then to disturb these two lovers, by declaring that I would be at this chace, are, it seems, in vain! Shall I be there? What! aid her triumph, and suffer my beauty to be a foil to hers! Must Telemachus by seeing me be still more enamoured of his Eucharis? Wretch that I am! what have I done? No, I will not go, they shall not go themselves; I well know how to hinder them. I will go and find Mentor; I will desire him to take Telemachus away: he shall carry him back to Ithaca. But what do I say? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? O cruel Venus, what can I do? Venus, you have deceived me. Oh! what a treacherous present you made me! Pernicious boy! infectious Cupid! I opened my heart to thee only in hopes of living happy with Telemachus, and thou hast brought nothing into it but grief and

despair ! My nymphs are revolted against me, and my divinity serves only to make my woes eternal. O ! that I could put an end to my life and my pains ! Thou, Telemachus, must die, since I cannot die. I will be revenged of thy ingratitude ; thy nymph shall see thee expire, I will kill thee before her eyes. But I rave ! O wretched Calypso ! what wouldst thou ? Destroy an innocent youth whom thou thyself hast plunged into this abyss of miseries ? It was I who applied the torch to the chaste Telemachus's bosom. What innocence ! what virtue ! what horror of vice ! what resolution against infamous pleasures ! Should I have poisoned his heart ? He would have left me. Well ! must he not leave me now, or I see him full of contempt for me, and living but for my rival ! Nay, nay, I suffer no more than I have well deserved. Go, Telemachus, go, cross the seas ; leave the wretched Calypso, unable to bear, or to lay down, the burden of life ; leave her disconsolate, overwhelmed with shame, and despairing with thy haughty Eucharis.

Thus spoke Calypso alone in her grotto : but rushing suddenly out of it, Where are you, Mentor ? said she : is it thus that you support Telemachus against vice, which he is now sinking under ? You sleep, while Love watches for opportunities against you. I can no longer bear your shameful indifference. Will you always calmly see the son of Ulysses dishonour his father, and neglect his high destiny ? Was it to you or me that his parents intrusted his conduct ? I seek for remedies to cure his heart, and will you do nothing ? There are lofty poplars, fit for building of a ship, in the remotest part of this forest ; it was there Ulysses built that in which he departed from this island. In the same place you will find a deep cave wherein are all the tools which are necessary for forming, and for joining together, the several parts of a vessel.

She had hardly spoken these words, but she repented of them. Mentor lost not a moment ; he

went to the cave, found the tools, felled the poplars, and in one day made and fitted out a vessel for the sea; for Minerva's power and skill require but little time to finish the greatest works.

Calypso was in a terrible agony of mind; longing, on the one hand, to see if Mentor's work went on, and not having resolution enough, on the other, to quit the chace, and leave Eucharis and Telemachus to their liberty. Her jealousy would not let her lose sight of the two lovers, but she endeavoured to turn the chace where she knew that Mentor was building a ship. She heard the strokes of the axe and the hammer; she listened to them, and trembled at every one: but at the same time she apprehended that her attention to Mentor might prevent her observing some sign, or glance, which Telemachus might make to the young nymph.

Mean while Eucharis said to Telemachus in a jeering tone, Are you not afraid that Mentor will chide you for going a hunting without him? Oh! how are you to be pitied for living under so severe a master! Nothing can soften his austerity; he affects an aversion to all sorts of pleasures, and cannot bear that you should taste of any: nay, he imputes to you as a crime the most innocent things. You might indeed be governed by him, while you were incapable of governing yourself; but, after so many proofs of your wisdom, you should no longer suffer yourself to be used like a baby.

These artful words pierced Telemachus's heart, and filled it with indignation against Mentor, whose yoke he wished to shake off. He was afraid to see him, and was so troubled that he made Eucharis no reply. At last, towards the evening, the chace having past in a continual constraint on all sides, they returned by a corner of the forest near the place where Mentor had been toiling all the day. Calypso saw from afar that the bark was finished: her eyes were instantly overspread with a thick cloud like that of death: her trembling knees failed beneath her; a cold sweat seized

on all her limbs; she was forced to lean on the surrounding nymphs; and Eucharis holding out her hand to support her, Calypso gave her a terrible frown, and pushed it away.

Telemachus seeing the ship, and not seeing Mentor, who had finished his work and was already retired, asked the Goddess to whom the vessel belonged, and for what it was designed. At first she was at a loss for an answer; but at length she said, I ordered it to be built to send Mentor away; you shall no longer be troubled with this rigid friend, who opposes your happiness, and would be jealous if you should become immortal. Mentor leave me! I am ruined! cried Telemachus. O Eucharis! if Mentor forsakes me, I have none left but you. These words escaped him in the transport of his passion; he perceived his error in speaking them, but he had been in too much confusion to attend to their meaning. All the company was struck dumb with surprise. Eucharis blushed, and stood behind with down-cast eyes, quite confounded, and not daring to shew herself; but whilst shame appeared on her face, gladness dilated her heart. Telemachus was no longer himself, and could not believe that he had spoken so indiscreetly. What he had done appeared to him like a dream, but a dream which confounded and troubled him.

Calypso, more furious than a lioness robbed of her young, ran at random up and down the forest, unknowing whither she went. At last she came to the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. Begone from my island, said she, ye strangers, who came to trouble my repose; away with this young fool. And thou, rash dotard, thou shalt feel the effects of a Goddess's wrath, if thou dost not snatch him hence this instant. I will never see him more, nor will I suffer any of my nymphs to speak to him or to look upon him again: and this I swear by the Stygian lake, an oath at which the Gods themselves tremble. But know, Telemachus,



that thy miseries are not at an end: thou, ungrateful wretch, shalt not depart from my island but to be a prey to new misfortunes; I shall be revenged, and thou in vain shalt regret Calypso. Neptune, still incensed against thy father, who offended him in Sicily, and importuned by Venus, whom thou despisedst in the island of Cyprus, is preparing other tempests for thee. Thou shalt see thy father, who is not dead; but thou shalt see him without knowing him: thou shalt not meet him in Ithaca, 'till thou hast been the sport of the most adverse fortune. Begone, I conjure the celestial powers to revenge me. Mayest thou in the midst of the sea, suspended on the points of a rock and blasted by thunder, vainly invoke Calypso, whom thy punishment will ravish with joy.

She had hardly spoken these words, but her troubled mind was ready to take contrary resolutions. Love revived in her heart the desire of detaining Telemachus. Let him live, said she to herself, let him stay here; perhaps he may at last be sensible of all my good offices; Eucharis cannot, like me, confer immortality upon him. O blind Calypso! thou hast betrayed thyself by thy oath; thou art bound, and the waves of Styx, by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no room for hope. Nobody heard these words; but one might see the furies painted on her face, and all the baleful venom of black Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was struck with horror, of which Calypso perceived the cause: for what does not jealous love perceive? His terror redoubled the Goddess's rage. Like a priestess of Bacchus, who fills the air and makes the lofty mountains of Thrace ring with her howlings, she runs across the woods with a dart in her hand, calling her nymphs, and threatening to kill all who refused to follow her. They, terrified at this menace, run in crowds around her. Eucharis herself advanced, with tearful eyes, looking from afar at Telemachus, to whom she no longer durst to speak. The Goddess trembled at the nymph's ap-

proach, and, instead of being appeased by her submission, felt a new fury when she observed that grief brightened her beauty.

Mean while Telemachus remains alone with Mentor. He embraces his knees, for he durst not look at, nor embrace him in any other manner; he sheds a flood of tears; he attempts to speak, but his voice fails him, and his words still more; he knows neither what he is doing, or what he ought, nor what he desires to do. At last he cried out, O my real father! O Mentor! deliver me from this train of woes; I can neither forsake nor follow you. Deliver me from this train of woes; deliver me from myself; take my life.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to support himself in his grief without indulging his passion, and says: Son of wise Ulysses, whom the Gods have so much loved and whom they still love, your suffering such terrible miseries is an effect of their kindness. Who has not experienced his own weakness and the strength of his passions, is not yet wise; for he neither knows nor is diffident of himself. The Gods have led you as it were by the hand to the very brink of a precipice, to shew you its depth, without suffering you to fall into it. Now therefore learn what you would never have known, had you not experienced it: you would in vain have been told of the treasours of Love, who flatters to destroy, and under an appearance of sweetness conceals the worst of bitters. The boy, all over charming, came amidst the smiles, the sports and the graces: you saw him; he stole away your heart, and you took a pleasure in letting him steal it: you sought for pretences to continue ignorant of its wounds, to deceive me and to flatter yourself, and was apprehensive of nothing. Lo the fruits of your rashness; you now desire death, and that is the only hope which is left you. The distracted Goddess resembles an infernal Fury; Eucharis burns with a fire more tormenting than the bitterest pangs of death,

and all the jealous nymphs are ready to tear each other in pieces : these are the doings of the traitor Cupid, who appears so sweet and gentle. Resume your courage. How dear must you be to the Gods, since they open you so easy a way to fly from Love, and to see your dear country again ? Calypso herself is constrained to drive you away ; the ship is quite ready : why do you delay to quit this island, where virtue cannot dwell ?

Mentor, as he spoke these words, took him by the hand, and dragged him towards the shore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind him, and gazing at Eucharis, who was going away from him. Not being able to see her face, he viewed her lovely plaited hair, her flowing vestments and noble gait, and would gladly have kissed the very prints of her feet. Nay, when he had lost sight of her, he still listened, imagining that he heard her voice ; though absent, he saw her ; her image was painted and living as it were before his eyes ; he even fancied that he talked to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor.

At length awaking as it were out of a profound sleep, he said to Mentor, I am resolved to follow you ; but I have not yet taken my leave of Eucharis : I had rather die than forsake her thus ungratefully. Stay 'till I have seen her once again, and taken an eternal farewell. Permit me at least to say to her, O nymph, the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my happiness, constrain me to depart ; but they shall sooner put a period to my life, than blot you out of my memory. O my father ! grant me this last, this reasonable consolation, or rid me instantly of life. No, I will neither stay in this island, nor abandon myself to love ; I have no such passion in my breast ; I feel no sentiments for Eucharis but those of friendship and gratitude ; I shall be satisfied with bidding her once more farewell, and will then immediately depart with you.

How

How I pity you! replied Mentor: your passion is so furious, that you are not sensible of it. You think you are calm, and yet you beg for death; you say that you are not vanquished by love, and yet you cannot leave the nymph you doat on. You see, you hear nothing but her; you are blind and deaf to every thing else. A man raving in a fever says, I am not sick. O blind Telemachus! you were ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you; Ulysses, whom you shall see again; Ithaca, where you are to reign, and the glory and elevated fortune which the Gods have promised you by the many wonders which they have wrought in your favour! You were about to renounce all these blessings to lead an inglorious life with Eucharis! And will you pretend that love does not attach you to her? What troubles you? Why do you desire death? Why did you speak with such transport before the Goddess? I do not accuse you of insincerity, but I lament your blindness. Fly, Telemachus, fly; love is not to be conquered but by flight. Against such an enemy, true courage consists in fear and flying, but in flying without deliberation, and without giving one's self time ever to look behind him. You have not forgotten the cares which you have cost me from your infancy, nor the dangers from which you have escaped by my counsels; be guided by me now, or suffer me to forsake you. Oh! did you but know my grief to see you run to your destruction! did you but know what I endured when I durst not speak to you! your mother's pangs at your birth were less severe than mine. I was silent, I patiently bore my pains, I stifled my sighs, to see if you would return to me again. O my son! my dear son! ease my heart; restore me what is dearer to me than my life; restore me the lost Telemachus, and restore yourself to yourself. If wisdom get the better of love in your breast, I live, and am happy; but if love run away with you in spite of wisdom, Mentor can live no longer.

Whilst Mentor was speaking thus, he continued his way towards the sea; and Telemachus, who had



not yet resolution enough to follow him of his own accord, had enough however to suffer himself to be led without resistance. Minerva, all the while concealed under the form of Mentor, covering Telemachus with her invisible ægis, and shedding divine rays around him, inspired him with a courage which he had never felt before, since he had been in this island. Coming at length to a steep rock on the sea-shore, which was perpetually buffeted by the foaming billows, and looking from this eminence to see if the ship which Mentor had got ready were still in the same place, they were spectators of a melancholy sight.

Cupid was stung to the quick when he saw that this unknown old man was not only insensible of his arrows, but that he was taking Telemachus also away from him; he wept for vexation, and went to find Calypso, who was wandering up and down in her gloomy forests. She could not see him without sighing, and perceived that he opened all the wounds of her heart afresh. You a Goddess, said Cupid, and suffer yourself to be conquered by a weak mortal, who is a prisoner in your island! Why do you let him go? O mischievous Cupid! said she, I will no longer listen to thy pernicious counsels; it was you drew me from my sweet and profound tranquillity, and plunged me into an abyss of woes. There is no help for it; I have sworn by the waves of Styx that I will let Telemachus go; and Jupiter himself, the father of the Gods, dares not, with all his power, violate this dreadful oath. Begone, Telemachus, from my island; and thou, pernicious boy, begone; thou hast done me more mischief than he.

Cupid, wiping away his tears, said with a sneering malicious smile, A mighty difficulty truly! Leave this affair to me, keep your oath, and do not oppose Telemachus's departure. Neither your nymphs nor I have sworn by the waves of Styx to let him depart. I will inspire them with the design of burning the ship which Mentor has built with so much expedition: his

surprising diligence shall be vain ; he himself shall be surprised in his turn, and have no means left of taking Telemachus from you.

These soothing words filled Calypso's heart with hope and joy. As a cooling zephyr on the margin of a brook revives the languishing flocks, which the heat of the summer consumes ; so this speech allayed the Goddess's despair. Her face became serene, her eyes grew mild, and the black cares which gnawed her heart, fled for a moment from her : she stopped, she smiled, she caressed the sportful boy, and by caressing him prepared new tortures for herself.

Cupid, pleased with having prevailed on her not to oppose the burning of the ship, went to persuade the nymphs to do it. They were wandering and dispersed up and down on the mountains like a flock of sheep which the rage of ravenous wolves has caused to fly from the shepherd. Cupid calls them together, and says, Telemachus is still in your power ; hasten to burn the bark which the rash Mentor has built for his flight. They immediately light their torches, they run to the shore, they quiver with fury, they howl and shake their dishevelled hair like Bacchanals. And now the flames ascend ; they consume the vessel, which was built of dry wood and bedaubed with rosin ; whirlwinds of smoky flames ascend to the clouds.

Telemachus and Mentor seeing the blaze from the top of the rock, and hearing the shouts of the nymphs, the former was tempted to rejoice at it ; for his heart was not yet cured, and Mentor observed that his passion resembled an ill-extinguished fire, which from time to time breaks from under the ashes, and sends forth glittering sparks. Lo ! said Telemachus, I am bound again in my fetters : we can no longer hope to quit this island.

Mentor plainly perceived that Telemachus was going to relapse into all his weaknesses, and that he had not a moment to lose. He observed at a distance,

in the midst of the waves, a vessel riding at anchor, which durst not approach Calypso's island, for all the pilots knew that it was inaccessible to mortals. Upon this, the sage Mentor suddenly pushing Telemachus, who was sitting on the edge of the rock, throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself. Telemachus, stunned with the violence of the fall, drank in the briny waves, and became the sport of the billows; but coming to himself, and seeing Mentor holding out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only of getting away from the fatal island.

The nymphs, who thought them their prisoners, screamed in a terrible manner, seeing they could not prevent their flight. The disconsolate Calypso returned to her grotto, which she filled with her shriekings. Cupid, finding his triumph changed into a shameful defeat, sprung into the air, shook his wings, and flew to the Idalian grove, where his cruel mother was waiting for him. The son, still more cruel, comforted himself only by laughing together with her at all the mischiefs he had done.

Telemachus perceived with pleasure that the farther he got from the island, the more his courage and his love of virtue revived. Now I experience, cried he to Mentor, what you told me, and what I could not believe for want of experience, that vice is conquered only by flight. O my father, how gracious were the Gods in giving me your assistance! I deserved to have been deprived of it, and to have been left to myself. I now fear neither seas, nor winds, nor tempests; I fear nothing but my passions: love alone is more to be dreaded than a thousand shipwrecks.

*End of the Seventh Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the EIGHTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Adoam, the brother of Narbal, commands the Tyrian ship wherein Telemachus and Mentor are kindly received. The captain knowing Telemachus again, informs him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and of Balazar's advancement to the throne, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at Astarbe's instigation. During a repast which he gives to Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas, by the melody of his voice and lyre, draws the Tritons, the Nereids, and the other Sea-Deities around the ship. Mentor taking a lyre, plays upon it much better than Achitoas. Adoam afterwards relates the wonders of Betica, and describes the mildness of the air, and the other beauties of that country, whose inhabitants lead a quiet life with great simplicity of manners.*

THE ship which was at anchor, and towards which they advanced, was a Tyrian bark that was bound to Epirus. These Phoenicians had seen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt, but did not know him again in the midst of the waves. When Mentor was near enough to be heard, he cried out with a loud voice, raising his head above



the water, O Phœnicians, you who are so ready to succour all nations, refuse not life to two men who hope it from your humanity. If you have any reverence for the Gods, receive us into your vessel; we will go wherever you go. The commander answered, We will gladly receive you; we are not ignorant of what we ought to do for strangers who seem in such distress. Upon this they were immediately taken into the ship.

They were scarcely on board, but they were unable to breathe and became motionless; for they had swum a long while, and struggled hard with the billows. By little and little they recovered their strength, and other cloths were given them, because their own were heavy with the water which had soaked into and poured from every part of them. When they were in a condition to speak, all the Phœnicians, crowding about them, desired to know their adventures. The commander said, How did you get into the island from whence you came? It is reported to be possessed by a cruel Goddess, who never suffers any body to land in it. Besides, it is surrounded by frightful rocks, against which the sea vainly spends its rage, and none can approach it without being wrecked.

Mentor answered, We were driven upon it; we are Greeks; our country is the island of Ithaca, which is near Epirus, whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to touch at Ithaca, which is in your way, we shall be contented to be carried to Epirus, where we shall find friends who will take care to supply us with conveniencies for the short passage we shall have from thence, and we shall for ever be obliged to you for the joy of seeing again what is dearest to us in the world.

Thus it was Mentor who spoke now, and Telemachus was silent, and suffered him to speak; for the errors he had committed in the island of Calypso, had greatly increased his prudence. He was diffident of himself; he perceived the necessity of always following the wise counsels of Mentor; and when he

could not speak to him to ask his advice, he at least consulted his eyes, and endeavoured to guess at his thoughts.

The Phœnician captain fixing his eyes on Telemachus, thought that he remembered to have seen him before; but his remembrance was confused, and he could not render it clear. Give me leave, said he, to ask you whether you remember that you have ever seen me before, as I methinks remember that I have seen you: your face is not unknown to me, it struck me at first sight; but I know not where I have seen you: your memory perhaps may help mine.

Telemachus answered with surprise and joy, I am in the same circumstances at the sight of you as you are with regard to me: I have seen you, I know you again; but I cannot call to mind whether it was in Egypt or at Tyre. Hereupon the Phœnician, like a man who awakes in the morning, and recollects by little and little the fugitive dream which vanished at his waking, cried out on a sudden, You are Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendship in our return from Egypt. I am his brother, whom he undoubtedly often mentioned to you. I left you with him after our expedition to Egypt, being obliged to go beyond the remotest seas into the famous Betica, near the pillars of Hercules. As I did therefore but just see you, it is no wonder that I had so much difficulty in knowing you again at first sight.

I plainly see, replied Telemachus, that you are Adoam. I had but a glimpse of you then, but I became acquainted with you by the conversation of Narbal. O how I rejoice at this opportunity of hearing news by you of a man who will ever be so dear to me! Is he still at Tyre? Does he meet with no cruel treatment from the suspicious and barbarous Pygmalion? Adoam, interrupting him, said, Know, Telemachus, that fortune commits you to one who will take all imaginable care of you; I will carry you back to the island of Ithaca before I go to Epirus, and Narbal's brother shall not have a less friend-

ship for you than Narbal himself. This said, he observed that the wind which he waited for, began to blow; he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the sails to be spread, and the sea to be cleft by their oars. He then took Telemachus and Mentor aside, to discourse with them alone.

I will, said he, looking upon Telemachus, satisfy your curiosity. Pygmalion is no more; the just Gods have rid the world of him. As he trusted nobody, so nobody could trust him. The good satisfied themselves with bewailing their miseries and with flying from his cruelties, without being able to resolve to do him any hurt; the wicked thought they could not secure their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a Tyrian who was not daily in danger of being the object of his jealousy. His guards themselves were more exposed than others; for as his life was in their hands, he feared them more than all the rest of men, and would, on the least suspicion, sacrifice them to his safety. Thus did his endeavours to render himself safe, undermine his safety. Those who had the care of his life were in continual danger by his surmises, and could not extricate themselves from so terrible a situation, but by preventing the tyrant's cruel suspicions by his death.

The impious Astarbe, of whom you have so often heard, was the first who resolved on the king's destruction. She was passionately in love with a rich Tyrian youth, whose name was Joazar, and hoped to place him on the throne. To succeed in this design, she persuaded the king that Phadael, the elder of his two sons, was impatient to succeed his father, and had conspired against him; she suborned false witnesses to prove the conspiracy, and the unhappy king put his innocent son to death. The second son, whose name was Baleazar, was sent to Samos, under a pretence of learning the manners and sciences of Greece, but in reality because Astarbe had suggested to the king that it was necessary to send him away, that he might not enter into a correspondence with the male-

contents. He was hardly sailed, when those who had the command of the ship, being corrupted by this cruel woman, took their measures to be wrecked in the night, and saved themselves by swimming to some foreign barks that were waiting for them; having first thrown the young prince into the sea.

Mean while Astarbe's amours were known to every body but Pygmalion, who fancied that she would never love any one but him. Such an entire confidence did that mistrustful prince repose in that wicked woman, and so excessively was he blinded by his passion for her. His avarice at the same time prompted him to seek pretences to put Joazar to death, with whom Astarbe was so passionately in love; all his thoughts were bent on seizing the riches of that young man.

But whilst Pygmalion was a prey to suspicion, love and avarice, Astarbe was hastening to take away his life. She apprehended that he had perhaps discovered something of her infamous intrigues with this youth. Besides, she knew that avarice alone would be sufficient to induce the king to commit an act of cruelty with regard to Joazar, and concluded that she had not a moment to lose to prevent him. She saw the chief officers of the court ready to dip their hands in the king's blood, and daily heard of some new conspiracy; but she was afraid to intrust her designs with any one who might betray her. At last, she concluded that it was safest to poison Pygmalion.

He used most commonly to eat in private with her, and cooked himself all that he eat, not daring to trust any hands but his own. He shut himself up in the most retired part of the palace, the better to conceal his suspicions, and not to be observed when he was dressing his victuals. He apprehended all delicacies, nor could he prevail upon himself to taste any thing which he knew not how to dress himself. Not only all sorts of ragooes therefore which are prepared by cooks, but even wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, and all the common aliments, were not for his use. He eat



only the fruits which he gathered in his garden, or the pulse which he had sowed and cooked himself. And lastly, he never drank any water but what he drew himself out of a fountain which was locked up in an apartment of his palace, and of which he always kept the key. Though he seemed to have so much confidence in Astarbe, yet he did not fail to take precautions against her; he always obliged her to eat and drink before him of every thing of which his repast was to consist, that he might not be poisoned without her, and that she might have no hopes of surviving him. But she took an antidote, with which an old woman, still more wicked than herself, and the confident of her amours, had furnished her; after which she was no longer afraid to poison the king, and she did it in this manner :

The moment they were about to begin their repast, the old woman I have mentioned, made a noise all of a sudden at one of the doors. The king, who continually fancied that he was going to be murdered, is alarmed and runs to the door to see if it was well secured. The old woman retires; the king is confounded, not knowing what to think of the noise he had heard, but afraid however to open the door to see what was the matter. Astarbe encourages him, caresses him and urges him to eat; she had put poison into his golden cup, whilst he was gone to the door. Pygmalion, according to his custom, made her drink first, which she did without any apprehension, relying on her antidote. Pygmalion drank also, and soon after fell into a swoon. Astarbe, who knew that he was capable of killing her on the least suspicion, began to rend her cloths, to tear off her hair, and to make bitter lamentations; she embraced the dying king; she held him locked in her arms, and bedewed him with floods of tears; for this artful woman always had tears at command. At last, seeing that the king's strength was exhausted and that he was as it were in the agonies of death, and being afraid that he should recover and cause her

to die with him, she passed from caresses and the tenderest marks of friendship to the most horrible fury : she rushed upon him and stifled him. She afterwards tore the royal signet from his finger, took the diadem from his head, and called in Joazar, to whom she gave them both ; imagining that all those who had been attached to her, would espouse the interests of her passion, and that her lover would be proclaimed king. But those who had been most assiduous to please her were groveling mercenary souls, who were incapable of a sincere affection. Besides they wanted courage, and were afraid of the enemies which Astarbe had drawn on herself ; they were still more afraid of the haughtiness, dissimulation and cruelty of this impious woman, and every one for his own security wished for her destruction.

Mean while the whole palace is filled with a fearful tumult, and on all sides are heard cries of, The king is dead. Some are terrified, others run to arms, and all seem in pain for the consequences, but overjoyed at the news. Fame carries it from mouth to mouth throughout all the great city of Tyre, and there is not a single person who laments the king ; his death is the deliverance and consolation of all his subjects.

Narbal, struck with so horrid a deed, bewailed like an honest man the wretched fate of Pygmalion, who had betrayed himself by his confidence in the impious Astarbe, and had chosen rather to be a monstrous tyrant, than to be, what a king ought to be, the father of his people. He applied his thoughts to the good of the state, and immediately assembled all men of probity to oppose Astarbe, under whom they would have seen a yet crueller reign than that which they now saw at an end.

Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea : they who assured Astarbe that he was dead, spoke as they thought ; but, favoured by the night, he escaped by swimming, and certain merchants of Crete, moved with compassion, took him into their ship. He durst not return to his

father's kingdom, suspecting that the wreck was a thing concerted for his destruction, and dreading Pygmalion's cruel jealousy as much as Astarbe's artifices. He remained a long while wandering up and down in disguise, on the sea coast of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him, and was even obliged to tend a flock to get his bread. At last he found means to let Narbal know the condition he was in, not doubting but that he might safely intrust his secret and his life with one of so tried a virtue. Narbal, though he was ill treated by the father, loved the son, and was watchful of his interest; but he took care of it only to hinder him from ever failing in his duty to his father, and he prevailed on him to bear his ill fortune with patience.

Baleazar had written thus to Narbal: If you think I may venture to come to you, send me a gold ring, and I shall thereby immediately conclude that it is time for me to set out for Tyre. Narbal did not think proper to send for Baleazar while Pygmalion was alive; he would thereby have hazarded the prince's life and his own, so difficult was it to be secure against the rigorous inquisitions of Pygmalion. But as soon as that unhappy king had suffered a fate suitable to his crimes, Narbal immediately sent the gold ring to Baleazar. Baleazar instantly set out, and arrived at the gates of Tyre, when the whole city was in confusion about Pygmalion's successor. He was readily acknowledged by the principal Tyrians and all the people; for they loved him, not out of any affection for the late king his father, who was universally hated, but on account of his own moderation and the sweetness of his temper. And then his long sufferings gave him a kind of lustre which brightened all his good qualities, and moved all the Tyrians in his favour.

Narbal convened the chiefs of the people, the old men who compose the council, and the priests of the great Goddess of Phœnicia, who all saluted Baleazar as their king, and ordered him to be proclaimed by the heralds. The people answered by a thousand shouts of

acclaim, which Astarbe heard from the retired part of the palace, where she was locked up with her base and infamous Joazar. All the profligate wretches she had employed during Pygmalion's life, had forsaken her; for the wicked mistrust and are afraid of the wicked, and do not desire to see them in power, well knowing how persons like themselves will abuse it, and how great their oppression will be. But they are more easily reconciled to the good, because they hope to find them at least moderate and indulgent. Astarbe had none left about her but such as were accessory to her most atrocious crimes, and could expect nothing but punishment.

The palace was forced open; those wretches not daring to make a long resistance, nor thinking of ought but flight. Astarbe, disguised like a slave, endeavoured to make her escape; but a soldier knowing her, she was taken, and with great difficulty saved from being torn in pieces by the enraged populace, who were dragging her along in the dirt, when Narbal rescued her out of their hands. Upon this she begged to speak to Baleazar, hoping to dazzle him with her charms, and to make him believe that she could let him into secrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuse to hear her. At first she discovered, besides her beauty, such sweetness and modesty as were capable of touching the most irritated heart. She flattered the prince by the most delicate and insinuating praises; she represented to him how greatly Pygmalion had loved her; she conjured him by his father's ashes to pity her; she invoked the Gods as if she had sincerely adored them; she shed floods of tears and threw herself at the new king's feet. But she afterwards used all her arts to render his best-affected servants suspected and odious to him. She accused Narbal of having entered into a conspiracy against Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people to make himself king to Baleazar's prejudice; adding that he designed to poison this young prince. She invented the like calumnies of all the other Tyrants.



who were lovers of virtue, and hoped to find in Baleazar's heart the same diffidence and suspicions which she had seen in that of the king his father. But Baleazar, unable longer to endure her black malice, interrupted her, and called for a guard. She was conveyed to prison, and the wisest old men were commissioned to inquire into all her actions.

They discovered with horror that she had poisoned and strangled Pygmalion; the whole course of her life seemed to be a chain of monstrous crimes; and they were going to sentence her to be burnt in a slow fire, a punishment which is appointed for the greatest offences in Phœnicia. But when she perceived that she had no hopes left, she became like a Fury come from hell, and swallowed poison, which she always carried about her to end her life, in case she should be doomed to suffer lingering tortures. Her guards perceived that she was in a violent agony, and endeavoured to comfort her: but she answered them only by signs, that she desired none of their comfort. She was put in mind of the righteous Gods whom she had offended; but, instead of shewing the confusion and repentance due to her guilt, she lifted up her eyes to heaven with contempt and arrogance, as it were to insult the Gods.

Rage and impiety were stamped on her dying visage; one saw no remains of that beauty which had been fatal to so many men; all her charms were faded; her deadened eyes rolled in her head, and cast forth wild and savage glances; convulsions shook her lips, and kept her mouth gaping horribly wide; her shrunk and shrivelled face made hideous grimaces; a livid paleness and deadly cold had seized on all her limbs. Sometimes she seemed to recover her strength and spirits, but it was only to spend them in howling. At last she expired, leaving all who beheld her full of affright and horror. Her impious soul undoubtedly descended to those re-

gions of sorrow, where the cruel Danaids are eternally drawing water in leaky vessels ; where Ixion for ever turns his wheel ; where Tantalus, burning with thirst, cannot taste the stream which flies from his lips ; where Sisyphus in vain up-rolls an ever-falling stone ; and where Tityus will eternally feel the gnawing vulture in his ever-growing bowels.

Baleazar, being rid of this monster, returned the Gods thanks by innumerable sacrifices. He has begun his reign by a conduct directly opposite to Pygmalion's ; he applies himself to the reviving of commerce, which daily languished more and more ; he follows Narbal's counsels in his most momentous affairs, and yet is not governed by him ; for he insists on seeing every thing with his own eyes. He hears all the different advices which are given him, and pursues that which seems to him the best. He is beloved of the people, and in possessing their hearts, he possesses greater treasures than his father amassed by his cruel avarice ; for there is no family which would not give him their all, were he in any pressing necessity. What he leaves them therefore is more his own than if he took it from them. He has no need to take any precautions with regard to the security of his life ; for he is always surrounded by the surest of guards, the love of his people. There is not one of them who does not fear to lose him, and would not hazard his own life to preserve that of so good a king. He is happy, and all his subjects are happy also ; he is fearful of over-burdening them, and they of not offering him a sufficient portion of their substance. He suffers them to abound, and their abundance renders them neither intractable nor insolent ; for they are laborious, addicted to trade, and steadfast in preserving the purity of their ancient laws. Phœnicia is risen again to her high pitch of grandeur and glory, and it is to her young king that she is indebted for so much prosperity. Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus ! were he to see you

now, with what joy would he load you with presents! What a pleasure would it be to him to send you back in a magnificent manner to your own country! And how happy am I in doing what he would rejoice to do, in going to the island of Ithaca to place the son of Ulysses on the throne, that he may reign there as wisely as Baleazar reigns at Tyre!

When Adoam had spoken thus, Telemachus, charmed with the history which the Phœnician had recited, and still more so with the marks of friendship which he received from him in his distress, embraced him with great tenderness. Adoam then asked him by what accident he had entered Calypso's island. Telemachus in his turn related his departure from Tyre; his passage to the isle of Cyprus; the manner of his finding Mentor again; their voyage to Crete; the public games for the election of a king after Idomeneus's flight; the resentment of Venus; their shipwreck; the pleasure with which Calypso received them; this Goddess's jealousy of one of her nymphs; and how Mentor threw him into the sea, as soon as he descried the Phœnician ship.

After these relations, Adoam ordered a magnificent repast, and, to express the greater joy, united all the pleasures which were to be had. During the repast, which was brought in by young Phœnicians, clad in white, with garlands of flowers on their heads, the most exquisite perfumes of the East were burnt; and all the rowers benches were crowded with players on flutes, whom Achitoas interrupted from time to time by the sweet harmony of his voice and lyre, which were worthy of being heard at the table of the Gods, and of ravishing the ears of Apollo himself. The Tritons, the Nereïds, all the Deities which are subject to Neptune, and the sea-monsters themselves, allured by this melody, issued from their deep and humid grottoes, and swam in shoals around the ship. A company of young Phœnicians of an uncommon beauty, clad in fine linen whiter than snow, danced a long while the dances of their own

country, then those of Egypt, and lastly those of Greece. Trumpets from time to time made the waves resound to distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea, the trembling light of the moon shed on the surface of the waters, and the dusky azure of the sky bespangled with glittering stars, served to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus, being of a lively temper and easily affected, relished all these pleasures; but he was afraid to give a loose to his inclinations. Since he had so shamefully experienced in the isle of Calypso how apt youth is to be inflamed, he was apprehensive even of the most innocent pleasures, and suspected every thing. He look'd on Mentor, to learn from his face and eyes what he ought to think of all these diversions.

Mentor was very glad to see him in this perplexity, and seemed to take no notice of it. At last, being moved with Telemachus's moderation, he said to him with a smile, I know what you are afraid of, and I commend you for your fear; but you should not carry it too far. Nobody is more willing than I that you should taste of pleasures, provided they are pleasures that do not take too firm a hold of you, nor enervate you. Pleasures which refresh you, and which you may enjoy and yet continue to be master of yourself, are necessary; but not pleasures which run away with you. I would recommend calm and moderate pleasures which do not deprive you of your reason, nor ever degrade you into a furious brute. It is now seasonable to unbend after all your toils. Be complaisant to Adoam, and taste the pleasure which he offers you. Be merry, Telemachus, be merry. Wisdom has nothing of austerity or affectation: it is she that bestows real pleasures; she alone knows to season and to make them pure and lasting; she knows to mix pastime and mirth with grave and serious affairs; she prepares pleasure by fatigue, and unbends from fatigue by pleasure. Wisdom is not ashamed of being gay when it is needful to be so.



This said, Mentor took a lyre, and played on it with so much art, that Achitoas let his fall through envy and vexation. His eyes flamed, his troubled visage changed its colour, and every body would have observed his shame and confusion, had not Mentor's lyre ravished the souls of all who were present. They hardly dared to breathe lest they should break the silence, and lose something of the heavenly song: they were all the while afraid that it would end too soon. Mentor's voice had no effeminate softness; but it was various, strong, and humoured even the minutest things.

He sung first the praises of Jupiter, the father and king of Gods and men, who shakes the universe with his nod. Then he represented Minerva issuing out of his head, that is, wisdom, of which this God is the source, and which flows from him for the instruction of those who are willing to learn. Mentor sung these truths with so affecting a voice, and with such devotion, that the whole assembly thought themselves transported to the highest Olympus and the presence of Jupiter, whose looks are more piercing than his thunder. Afterwards he sung the unhappy fate of the youth Narcissus, who falling desperately in love with his own beauty, which he was continually viewing on the margin of a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into a flower which bears his name. And lastly he sung the tragical death of the lovely Adonis, whom a wild boar tore in pieces, and the enamoured Venus could not revive by all her bitter complaints to heaven.

None who heard him could contain their tears, and every one felt I know not what pleasure in weeping. When he had done singing, the Phœnicians looked on each other with astonishment. One said, This is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed the savage beasts with his lyre, and removed the woods and the rocks; it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, that he suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and moved the inexorable Pluto, to

permit him to bring back his fair Eurydice from hell. Another cried, No, it is Linus the son of Apollo! You are mistaken, replied a third, it is Apollo himself. Telemachus was little less surpris'd than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor could sing and play on the lyre in so exquisite a manner. Achitoas, having had leisure to hide his jealousy, began to praise Mentor; but he blush'd as he praised him, and could not go through with his speech. Mentor, observing his confusion, took the word as it were with a design to put a stop to his encomiums, and endeavour'd to make him easy by giving him all the commendations he deserved. Achitoas however was disconsolate; for he perceiv'd that Mentor excelled him still more by his modesty than by the charms of his voice.

Mean time Telemachus said to Adoam, I remember that you mentioned a voyage you made to Betica, after we left Egypt. Now Betica is a country of which so many wonders are told, that one can hardly believe them. Please to tell me if all that is reported of it be true. I shall with pleasure, said Adoam, give you a description of this famous country, which is worthy of your curiosity, and surpasses all that fame relates of it. Whereupon he began thus:

The river Betis glides through a fertile country, and under a temperate and ever-serene sky. The country took its name from this river, which falls into the grand Ocean near the pillars of Hercules, and the place where the raging sea, breaking down its mounds, formerly separated the territories of Tarsis from those of great Africa. This country seems to have preserved the pleasures of the golden age. The winters are mild, the bleak north-winds never blow there, and the heat of the summer is always tempered by refreshing zephyrs, which cool the air towards the middle of the day. Thus the whole year is an happy union of the spring and the autumn, which seem to shake hands together. The soil in the vallies and the plains yields two harvests in a year. The high-ways

are bordered with lawrels, pomegranate, jessamines, and other trees, which are always green and always in bloom. The mountains are covered with flocks which yield a fine wool that is sought after by all the known nations of the world. There are several gold and silver mines in this beautiful country; but the inhabitants, plain, and happy in their plainness, do not even deign to reckon gold and silver among their riches; they esteem nothing but what really subserves the wants of man.

When we first began to trade with these people; we found gold and silver applied amongst them to the same uses as iron, as in plough-shares for instance. As they had no foreign trade, they had no occasion for money. They are almost all shepherds or husbandmen. There are in this country but few artificers, for they tolerate no arts but those which subserve the real necessities of man: besides, most of the men in this country, though addicted to agriculture and the tendance of their flocks, neglect not the exercise of such arts as are necessary to their plain and frugal way of life.

The women spin the wool, and make it into a fine and wonderful white cloth; they make the bread, and dress the victuals, which is but little trouble; for they eat only fruits, or milk, and now and then a little flesh. The skins of their sheep they use in making a thin sort of covering for their legs and feet; and for those of their husbands and children. They make tents, of which some are of waxed hides, and others of the bark of trees; they make and wash all the cloths of the family, and keep their houses in order and wonderfully neat. Their cloths are easily made; for in this mild climate they wear only a single piece of fine light cloth, which is not cut at all, and which every one, for the sake of decency, wraps in large folds about his body, giving it what form he pleases.

The men exercise no arts, besides the culture of their lands and the tendance of their flocks, but that

of working in wood and in iron: and indeed they seldom use iron, except for the tools which are necessary to tillage. All the arts which relate to architecture are useless to them, they never build houses. It is, say they, being too much attached to this world, to erect a mansion in it, which is much more lasting than we; a shelter from the injuries of the weather is sufficient. As for all the other arts which are esteemed among the Greeks, Egyptians, and all other civilized nations, they detest them as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

When they are told of nations that have the art of erecting stately edifices, and of making gold and silver furniture, stuffs adorned with embroidery and precious stones, exquisite perfumes, delicate dishes, and instruments whose harmony is transporting; they answer in these words, Those nations are very unhappy in having employed so much pains and industry to corrupt themselves. Those unnecessary things enervate, intoxicate, and plague those who possess them, and tempt those who are destitute of them, to endeavour to acquire them by injustice and violence. And can one call a good, a superfluity which serves only to make men wicked? Are the inhabitants of those countries more healthful and more robust than we? Do they live longer? Do they agree better among themselves? Do they live a more free, a more quiet, a more chearful life? On the contrary, they must needs be jealous of each other; they must feel the gnawings of black and shameful envy; they must be always tortured by ambition, by fear, by avarice, and be incapable of pure simple pleasures, since they are the slaves of so many imaginary wants, on which they make all their happiness depend.

'Tis thus, continued Adoam, that these wise people reason, who have learnt wisdom only by the study of simple nature. They abhor our politeness, and it must be owned that theirs is great in their amiable simplicity. They live all together without dividing their lands; every family is governed by its head, who



is indeed its king. The father has a right to punish his children or grand-children, who commit any evil action; but before he punishes them, he consults the rest of the family. These punishments hardly ever happen; for innocence of manners, sincerity, obedience, and an horror of vice, inhabit this happy region. It seems as if *Astrea*, who is said to have retired to heaven, were still concealed among these people here below. There is no need of judges among them; for their own conscience is their judge. All their goods are in common; the fruits of the trees, the product of the earth, and the milk of the flocks and herds, are such abundant riches, that so sober and abstemious a people have no occasion to divide them. Each family, wandering up and down in this beautiful country, removes its tents from one place to another, when it has consumed the fruits and eat up the pastures of that where it was settled. They have therefore no private interests to maintain among themselves, and they love each other with a brotherly love which nothing interrupts. It is their abridging themselves of vain riches and deceitful pleasures, which preserves this peace, union and liberty. They are all free, and all equal. There is no distinction among them, but what is derived from the experience of the wise old men, or the extraordinary wisdom of some young men, who equal the consummate virtue of the seniors. The cruel and pestilent voice of fraud, violence, perjury, law and war, is never heard in a country so dear to the Gods. Never did this climate blush with human blood; nay, that of lambs is hardly ever shed there. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conquests, and revolutions which happen in other nations, they are at a loss to express their astonishment. What! say they, do not men die fast enough, without destroying each other? How short their span of life! and yet one would think that it seems too long to them! Are they sent into the world to tear each other in pieces, and to make themselves mutually wretched?

To conclude, the Beticans cannot conceive why conquerors who subdue vast empires are so much admired. What madness is it, say they, to place one's happiness in governing other men, since it is so painful an office, if it be discharged with wisdom and justice ! But why should one take a pleasure in governing them whether they will or no ? All a wise man can do, is to submit to govern a willing people whom the Gods have committed to his care, or a people who entreat him to be as it were their father and their shepherd. But to govern a people against their will, is to make oneself very miserable for the sake of the false honour of making them slaves. A conqueror is one whom the Gods, incensed against mankind, have sent into the world in their wrath, to ravage kingdoms, to spread every where terror, misery and despair, and to make as many slaves as there are free men. Does not a man who seeks for glory, abundantly find it, in wisely governing those whom the Gods have subjected to his power ? Does he think that he cannot merit praise but by being violent, unjust, haughty, an usurper and tyrannical to all his neighbours ? He should never think of war, but to defend his liberty. Happy he who, not being the slave of another, has not the mad ambition of making another his slave ! The mighty conquerors, who are represented to us in such glorious colours, resemble overflowing rivers, which, though they seem majestic, ravage all the fruitful fields which they ought only to water.

After Adoam had drawn this picture of Betica, Telemachus, who was charmed with it, asked him several curious questions. Pray do these people drink wine ? said he. They are so far from drinking it, replied Adoam, that they never make any. Not that they want grapes : no country yields more delicious ; but they content themselves with eating them like other fruit, and dread wine as the corrupter of mankind. It is a kind of poison, say they, which

inspires madness ; it does not indeed kill a man, but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preserve their health and strength without wine, and with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.

Telemachus then said, I should be glad to know their laws relating to marriage. A man, replied Adoam, can have but one wife, and he is obliged to keep her as long as she lives. The honour of the men in this country depends as much on their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of women in others on their fidelity to their husbands. Never were people so virtuous, nor so jealous of their chastity. The women are beautiful and engaging, but plain, modest and laborious. Their marriages are peaceful, fertile and unspotted. The husband and wife seem to have but one soul in two different bodies, and they divide all their domestic cares between them. The husband manages all affairs abroad, and the wife confines herself to those of the house. She comforts her husband ; she seems born only to please him ; she wins his confidence ; she charms him less by her beauty than her virtue, and the pleasure they take in each other's company lasts as long as they live. The sobriety of this people, their temperance and purity of manners, procure them a long life, and exempt them from diseases. There are amongst them men of an hundred and of an hundred and twenty years old, who are still sprightly and vigorous.

I still want to know, added Telemachus, what they do to avoid war with their neighbours. Nature, said Adoam, has separated them from other nations, on one hand by the sea, and, on the other, towards the north by high mountains. Besides, their neighbours respect them for their virtue. Other nations, not being able to agree together, have often made them the umpires of their differences, and pledged in their hands the lands and cities which were the subject of their dispute. As this wise people never committed any violence, nobody is mistrustful of them.

them. They smile when they hear of kings who cannot settle the limits of their dominions among themselves. Are they afraid, say they, that the earth will not suffice mankind? There will always be more lands than they can cultivate. Whilst there are any free and untill'd tracts, we would not defend even our own against neighbours who would seize upon them. There is no such thing in any of the inhabitants of Betica as pride, haughtiness, treachery, or a desire of extending their dominion. As their neighbours therefore have nothing to fear from such a people, nor any hopes of making themselves feared by them, they suffer them to be quiet. The Beticans would forsake their country, or choose to die, rather than submit to servitude. It is therefore as difficult to subdue them as they are incapable of desiring to subdue others. This is the cause of the profound peace between them and their neighbours.

Adoam concluded his account by relating in what manner the Phœnicians carried on their trade in Betica. These people, said he, were surpris'd when they saw that strangers came so far through the waves of the sea; they suffered us to build a city in the isle of Gades; they received us kindly among themselves, and gave us a part of all that they had, without permitting us to pay for it. They offered likewise freely to give us all that remained of their wool, after they had made a provision for their own use; and indeed they sent us a rich present of it: it is a pleasure to them to bestow their superfluity on strangers.

As for their mines, they abandoned them to us without any difficulty; they were useless to them. Men they thought were not over-wise in seeking with so much labour in the bowels of the earth, for what cannot make them happy, nor satisfy any real want. Dig not, said they to us, so deep into the earth; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you the substantial blessings of food; you will reap fruits from it which are of greater worth



than silver and gold, since men desire silver and gold only to purchase aliments which are the support of life.

We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men into Phœnicia ; but they would never consent that their children should be taught to live like us. They would learn, said they, to want all the things which are become necessary to you ; nay, they would have them, for they would relinquish virtue in order to obtain them by fraud. They would become like a man that has good legs, who, by a disuse of walking, brings himself at last to the necessity of being always carried like a person that is sick. As for navigation, they admire the industry of that art ; but they think that it is a pernicious art. If these men, say they, have a sufficiency of the necessaries of life in their own country, what do they go in quest of to another ? Is not what suffices the calls of nature, sufficient for them ? They deserve to be wrecked, since they seek for death in the midst of tempest, to glut the avarice of merchants, and to humour the passions of others.

Telemachus was charmed at hearing Adoam's relation, and rejoiced that there was still in the world a people who followed uncorrupted nature, and were at once so wise and happy. Oh ! how different, said he, are these manners from the vain and ambitious manners of the nations who are esteemed the wisest ! We are so depraved, that we can hardly believe that so natural a simplicity can be real. We look on the manners of these people as a beautiful fable, and they must needs look upon ours as a monstrous dream.

*End of the Eighth Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the NINTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Venus, still incensed against Telemachus, begs his destruction of Jupiter ; but destiny not permitting him to perish, the Goddess goes to concert with Neptune the means to drive him from Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. They employ a deceitful Deity to impose upon the pilot Athamas, who thinking that he was arrived at Ithaca, enters full sail into the port of the Salentines. Idomeneus, their king, receives Telemachus into his new city, where he was then preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter for the success of a war against the Mandurians. The priest consulting the entrails of the victims, promises Idomeneus all he could hope for, and gives him to understand that he would owe his good fortune to his two new guests.*

**W**HILE Telemachus and Adoam were thus discoursing together, forgetful of sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already in the middle of her course, an unfriendly and deceitful Deity drove them from Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas sought for in vain. Neptune, though propitious to the Phoenicians, could no longer brook Telemachus's escape from the tempest, which had thrown him on

the rocks of Calypso's island. Venus was still more provoked to see the youth triumphing after his victory over Love and all his charms. In a transport of grief she quitted Cythera, Paphos, Idalia, and all the honours which are paid her in the isle of Cyprus: she could no longer stay where Telemachus had despised her power. She ascends to bright Olympus, where the Gods were assembled around the throne of Jupiter. From hence they behold the stars rolling beneath their feet, and view the ball of earth like a little lump of dirt. The immense seas seem to them but as drops of water, with which this clod is a little diluted. The greatest kingdoms are in their eyes but a few grains of sand on the surface of this clod. Innumerable nations and the mightiest hosts are but like ants, quarrelling with each other for a blade of grass on this mole-hill. The Immortals laugh at the most serious affairs which disquiet feeble mortals, and look upon them only as the sports of children. What men style greatness, glory, power, deep policy, seems to these supreme Deities but misery and weakness.

It is in this abode, so high above the earth, that Jupiter has fixed his immoveable throne. His eyes pierce the deepest abyss, and enlighten all the secret recesses of the heart. His mild and serene looks diffuse tranquillity and joy throughout the universe. On the contrary, when he moves his locks, he shakes the heavens and the earth. The Gods themselves, dazzled with the rays of glory which surround him, tremble as they approach him.

All the celestial Deities were at this instant around him. Venus presented herself in all her native charms. Her flowing robe was brighter than all the colours wherewith Iris decks herself amidst the dusky clouds, when she promises affrighted mortals an end of storms, and proclaims the return of fair weather. It was bound with the famous girdle on which the Graces are represented. The

Goddeſs's trefles were tied negligently behind with a ribbon of gold. All the Gods were ſurprized at her beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their eyes were dazzled with it, as thoſe of mortals are, when Phœbus, after a long night, enlightens them with his rays. They looked on each other with amazement, and their eyes continually returned to Venus; but they perceived that thoſe of the Goddeſs were bathed in tears, and that grief was painted on her face.

Mean while ſhe moves towards the throne of Jupiter with a ſwift eaſy pace, like the rapid flight of a bird cleaving the immense ſpaces of air. He beheld her with complacency, he gently ſmiled upon her, and riſing, embraced her. My dear daughter, ſaid he, what grieves you? I cannot ſee your tears without concern; be not afraid to diſcloſe your heart to me; you know my fondneſs and indulgence.

Venus replied with a ſweet voice, interrupted by deep ſighs, O father of Gods and men! can you who ſee all things, be ignorant of the cauſe of my grief? Minerva is not ſatisfied with erasing even the very foundations of the ſtately city of Troy which I protected, and with being revenged on Paris, who preferred my beauty to her's; ſhe conducts through every land and ſea the ſon of Ulyſſes, that cruel ſubverter of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva, which is the cauſe of her not appearing here in her place with the other Deities. She has led this raſh boy to the iſland of Cyprus to affront me; he has deſpiſed my power; he has not ſo much as deigned to burn incenſe on my altars; he has expreſſed an abhorrence of the feſtivals which are celebrated in my honour; he has ſhut his heart againſt all my pleaſures. In vain has Neptune, to puniſh him at my requeſt, irritated the winds and the waves againſt him. Telemachus, thrown by a dreadful ſhipwreck on the iſland of



Calypso, has triumphed over Love himself, whom I sent into that island to soften the heart of this young Greek. Neither the youth nor the charms of Calypso and her nymphs, nor Cupid's burning shafts, have been able to defeat the arts of Minerva: she has snatched him from that island. I am confounded; a boy is triumphant over me.

Jupiter, to comfort Venus, said: It is true, my daughter, that Minerva protects the heart of this young Greek against all the arrows of your son, and that she is preparing him a glory which no youth ever deserved. I am sorry that he has despised your altars, but I cannot subject him to your power. I consent, through my love of you, that he shall still wander by land and sea, and that he shall live far from his native country, exposed to all sorts of evils and dangers; but destiny does not permit him to perish, nor his virtue to yield to the pleasures with which you sooth mankind. Be comforted therefore, my daughter, and content yourself with your dominion over so many other heroes and Immortals.

As he spoke these words, he smiled on Venus with the utmost grace and majesty. Rays, as bright as the most piercing lightning, shot from his eyes. As he fondly kissed the Goddess, he shed ambrosial odours which perfumed Olympus. Venus could not but be sensible to this salute of the greatest of the Gods. Notwithstanding her tears and her grief, joy diffused itself over her face, and she let down her veil to hide the blush on her cheeks, and her confusion. All the assembly of the Gods applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without losing a moment, went to find Neptune, to concert with him the means of revenging herself on Telemachus.

She related to Neptune what Jupiter had said to her. I knew before, answered Neptune, the unalterable decree of destiny; but if we cannot destroy Telemachus in the billows, let us at least try all methods to make him miserable, and to retard his

return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to wreck the Phœnician ship wherein he is embarked : I love the Phœnicians ; they are my people ; no country cultivates my empire like them ; to them it is owing that the sea is become the bond of the union of all the nations of the earth ; they honour me by continual sacrifices on my altars ; they are just, wise and industrious in trade, and every where diffuse riches and plenty. No, Goddess, I cannot suffer one of their ships to be wrecked ; but I will cause the pilot to lose his way, and to steer far from Ithaca, whither he designs to go. Venus, satisfied with his promise, smiled maliciously, and returned in her flying cart to the blooming meadows of Idalia, where the Graces, the Sports and the Smiles express their joy to see her again, dancing around her on the flowers which perfume this enchanting abode.

Neptune immediately dispatched a deceitful Deity of the same nature as dreams, save only that dreams do not deceive but during the time of sleep, whereas this Deity enchants the senses of those who are awake. This evil God, surrounded by an innumerable crowd of winged illusions, that hovered around him, came and shed a subtle and enchanted liquor on the eyes of the pilot Athamas, as he was attentively viewing the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, whose steep rocks he already discovered near him. The same instant the pilot's eyes no longer saw any thing that was real. A false heaven and a false earth were presented to him. The stars seemed as if they had changed their course, and were rolled back again. All Olympus appeared to move by new laws, and the earth itself was changed. A false Ithaca perpetually presented itself to the pilot to amuse him, whilst he was steering from the true. The nearer he approached to this illusive image of the coast of the island, the farther this image retired ; it perpetually fled before him, and he knew not what to think of its flight. Sometimes he fancied that he already heard the noise usual

in ports, and prepared, according to the orders he had received, to land privately in a little island which is near the great one, to conceal Telemachus's return from Penelope's suitors, who had formed a conspiracy against him. Sometimes he was afraid of the rocks with which this coast of the sea is bordered, and fancied that he heard the terrible roaring of the billows breaking against them. Then all of a sudden he observed that the land seemed still a great way off. The mountains appeared to his eyes at this distance but like little clouds, which sometimes darken the horizon at the setting of the sun. Thus was Athamas astonished, and the impression of the delusive Deity which bewitched his eyes, sunk his spirits to a degree which he had never experienced before. He was even tempted to believe that he was not awake, but under the delusion of a dream. Mean while Neptune commanded the east-wind to blow, to drive the ship on the coast of Hesperia. The wind obeyed with so much violence, that the bark quickly reached the shore which Neptune had appointed.

Already was Aurora ushering in the day, and the stars, which dread and are jealous of the rays of the sun, were going to hide their glimmering fires in the ocean, when the pilot cried out, I can at length no longer doubt it, we almost touch the island of Ithaca: rejoice, Telemachus; you in an hour will see Penelope again, and perhaps find Ulysses, re-seated on his throne.

At these words, Telemachus, who was motionless in the arms of sleep, awakes, starts up, goes to the helm, embraces the pilot, and with eyes yet hardly open surveys attentively the neighbouring coasts, and sighs when he finds not the shores of his native country. Alas! where are we? said he: this is not my dear Ithaca; you are mistaken, Athamas, and not well acquainted with a coast so remote from your own. No, no, replied Athamas, I cannot be mistaken when I view the

shores of this island. How many times have I entered your port ! I know even its smallest rocks ; the coast of Tyre is hardly deeper imprinted on my memory. Observe yon jutting mountain ; see that rock which rises like a tower ; do you not hear the billows breaking against those other rocks which seem to menace the sea with their fall ? But do you not take notice of that temple of Minerva which cleaves the clouds ? Lo ! there is the castle and house of your father Ulysses. O Athamas ! you are mistaken, answered Telemachus : I see on the contrary an high but level coast ; I perceive a city which is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye Gods ! that you sport with mankind !

Whilst he was speaking these words, the eyes of Athamas were all of a sudden restored ; the charm was broken ; he saw the coast such as it really was, and acknowledged his error. I own, Telemachus, cried he, that some malicious Deity had enchanted my eyes : I thought that I beheld Ithaca, and a perfect image of it was presented to me ; but now it vanishes like a dream. I see another city, which is undoubtedly Salentum, that Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, has lately founded in Hesperia. I perceive its rising and as yet unfinished walls ; I see a port that is not entirely fortified.

Whilst Athamas was observing the various buildings lately erected in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his fate, the wind which Neptune caused to blow, drove them full sail into a road where they were under shelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of Neptune's revenge, nor of the cruel artifice of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they were in this road, he said to Telemachus : Jupiter tries you, but wills not your destruction ; on the contrary, he only tries you to open the path of glory to you. Remember the labours of Hercules, and let those of your father be continually before your



eyes. Who knows not to suffer, has not a noble soul. You must by your patience and fortitude weary out the cruel fortune, that delights to persecute you. I am less apprehensive for you of the most dreadful frowns of Neptune, than I was of the flattering caresses of the Goddess who detained you in her island. What do we wait for? Let us enter the port; these people are friends; we arrive among Greeks: Idomeneus, who has been ill used by fortune, will pity the unfortunate. Upon this, they entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnician ship was admitted without any difficulty, because the Phœnicians are at peace and trade with all nations of the world.

Telemachus beheld this rising city with admiration. As a tender plant which has been nourished by the sweet dews of the night, and feels in the morning the embellishing rays of the sun, thrives and opens its tender buds, and expands its verdant foliage, and discloses its odorous blossoms with a thousand new colours, and displays, every moment one views it, a fresh lustre; so flourished Idomeneus's new city on the seashore: each day each hour, it rose with magnificence, and presented strangers who were afar off on the sea, with new ornaments of architecture which reached even to the heavens. The whole coast rung with the clamours of the workmen, and the strokes of the hammers; stones were suspended in the air by corded cranes. All the chiefs animated the people to labour, as soon as Aurora dawned; and king Idomeneus, giving orders every where himself, caused the works to advance with incredible speed.

The Phœnician ship was hardly arrived, but the Cretans gave Telemachus and Mentor all the marks of a sincere friendship, and made haste to inform Idomeneus of the arrival of the son of Ulysses. The son of Ulysses! cried he; of Ulysses, that dear friend, that wise hero, by whom we at last subverted the city of Troy! Conduct him hither, and let me con-

vince him how much I loved his father. Telemachus was immediately presented to him, and claims the rites of hospitality by telling him his name. Idomeneus answered with a courteous smiling countenance, Though I had not been told who you are, I think that I should have known you. Lo! there is Ulysses himself. Lo his sparkling eyes, and steady looks. Lo his air, at first cold and reserved, which concealed so much sprightliness and such numberless graces. I perceive even that delicate smile, that careless action, that sweetness, simplicity and insinuation of speech, which persuaded before one had time to suspect it. Yes, you are the son of Ulysses, but you shall be mine also. O my son! my dear son! what adventure brings you to this shore? is it to seek your father? Alas! I have no tidings of him. We have both been persecuted by fortune; he has had the misfortune of not being able to find his country again, and I that of finding mine filled with the wrath of the Gods against me. While Idomeneus was speaking these words, he looked stedfastly upon Mentor, as one whose face was not unknown to him, but whose name he could not recollect.

Telemachus answered with tears in his eyes : O king ! pardon a sorrow which I cannot conceal at a time when I ought only to express my joy and gratitude for your goodness. By your lamenting the lost Ulysses, you yourself teach me to feel the misfortune of not finding my father. I have long been seeking him in every sea; but the angry Gods neither permit me to see him again, nor to learn if he be wrecked, nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope is pining away with the desire of being delivered from her suitors. I thought I should have found you in the island of Crete; I was there informed of your hard fate, and little imagined that I should ever have come near to Hesperia, where you have founded a new kingdom. But fortune, who sports with mankind, and continues me a vagrant in every land remote from

Ithaca, has at length thrown me on your coasts. And of all the wrongs she has done me, this is that which I bear the most willingly. Though she drives me far from my native country, she at least gives me to know the most generous of princes.

At these words Idomeneus tenderly embraced Telemachus, and leading him to his palace, said, Pray, who is this wise senior who accompanies you? I have, methinks, seen him before. It is Mentor, replied Telemachus, Mentor the friend of Ulysses, who entrusted him with the care of my infancy. What tongue can express my obligations to him!

Upon this, Idomeneus advances and takes Mentor by the hand. We have, said he, seen one another before now. Do you remember the voyage you made to Crete, and the good counsels you gave me? But the warmth of youth at that time, and an appetite for vain pleasures, hurried me away; it was necessary for me to be instructed by my misfortunes, to learn what I was unwilling to believe. O wise old man, would to the Gods, that I had followed your advice! But I observe with astonishment, that you are hardly at all altered in so many years; you have the same freshness of countenance, the same upright stature, the same vigour; your hair only is a little whitened.

O mighty king, answered Mentor, were I a flatterer, I should tell you also that you still retain the same flower of youth which bloomed on your face before the siege of Troy; but I had rather displease you than wound the truth. Besides, I see by your wise discourse that you do not love flattery, and that one runs no risk in speaking to you with sincerity. You are very much altered; I should hardly have known you again. I plainly perceive the cause; it is your having laid your afflictions to heart. But you have gained by your sufferings, since you have acquired wisdom. A man should not be much concerned at the wrinkles which overspread his face, when his heart is exercised and strengthened in virtue.

And then you must know that kings always decay sooner than other men. In adversity, the troubles of the mind and the toils of the body make them grow old before their time: in prosperity, the pleasures of a luxurious life wear them away still faster than all the fatigues of war; for nothing is so unhealthful as immoderate pleasures. Hence it is that princes, both in peace and war, have always pains and pleasures which bring on old age before its natural season. Whereas a life of sobriety, temperance and simplicity, free from disquietudes and passions, regular and laborious, preserves in the limbs of a wise man the sprightly vigour of youth, which without these precautions is always ready to take its flight on the wings of time.

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's discourse, would have heard him a long while, had he not been put in mind of a sacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him, surrounded by a great crowd of people, who gazed at the two strangers with great curiosity and eagerness. The Salentines said one to another: These two men are very different. The young one has something wonderfully lively and amiable; all the charms of youth and beauty are diffused over his face and body: but this beauty has nothing soft nor effeminate; with this tender bloom of youth he appears vigorous, robust, and hardened to labour. The other, though much older, has lost nothing of his strength. His mien seems at first sight less majestic, and his countenance less graceful; but when one views him near, one finds in his simplicity the marks of wisdom and virtue, with an astonishing elevation of soul. When the Gods descended to the earth to reveal themselves to mortals, they undoubtedly assumed such forms of strangers and travellers.

Mean time they arrive at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from that God, had adorned with great magnificence. It was surrounded with a double row of green marble pillars. The capitals were silver. The temple was all



incrusted with marble, with bas-reliefs, representing Jupiter's transformation into a bull, the rape of Europa, and her passage to Crete through the waves, which seemed to reverence Jupiter, though he was in a borrowed shape. Afterwards were seen the birth and youthful age of Minos; and then that wise king, more advanced in years, giving laws to all his island to make it flourish for ever. Here also Telemachus observed the principal events of the siege of Troy, in which Idomeneus had acquired the glory of a great captain. Among the representations of the battles, he looked for his father; he found him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had just slain; afterwards disputing with Ajax for the arms of Achilles before an assembly of all the chiefs of the Grecian army; and lastly issuing from the fatal horse to shed the blood of numberless Trojans.

Telemachus immediately knew him by these famous actions of which he had often heard, and which Mentor had related to him. The tears flowed from his eyes, his colour changed, and his countenance was disordered. Idomeneus perceived it, though Telemachus turned aside to conceal his grief. Be not ashamed, said Idomeneus, to let us see how much you are affected with the glory and misfortunes of your father.

Mean time the people assembled in crowds under the vast porticoes formed by the double row of pillars which environed the temple. There were two companies of boys and girls singing hymns in praise of the God who holds the thunder in his hands. These children, who were selected for their extraordinary beauty, had long hair flowing over their shoulders; their heads were crowned with roses and perfumed, and they were all clad in white. Idomeneus offered a sacrifice of an hundred bulls to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war which he had undertaken against his neighbours. The blood of the victims smoaked on all sides, and streamed like rivers into deep vases of gold and silver.

Old Theophanes, beloved of the Gods, and the priest of the temple, kept his head during the sacrifice wrapped up in the lappet of his purple robe. He afterwards consulted the yet panting entrails of the victims; and then ascending the sacred tripod, Ye, Gods! cried he, who are these two strangers whom heaven sends hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would be fatal to us, and Salentum would fall into ruins before its foundations were well finished. I see a young hero whom wisdom leads by the hand; it is not permitted to a mortal mouth to utter more.

As he spoke these words, his looks were wild, and his eyes sparkled; he seemed to gaze on other objects than those which were present before him; his face flamed; he was disordered and beside himself; his hair stood upright, his mouth foamed, his arms were raised and motionless, his loudened voice was more than human; he was out of breath, and could not contain within him the divine spirit which possessed him.

O happy Idomeneus! cried he again, what do I see! what evils avoided! what a sweet peace at home, but abroad what battles! what victories! O Telemachus, thy toils surpass those of thy father; the proud foe groans in the dust beneath thy sword; the brazen gates, the inaccessible ramparts fall at thy feet. O mighty Goddess! let his father——  
O young man! thou at length again shalt see——  
At those words his speech dies in his mouth, and he remains, as it were in spite of himself, amazingly silent.

All the people are frozen with fear; Idomeneus trembles, and dares not ask him to make an end of his speech. Telemachus himself is surprised, hardly understands what he hears, and can scarcely believe that he has heard those glorious predictions. Mentor was the only one whom the divine spirit did not terrify. You hear, said he to Idomeneus, the purpose of the Gods: Against whatever nation you fight,

the victory will be yours, and you will owe to the young son of your friend the success of your arms. Be not jealous of him, but make a right use of what the Gods give you by him.

Idomeneus, not being yet recovered from his surprise, sought for words in vain; his tongue continued motionless. Telemachus, coming sooner to himself, said to Mentor, The promise of so much glory affects me not; but, pray, to what can these last words refer, Thou again shalt see? To my father, or to Ithaca only? Why, alas! did he not proceed? He has left me more doubtful than I was. O Ulysses! O my father! is it you yourself whom I am to see again? can it be true? But I flatter myself: cruel oracle! thou delightest to sport with a miserable wretch; one word more, and I had been compleatly happy.

Mentor said to him, Revere what the Gods reveal, and do not attempt to pry into things which they are pleased to hide: rash curiosity deserves to be put to confusion. It is through wisdom and goodness that the Gods wrap up the fates of feeble mortals in an impenetrable night. It is useful to foresee what depends on us, that we may perform it well; but it is not less useful to be ignorant of what does not depend on our care, and of what the Gods design to do with us.

Telemachus, touched with these words, contained himself, though not without great difficulty. Idomeneus, who was recovered from his surprise, began on his part to give thanks to almighty Jupiter for sending him the young Telemachus and the wise Mentor, to make him victorious over his enemies. After a sumptuous repast, which followed the sacrifice, he thus addressed the two strangers:

I confess that I was not sufficiently versed in the art of government at my return to Crete, after the siege of Troy. You know, my dear friends, the misfortunes which robbed me of my crown in that great island, as you say that you have been there since I departed from it. And yet am I happy, abun-

dantly happy, if my most cruel disasters have instructed and made me wiser. I crossed the seas like a fugitive, pursued by the vengeance of Gods and men. All my former glory served but to make my fall the more ignominious and the more insupportable. I came to shelter my household Gods on this desert coast, where I found nothing but lands uncultivated and over-run with thorns and brambles, forests as old as the earth itself, and rocks which were almost inaccessible, and which served for a harbour to the savage beasts. And yet was I reduced to the necessity of being glad to possess, with the handful of soldiers and companions who were so kind as to accompany me in my misfortunes, this savage land, and to make it my country; despairing of ever seeing that happy island again, where the Gods gave me to be born and to reign. Alas! said I to myself, what a change! what a fearful example am I to princes! I should be shewn to all the rulers of the world as a lesson of instruction to them. They fancy that they have nothing to fear, because of their elevation above the rest of men: alas! their very elevation is the cause of their having every thing to fear. I was formidable to my enemies, and beloved by my subjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike people; fame had founded my renown in the most distant nations; I reigned in a fertile and delightful island; an hundred cities paid me an annual tribute of their riches; my subjects acknowledged that I was descended from Jupiter, who was born in their country, and they loved me as the grandson of the wise Minos, whose laws make them so powerful and happy. What was wanting to my felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with moderation? But my pride and the adulation I listened to, subverted my throne. Thus will all kings fall, who give themselves up to their passions and to the counsels of flatterers. I endeavoured all the day to wear a face of cheerfulness and hope, to



keep up the spirits of my companions. Let us build, said I to them, a new city, which may make us amends for all our losses. We are surrounded by nations who have set us a good example for such an enterprise. We see Tarentum rising near us, a new kingdom founded by Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians. Philoctetes gives the name of Petilia to a great city which he is building on the same coast. Metapontum is also a colony of the like kind. Shall we do less than all these strangers who are wanderers as well as we? Fortune is not more rigorous to us.

While I endeavoured by these words to sweeten the toils of my companions, I concealed a deadly anguish in the bottom of my heart. It was some comfort to me when the day-light forsook, and night wrapped me in her shades, to be at liberty to bewail my wretched condition. Two floods of bitter tears would then stream from my eyes, and gentle slumber was a stranger to me. The next day I renewed my toils with fresh ardour. Lo the cause, Mentor, that you find me grown so old.

When Idomeneus had ended the relation of his miseries, he begged Telemachus and Mentor to assist him in the war wherein he was engaged. I will send you back, said he, to Ithaca as soon as the war is ended. Mean while I will send ships to all the most distant shores, to learn news of Ulysses. On what part soever of the known world storms or the anger of some Deity may have thrown him, I shall easily bring him from thence. The Gods grant that he be still alive! As for you, I will send you home with the best ships which were ever built in the island of Crete; they are built of timber felled on the true mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. This sacred wood is unperishable in the waves, and the winds and the rocks dread and revere it; nay, Neptune himself in his greatest rage is afraid to stir up the billows against it. Be assured therefore of returning happily and with-

out any difficulty to Ithaca, and that no adverse Deity will again be able to make you wander over so many seas. The passage is short and easy. Send away the Phœnician ship which brought you hither, and think only of acquiring the glory of establishing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to make him amends for all his misfortunes. 'Tis at this price, O son of Ulysses, that you will be deemed worthy of your father. Tho' rigorous Destiny should already have sent him down to Pluto's dreary realm, yet will all ravished Greece believe that it sees him again in you.

Here Telemachus interrupted Idomeneus. Let us send back the Phœnician ship, said he. Why do we delay to take arms and attack our enemies? They are become ours. If we were victorious when we fought in Sicily for Acestes, a Trojan and an enemy to Greece, shall we not be still more ardent and more favoured by the Gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who subverted the unrighteous city of Priam? The oracle we have just heard does not permit us to doubt it.

*End of the Ninth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Idomeneus informs Mentor of the grounds of the war against the Mandurians. He relates that those people had at first yielded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his city ; that they retired to the neighbouring mountains, where some of their nation having been ill-treated by a party of his, they had deputed two old-men to him, with whom he had settled articles of peace ; and that after an infractiion of this treaty by some of his subjects who were ignorant of it, these people were preparing to make war against him. During this relation of Idomeneus, the Mandurians, who had immediately taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought neuter, are against him in the army of the Mandurians. Mentor goes alone out of Salentum, to propose conditions of peace to the enemy.*

**M**ENTOR, looking with a mild and serene aspect on Telemachus, who was already fill'd with a noble ardour for battle, answered him thus : I am very glad, son of Ulysses, to see in you so laudable a passion for glory ; but remember that your

father did not obtain so much among the Greeks at the siege of Troy, but by showing himself to be the wisest and the most moderate among them. Achilles, tho' invincible and invulnerable, tho' sure of spreading terror and death wherever he fought, was not able to take the city of Troy; he fell himself beneath the walls of that city, which triumphed over the vanquisher of Hector. But Ulysses, whose prudence governed his courage, carried fire and sword amongst the Trojans, and to him is owing the fall of those high and haughty towers, which threatened for ten years together a confederacy of all Greece. As much as Minerva is superior to Mars, so much does a discrete and foreseeing valour surpass a hot and savage courage. Let us therefore begin by informing ourselves of the circumstances of this war which is to be carried on. I shall not shun any dangers: but I think, Idomeneus, that you should first let us see if your war be just; then against whom you make it; and lastly, on what forces you build your hopes of an happy event.

Idomeneus replied, When we arrived upon this coast, we found here a savage people, who wandered up and down the woods, and lived by hunting and on the fruits which the trees spontaneously produce. These people, who are called Mandurians, were affrighted at the sight of our ships and arms, and retired to the mountains; but as our soldiers were curious to see the country, and desirous to chase the stags, they met with these fugitive savages. Whereupon their chiefs bespoke them thus: We abandoned the pleasant sea-shores to yield them up to you, and have nothing left but almost inaccessible mountains; it is certainly reasonable that you should suffer us here to enjoy peace and liberty. We find you wandering, dispersed and weaker than we, and have it in our power to kill you, and to conceal even the very knowledge of your fate from your companions; but we would not dip our hands in the blood of those who are men as well as we. Retire,



and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity; remember that it is from a people whom you style rude and savage, that you receive this lesson of moderation and generosity.

Those of our men who were thus sent back by those barbarians, returned to the camp, and related what had befallen them. The soldiers were enraged at it; being ashamed that Cretans should owe their lives to a band of fugitives, who seemed to them more like bears than men. They went to hunt in greater numbers than before, and with all sorts of arms, and quickly met with the savages, and attacked them. The combat was bloody; the arrows flying from each party as hail falls in a field during a storm. The savages were forced to retire to their steep mountains, where our men did not dare to pursue them.

A little while after, these people sent to me two of their wisest old men, who came to sue for peace, and brought me presents of the skins of some wild beasts which they had killed, and of the fruits of their country. After they had presented them to me, they spoke thus:

O king, we hold, as thou seest, the sword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other (and indeed they held them both in their hands); there is peace or war; take thy choice; we should choose peace. It was for her sake we were not ashamed to yield to thee the pleasant sea-coast, where the sun fertilizes the earth, and produces such a variety of delicious fruits; peace is sweeter than fruits. It was for her that we retired to those lofty mountains, eternally covered with ice and snow, where we never see the flowers of the spring, nor the rich product of autumn. We abhor that brutality which, under the specious names of ambition and glory, madly ravages whole provinces, and sheds the blood of men, who are all brothers. If thou art affected by this false glory, we are far from envying thee; we pity thee, and beseech the Gods to preserve us from the

like madness. If the sciences which the Greeks are so careful to learn, and the politeness they boast of, inspire them only with this detestable injustice, we think ourselves very happy in not having those accomplishments; we shall always glory in being ignorant and barbarous, but just, humane, faithful, disinterested, accustomed to live on a little, and to despise the false delicacy which makes men want a great deal. What we esteem, is health, frugality, liberty, vigour of mind and body; it is the love of virtue, a reverence of the Gods, benevolence to our neighbours, zeal for our friends, fidelity to all mankind, moderation in prosperity, fortitude in adversity, courage always to speak the truth boldly, an abhorrence of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee for neighbours and allies. If the angry Gods blind thee so far as to make thee refuse peace, thou wilt find, but too late, that the men who through moderation love peace, are the most formidable in war.

While these old men were talking to me thus, I was unwearied with looking upon them. Their beards were long and uncouth, their hair shorter and hoary, their eye-brows bushy, their eyes lively, their looks and countenance resolute, their speech grave and full of authority, and their manners plain and ingenuous. The furs which served them for cloaths, being tied in a knot on their shoulders, one saw more nervous arms and larger muscles than those of our wrestlers. My answer to these two envoys was, that I desired peace. We with the utmost candour settled several articles between us; we called all the Gods to witness them, and I sent these two men back with presents. But the Gods, who drove me from the kingdom of my ancestors, were not yet weary with persecuting me. Our hunters, who could not so soon be informed of the peace we had concluded, meeting the same day a large body of these barbarians, who accompanied their envoys in their return from our camp, attacked

them with fury, killed some of them, and pursued the rest to the woods. Thus is the war kindled again. These barbarians believe that they can no longer rely on our promises or oaths.

To strengthen themselves against us, they have called to their assistance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Bruttians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum, Messapia and Brundisium. The Lucanians come with chariots armed with sharp scythes. Among the Apulians every one is covered with some skin of a wild beast which he has killed; they carry clubs full of great knots, and beset with spikes of iron; they are almost all of a gigantic stature, and their bodies are rendered so robust by the hard exercises to which they accustom themselves, that their very sight is frightful. The Locrians, who came from Greece, still savour of their origin, and are more humane than the others; but they have joined to the exact discipline of the Grecian troops the strength of the barbarians, and an habit of living hard, which makes them invincible. They have light wicker shields covered with skins, and long swords. The Bruttians are as swift in the race as the hart and the deer; one would think that even the tenderest grass were not depressed under their feet; they hardly leave any footsteps in the sand. They rush suddenly on the foe, and then disappear with equal rapidity. The people of Crotona are expert archers. A common man among the Greeks could not bend such a bow as one usually sees amongst the Crotonians; and should they ever apply themselves to our games, they will certainly obtain the prizes. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain venomous herbs, said to be brought from the banks of Avernus, whose poison is mortal. As for those of Neritum, Messapia and Brundisium, they are endued only with strength of body and valour without art. The outcries which they send even to the heavens, at the sight of the enemy, are terrible; they are pretty expert slingers, and darken the air  
with.

with showers of hurled stones, but they fight without any order. This, Mentor, is what you desired to be informed of; you now know the rise of this war, and who are our enemies.

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient to engage, thought nothing remained but to have recourse to arms. Mentor checked him again, and thus bespoke Idomeneus : Whence comes it that even the Locrians, a people of Greek extraction, joined themselves to barbarians against Greeks ? Whence comes it that so many colonies flourish on this coast of the sea, without having the same wars as you to maintain ? O Idomeneus, you say that the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you, and I say that they have not yet thoroughly instructed you. The many evils you have suffered have not yet taught you what ought to be done to prevent a war. What you yourself relate of the integrity of these barbarians, suffices to shew that you might have lived in peace with them ; but haughtiness and pride draw on the most dangerous wars. You might have given them hostages, and taken some of them ; it had been an easy thing to have sent some of your chiefs with their ambassadors to conduct them back in safety. And since this renewal of the war, you should have pacified them again, by representing that your people had attacked them for want of knowing of the treaty which had just been sworn to ; you should have offered them any security they might have demanded, and should have decreed severe punishments against such of your subjects as should break the alliance. But what has happened since this beginning of the war ?

I thought, replied Idomeneus, that it would be mean in us to sue to these barbarians, who had presently assembled all their fighting men, and had implored the assistance of all the neighbouring nations, to whom they rendered us suspected and odious. It



seemed to me that our safest course was immediately to seize on certain defiles in the mountains, which were ill-guarded. We seized them without any difficulty, and thereby put ourselves in a condition to harass the barbarians. Here I have caused towers to be erected, from which our troops can with their arrows oppress all our enemies who may attempt to come from the mountains into our country; and we can enter into theirs, and ravage, whenever we please, their principal settlements. By this means we are able with unequal forces to resist the innumerable multitude of enemies which surround us. In fine, a peace between them and us is become very difficult; for we cannot give up these towers to them, without exposing ourselves to their incursions, and they look upon them as citadels, which we design to make use of to reduce them to slavery.

Mentor answered Idomeneus thus: You are a wise king, and desire to be told the truth without any softenings. You are not like those weak men, who are afraid to view it, and who, for want of resolution and magnanimity to correct their errors, use their authority only to maintain those they have committed. Know therefore that this barbarous people gave you an admirable lesson, when they came to you to sue for peace. Was it through weakness that they sued for it? Did they want courage or forces to oppose you? You see that they did not, since they are so inured to the hardships of war, and supported by so many formidable neighbours. Why did you not imitate their moderation? Mistaken notions of shame and honour have plunged you into these evils. You were afraid of making your enemies too haughty; but you were not afraid of making them too powerful, by uniting so many nations against you by a haughty unjust conduct. Of what use are the towers you so much boast of, but to lay all your neighbours under a necessity of perishing, or of causing you to perish, to save themselves from approaching slavery? You

erected these towers only for your own security, and it is by these very towers that you are brought into such imminent danger. The safest bulwark of a state is justice, moderation, integrity, and the assurance your neighbours have of your being incapable of usurping their territories. The strongest walls may fall by divers unforeseen accidents, and fortune is capricious and fickle in war : but the love and confidence of your neighbours, when they have experienced your moderation, render your state invincible, and almost always prevent its being attacked ; and though an unjust neighbour should attack it, all others, being interested in its preservation, immediately take arms in its defence. This assistance of so many nations, who find their true interest in supporting yours, would have made you much more powerful than these towers, which render your evils incurable. Had you at first taken care to prevent the jealousy of all your neighbours, your rising city would have flourished in an happy peace, and you would have been the arbiter of all the nations of Hesperia. But let us confine ourselves at present to inquire how you may retrieve the past by the future. You began with telling me that there are several Greek colonies on this coast. Now they must be disposed to assist you ; they have not forgot either the great reputation of Minos the son of Jupiter, or your own labours at the siege of Troy, where you so often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the common quarrel of all Greece. Why do you not try to induce these colonies to espouse your cause ?

They are all resolved, replied Idomeneus, to remain neuter. Not but that they had some inclination to assist me ; but the too great lustre which this city had from its birth, has alarmed them. These Greeks, as well as the other nations, were afraid that we had designs on their liberty. They fancied, that after subduing the barbarians of the mountains, we should push our ambition further. In a word, they are all against

us: even they who do not openly engage in the war, wish to see us humbled; jealousy leaves us not a single ally.

Strange misfortune! replied Mentor: by endeavouring to appear too powerful, you ruin your power; and while you are abroad the object of the fear and hatred of your neighbours, you exhaust yourself at home by the efforts which are necessary to support such a war. O unhappy, thrice unhappy Idomeneus, whom even such misfortunes have instructed but by halves! Do you need a second fall, to learn to foresee the evils which threaten the greatest kings? Come, leave this affair to me; do you only give me a particular account of these Greek cities that refuse to enter into an alliance with you.

The chief, replied Idomeneus, is the city of Tarentum, founded three years since by Phalantus. He collected together a great number of young men, born of women who forgot their husbands during the Trojan war. When the husbands returned, their wives endeavoured to pacify them, and disowned their crimes. These numerous youths, who were born out of wedlock, and knew neither father nor mother, lived in a boundless licentiousness; and the severity of the laws restraining their disorders, they united under Phalantus, a bold, intrepid and ambitious chief, who had won their hearts by his artifices. He came to this shore with these young Laconians, where they have made Tarentum a second Lacedæmon. On the other side, Philoctetes, who acquired such great renown at the siege of Troy by carrying the arrows of Hercules thither, has built in this neighbourhood the walls of Petilia, less powerful indeed, but more wisely governed than Tarentum. And lastly we have hard by us the city of Metapontum, founded by the sage Nestor and his Pylians.

How! replied Mentor, is Nestor in Hesperia, and have you not been able to engage him in your interest? Nestor, who has so often seen you combat against

the Trojans, and whose friend you were ! I lost his friendship, answered Idomeneus, by the artifice of these people, who have nothing of barbarous but the name ; they have been artful enough to persuade him that I designed to make myself the tyrant of Hesperia. We will undeceive him, said Mentor. Telemachus visited him at Pylos, before he came to settle his colony, and before we undertook our long voyages in quest of Ulysses. He cannot yet have forgot this hero, nor the marks of affection which he gave his son Telemachus. But the main thing is to cure him of his jealousy. It was by the umbrage given to all your neighbours, that this war was kindled, and it is by removing these vain surmises that it may be extinguished. Once more, I say, leave the management of this affair to me.

At these words Idomeneus embracing Mentor, dissolved into tears, and was not able to speak. At length he with difficulty uttered these words : O wise senior, sent by the Gods to repair all my errors ! I confess that I should have been provoked at any other who should have spoken so freely to me as you have done ; I confess that you alone could induce me to sue for peace. I was resolved to perish, or to conquer all my enemies ; but it is fit to be guided by your counsels rather than by my passion. O happy Telemachus ! you can never go astray like me, since you have such a guide. You, Mentor, may do what you please ; the wisdom of the Gods resides in you ; even Minerva herself could not give more salutary counsels. Go, promise, conclude, yield up all that I have ; Idomeneus will consent to all that you shall think proper to do.

While they were thus discoursing together, there was suddenly heard a confused noise of chariots, neighing of horses, terrible outcries of men and trumpets, which filled the air with their martial clangors. The general cry is, Lo ! the enemy has made a large circuit to avoid the guarded defiles ! Lo ! they come to besiege Salentum ! The old men and



the women are in the utmost consternation. Alas ! said they, did we forsake our dear country, the fruitful Crete, and follow an unhappy prince through so many seas, to found a city which will be laid in ashes like Troy ? They saw from the tops of their new-erected walls, in the spacious plain below the helmets, cuirasses and shields of the enemy glitter in the sun ; their eyes were dazzled with them. They also beheld bristling pikes that covered the earth, as it is covered by a plentiful harvest, which Ceres prepares in the fields of Enna in Sicily, during the heat of the summer, to reward the husbandman for all his toils. They already perceived the chariots armed with sharp scythes, and could easily distinguish every nation which was come to this war.

Mentor ascended an high tower to have a better view of them. Idomeneus and Telemachus followed close behind him. He was hardly arrived but he perceived on one side Philoctetes, and on the other Nestor with his son Pisistratus. Nestor was easily known by his venerable old age. How ! cried Mentor, you imagined, Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Nestor would be satisfied with not assisting you : lo ! they have taken arms against you. And if I am not mistaken, those other troops which march so slowly and in such good order, are Lacedæmonians commanded by Phalantus. All are against you : there is not a single neighbour on this coast, whom you have not made your enemy without designing it.

This said, Mentor descends in haste from the tower ; he goes to a gate in that part of the city towards which the enemy was advancing ; he orders it to be opened, and Idomeneus, surprised at the majesty with which he does these things, does not dare even to ask him his design. Mentor makes a sign with his hand that nobody should follow him, and goes to meet the enemy, who were surprised to see a single person presenting himself before them. He at a distance shewed them an olive branch as a sign of peace ; and when he was near enough to be heard, he

desired them to convene all their chiefs. The chiefs immediately assembled, and he bespoke them thus:

Generous assembly of so many nations which flourish in rich Hesperia, I know that you are not come hither but for the common cause of liberty. I commend your zeal: but give me leave to represent to you an easy way to preserve the liberty and honour of all your people, without an effusion of human blood.

O Nestor, O sage Nestor, whom I see in this assembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is even to those who undertake it justly, and under the protection of the Gods. War is the greatest of evils with which the Gods afflict mankind. You will never forget what the Greeks suffered for ten years together before unhappy Troy. What divisions among their chiefs! What fickleness of fortune! What havock of the Greeks by the hands of Hector! What distress occasioned by this war in all the most powerful cities, during the absence of their kings! At their return some were shipwrecked at the promontory of Caphareus, and others met a dreadful death even in the bosom of their wives. Ye Gods! it was therefore in your anger that you armed Greece for this celebrated expedition. O ye nations of Hesperia, may the Gods never give you so fatal a victory! Troy indeed lies in ashes; but it had been better for the Greeks, were it still in all its glory, and the effeminate Paris in the enjoyment of his infamous amour with Helena. O Philoctetes, so long miserable and deserted in the isle of Lemnos, are you not afraid of meeting the like calamities in a like war? I know the Laconians have likewise experienced the troubles occasioned by the long absence of the princes, captains and soldiers, who went against the Trojans. O ye Greeks, who are come into Hesperia, your coming hither was only a continuation of the calamities which sprung from the Trojan war.

Having spoken thus, Mentor went towards the Pylians; and Nestor, who knew him again, advanced also to salute him. O Mentor, said he, it is with pleasure that I see you again. It is many years since I saw you first at Phocis; you were but fifteen, and yet I then foresaw that you would be as wise as you have since approved yourself to be. But what adventure has brought you to these parts? Pray, what is your expedient to put an end to this war? Idomeneus has constrained us to attack him. We desire nothing but peace; each of us had urgent reasons to wish for it; but we can no longer be safe with him. He has violated all his promises with regard to his nearest neighbours. Peace with him would not be a peace; it would only give him an opportunity to break our league, which is our only resource. He has discovered to all other nations his ambitious design of enslaving them, and has left us no means of defending our liberty, but by endeavouring to overturn his new kingdom. His treachery has reduced us to the necessity of destroying him, or of receiving the yoke of bondage from him. If you can find any expedient whereby we may safely confide in him, and be assured of a good peace, all the nations you see here will gladly lay down their arms, and we shall own with joy that you surpass us in wisdom.

Mentor replied, You know, sage Nestor, that Ulysses intrusted his son Telemachus to my care. The youth, impatient to learn the fortune of his father, visited you at Pylos; and you received him with all the kindness he could expect from his father's faithful friend; you even gave him your own son to conduct him on his way. He afterwards undertook long voyages by sea, and has been in Sicily, Egypt, the island of Cyprus, and that of Crete. The winds, or rather the Gods, have thrown him on this coast, as he was endeavouring to return to Ithaca. We arrive in a happy minute to prevent the horror of a cruel war. It is no longer Idomeneus, it is the

son of the wise Ulysses, it is I who am answerable to you for every thing which shall be promised.

While Mentor was discoursing thus with Nestor in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans in arms, were looking at him from the walls of Salentum; carefully observing how all that Mentor said was received, and wishing that they could hear the wise conversation of these two seniors. Nestor had always been reputed the most experienced and the most eloquent of all the kings of Greece. During the siege of Troy, it was he that restrained the boiling wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the fierceness of Ajax, and the impetuous courage of Diomedes. Soft persuasion flow'd from his lips like a stream of honey; his voice alone was heard by all these heroes; all were silent as soon as he opened his mouth, and there was none but he who could appease the fierce dissensions of the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilly age; but his words were still full of strength and sweetness. He related things past to instruct the youth by his experience; and though he was a little slow of speech, his relations were graceful.

This senior, who was the admiration of all Greece, seemed to have lost all his eloquence and majesty, as soon as Mentor was seen in his company. He looked withered and broken with age; whereas time seemed to have respected the strength and vigour of Mentor's constitution. Mentor's words, though grave and plain, had a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in the other. All that he said was concise, exact and nervous. He never said the same thing twice, nor ever related any thing but what was necessary to the decision of the affair in debate. If he was obliged to speak several times of the same thing, to inculcate it, or to persuade, he did it by new turns and lively comparisons. He had also I know not what of complaisance and sprightliness, when he would accommodate himself to the wants of others, and insinuate any truth into them. These two ve-



nerable men were an affecting sight to this assembly of so many nations. Whilst all the allies, who were the enemies of Salentum, pressed one upon another to have a nearer view of them, and to hear their wise discourses; Idomeneus and all his people endeavoured by their greedy eager looks to discover the meaning of their gestures and of the air of their faces.

*End of the Tenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the ELEVENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, desirous of knowing what passes between Mentor and the allies, causes the gates of Salentum to be opened to him, and goes to Mentor. His presence helps to induce the allies to accept of the conditions of peace which Mentor proposed to them. Idomeneus, whom Mentor sends for from the city to the army, consents to all that had been agreed upon. Hostages are mutually given; a common sacrifice is offered between the city and the camp to confirm this alliance, and the kings enter as friends into Salentum.*

AND now Telemachus, being grown impatient, steals from the multitude that surrounds him, runs to the gate at which Mentor went out, and with authority commands it to be opened. Idomeneus, who thought him by his side, is presently surprised to see him running across the plain, and already near to Nestor. Nestor knows him again, and advances, though with slow and heavy steps, to meet him. Telemachus embraces and holds him locked in his arms without speaking. At length he cries, O my father (I do not scruple to call you so), the misfortune of not finding my real father, and the benefits you have conferr'd upon me, give me a right to make

use of so endearing a name. O my father, my dear father, do I see you again ! O may I thus behold Ulysses ! If any thing could make me amends for the loss of him, it would be the finding another Ulysses in you.

At these words Nestor could not retain his tears. And he felt a secret joy at seeing those which flowed with wonderful grace down the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, sweetness and noble confidence of this young stranger, who without any precaution passed through so many troops of enemies, surprised the allies. Is he not, said they, the son of the old man who is come to speak to Nestor ! They without doubt have both the same wisdom, though their ages are very different. In one, she as yet but blooms ; in the other, she bears an abundance of the ripest fruits.

Mentor, who was pleased to see the affection with which Nestor received Telemachus, made his advantage of this happy disposition. Lo the son of Ulysses, said he, so dear to all Greece, and so dear to you yourself, O sage Nestor ! Lo ! I deliver him up to you as an hostage, and as the most precious pledge which can be given you of the sincerity of Idomeneus's promises. You will easily suppose that I should not be willing that the son's destruction should follow that of the father, nor that the unhappy Penelope should reproach Mentor with sacrificing her son to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, who is come voluntarily to offer himself, and whom the Gods who are lovers of peace, send to you, I begin, O assembly of so many nations, to make you propositions for establishing a solid and everlasting peace.

At the word peace, a confused noise was heard from rank to rank. All these different nations murmured with rage, thinking that it was all lost time while the combat was delayed, and that all these speeches were made only to blunt their fury, and to let their prey escape. The Mandurians in particular were enraged that Idomeneus should hope to deceive them

again; they often attempted to interrupt Mentor, through an apprehension that his wise discourses might draw off their allies, and began to be suspicious of all the Greeks in the assembly. Mentor perceiving this, immediately increased their jealousy, in order to sow discord in the minds of all these nations.

I confess, said he, that the Mandurians have cause to complain, and to demand some reparation of the wrongs they have suffered; but it is not just on the other hand that the Greeks who settle colonies on this coast, should be suspected and hated by the old inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to be united together, in order to make themselves well treated by the other nations; their only business is to be moderate, and never to attempt to usurp the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus has had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but it is easy to cure you of all your suspicions. Telemachus and I offer ourselves as hostages, who will be answerable to you for Idomeneus's sincerity; we will remain in your hands, 'till all the things which shall be promised you, be faithfully performed. What provokes you, ye Mandurians, cried he, is, that the Cretan troops have seized on the defiles of your mountains by surprise, and are thereby able to enter, as often as they please, into the territories to which you retired, in order to leave to them the flat country on the sea-shore. These defiles, which the Cretans have fortified with high towers that are full of soldiers, are therefore the true ground of the war. Pray, tell me, is there any other?

Hereupon the chief of the Mandurians advanced, and spoke thus: What have we not done to avoid this war? The Gods are our witnesses that we did not renounce peace, 'till peace was irrecoverably banished from us by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and by their making it impossible for us to rely on their oaths. Infatuated nation! to reduce us against our will to the sad necessity of acting a desperate part against them, and of seeking our



safety in their destruction ! While they keep these defiles, we shall always think that they design to usurp our territories, and to reduce us to slavery. Were it true that they thought only to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be contented with what we readily gave up to them, and not persist in preserving the keys of a country, on whose liberty they had no ambitious designs. But you know them not, O wise senior ; it is our great misfortune to know them. Forbear, O beloved of the Gods, to retard a just and necessary war, without which Hesperia could never hope for a lasting peace. Ungrateful, false and cruel nation, whom the angry Gods sent amongst us to trouble our repose, and to chastise us for our crimes ! But having punished us, ye Gods ! you will revenge us : you will not be less righteous with regard to our enemies than to us.

At these words the whole assembly was greatly agitated, and Mars and Bellona seemed to go from rank to rank, re-kindling in their hearts the rage of war, which Mentor endeavoured to extinguish. He thus resumed his discourse :

Had I nothing but promises to offer to you, you might refuse to rely upon them ; but I offer you an undoubted and present security. If you are not satisfied with having Telemachus and me for hostages, you shall have twelve of the most eminent and valiant Cretans. But it is reasonable that you also should give hostages on your part ; for Idomeaneus, who sincerely desires peace, desires it without fear or cowardice ; he desires it, as you yourselves say that you desire it, through wisdom and moderation, but not through the love of an effeminate life, or a want of resolution at the prospect of the dangers with which war threatens mankind. He is ready to die or to conquer, but he prefers peace to the most shining victory ; he would be ashamed to be afraid of being vanquished, but he is afraid to be unjust, and is not ashamed to rectify what he has done amiss.

With sword in hand he offers peace, and does not desire imperiously to prescribe the conditions of it; for he values not a forced peace. He wishes for a peace with which all parties may be satisfied, which may put an end to all jealousies, allay all animosities, and remove all diffidence. In a word, Idomeneus entertains such sentiments as I am sure you desire he should: Nothing remains but to convince you of this, which will be no difficult matter, if you will hear me with a calm and unprejudiced mind.

Hear then, ye valiant people, and you, ye sage and well-united chiefs, hear what I offer you on the part of Idomeneus. As it is not just that he should have it in his power to enter into the dominions of his neighbours, nor that they should have it in their power to enter into his; he consents that the defiles which he has fortified with high towers, shall be guarded by neutral troops. You Nestor, and you Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; but on this occasion you have declared against Idomeneus: you cannot therefore be suspected of being too favourable to his interest. What animates you, is the common cause of the peace and liberty of Hesperia; be then the trustees and guardians of these passes which are the cause of the war. It is not less your interest to hinder the ancient inhabitants of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new colony of Greeks, like those which you have founded, than to hinder Idomeneus from usurping the territories of his neighbours. Hold the balance between them, and, instead of carrying fire and sword among a people whom you ought to love, reserve to yourselves the glory of being their judges and mediators. You will tell me that you should think these conditions admirable, if you could be assured that Idomeneus would faithfully perform them: I am going to satisfy you as to that.

The hostages I have mentioned will be a mutual security, 'till all the passes are pledged in your hands. When the safety of all Hesperia, when that of Salentum itself and of Idomeneus, is in your power, will

you not be satisfied ? Whom afterwards can you mistrust, except you mistrust yourselves ? You are afraid to confide in Idomeneus, and Idomeneus is so far from designing to deceive you, that he desires to confide in you. Yes, to you will he intrust the repose, the lives and liberties of himself and all his subjects. If it be true that you only wished for a good peace, lo ! she offers herself to you, and leaves you no pretence to draw back. Once again, imagine not that fear reduces Idomeneus to make you these offers ; it is wisdom and justice which engage him to take this step, without being in any pain whether you impute to weakness what he does out of a regard to virtue. At first he committed some errors, and he glories in acknowledging them by these proposals, wherein he prevents you. It is weakness, it is vanity, it is gross ignorance of our own interest, to hope to conceal our faults, by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtiness. Who owns his errors to his enemy, and offers to make satisfaction for them, thereby shows that he is become incapable of committing them, and that his adversary has every thing to apprehend from so wise and resolute a conduct, unless he concludes a peace. Take care lest you in your turn give him cause to lay the blame upon you. If you reject peace and justice which court you now, peace and justice will be revenged. Idomeneus, who had reason to fear that he should find the Gods incensed against him, will now have them on his side against you. Telemachus and I will fight in his just cause. I call all the Gods of heaven and hell to be witnesses of the equitable proposals I make you.

This said, Mentor lifted up his arm to show these numerous nations the olive branch, which he held in his hand as a sign of peace. The chiefs, who viewed him near, were surprised and dazzled at the divine fire which sparkled in his eyes. He appeared with a certain majesty and authority superior to every thing that is seen in the greatest of mortals. The enchantment of his sweet and powerful words ravished

their hearts; they were like those spells, which, in the profound silence of the night, suddenly arrest the moon and the stars in the midst of Olympus, calm the enraged sea, silence the winds and the waves, and suspend the course of the most rapid rivers.

Mentor was in the midst of these furious nations, like Bacchus, when he was surrounded by tygers, which forgetting their fierceness, and drawn by the force of his enchanting voice, came to lick his feet, and to fawn upon him. At first there was a profound silence through all the army. The commanders looked on one another, unable to withstand this man, or to conceive who he was. All the troops were motionless, and fastened their eyes upon him, not daring to speak lest he should have something more to say, and they should prevent his being heard. Though they could think of nothing to add to what he had said, they wished that he had spoken longer. All that he had uttered was as it were engraved on every heart. As he spoke, he gained their love, he gained their belief; every one was eager and waiting as it were to catch the least syllable that issued from his mouth.

At length, after a pretty long silence, there was heard a hollow noise that spread itself by degrees; it was no longer the confused clamour of people raging with indignation, but on the contrary a gentle friendly murmur. There was already seen in every face I know not what of serenity and mildness. The Mandurians, who were so much irritated, felt that their arms were dropping out of their hands. The fierce Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians were surprised to find their hearts so softened. The rest began to long for the happy peace which had been displayed before them. Philoctetes, having a quicker sense than others by the experience of his own misfortunes, could not suppress his tears. Nestor, who was so much transported with Mentor's discourse as not to be able to speak, tenderly embraced him; and all the people at once, as though it had been an appoint-



ed signal, immediately cried out, O wise old man, you disarm us ! peace ! peace !

Nestor presently attempted to speak ; but all the impatient soldiers, fearing that he was going to start some difficulty or other, cried out once again, Peace ! peace ! Nor could they be silenced 'till all the chiefs of the army joined their cry of peace ! peace !

Nestor, seeing that he had not the liberty to make a speech in form, contented himself with saying, You see, Mentor, the force of the words of a man of probity. When wisdom and virtue speak, they calm all the passions. Our just resentments are changed into friendship and desires of a lasting peace ; we accept of the peace you offer us. At the same time all the commanders held out their hands as a sign of consent.

Mentor run to the gate of Salentum to order it to be opened, and to let Idomeneus know that he might come out of the city without using any precautions. Nestor in the mean time embraced Telemachus, saying, Amiable son of the wisest of all the Greeks, may you be as wise and more happy than he ! Have you discovered nothing of his fortunes ? The remembrance of your father, whom you resemble, has been a means of stifling our indignation. Phalantus, though obdurate and savage, though he never saw Ulysses, was moved by his misfortunes and by those of his son. They were pressing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus and a train of all the Cretan youth.

At the sight of Idomeneus, the allies felt that their resentment was kindling again ; but the words of Mentor extinguished the fire when it was just ready to break out. Why do we delay, said he, to conclude this holy alliance, of which the Gods will be both witnesses and defenders ? May they avenge it, if ever any impious wretch should dare to violate it, and may all the terrible evils of war, instead of crushing the faithful and innocent people, fall on the perjured and execrable head of the ambitious man who shall

trample under foot the sacred rights of this alliance! May he be detested by Gods and men! May he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy! May the infernal Furies, in the most hideous forms, provoke his rage and despair! May he drop down dead without hopes of sepulture! May his body become a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in hell, in the deep gulph of Tartarus, be for ever more cruelly tortured than Tantalus, Ixion and the Danaids! Or rather, may this peace be as unshaken as the rocks of Atlas which support the heavens! May all these nations revere it, and enjoy its fruits from generation to generation! May the names of those who swear to it be mentioned with love and veneration by our latest posterity! May this peace, founded on justice and integrity, be the model of every peace which shall hereafter be made in all the countries of the world! and may all nations that desire to make themselves happy by uniting together, imitate the nations of Hesperia!

This said, Idomeneus and the other kings swore to the peace, on the conditions that had been agreed upon. Twelve hostages were given on each side. Telemachus insists on being one of the number of those given by Idomeneus; but Mentor is not permitted to be one, because the allies desire that he may remain with Idomeneus, in order to be answerable for his conduct and for that of his counsellors, 'till the entire execution of the things which were promised. An hundred heifers as white as snow were sacrificed between the city and the army, and as many bulls of the same colour, whose horns were gilt and adorned with garlands. The neighbouring mountains rang with the frightful bellowsings of the victims, which fell beneath the sacred knife. The smoking blood streamed every where. Exquisite wine was poured forth in abundance for the libations. The haruspices consulted the yet-panting entrails, and the priests burnt incense on the altar, which formed a thick cloud, and perfumed the whole country with its odours.

Mean while the soldiers on both sides, ceasing to view each other with hostile eyes, began to discourse together of their adventures; they already refreshed themselves after their toils, and had a foretaste of the sweets of peace. Several who had been with Idomeneus at the siege of Troy, knowing those of Nestor again who had fought in the same war, tenderly embraced each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, since they had destroyed the haughty city which was the ornament of all Asia. They were already laid down on the grass, were crowned with flowers, and drank the wine together which was brought in large vessels from the city, to celebrate so happy a day.

Of a sudden Mentor said, O princes, O assembled captains, you shall henceforth be but one people under different names and different chiefs. So the righteous Gods, who love mankind whom they made, are pleased to be the bond of their perfect union. All the human kind is but one family, dispersed over the face of the whole earth; all men are brothers, and ought to love each other as such. Curse on those impious wretches who seek a cruel glory in the blood of their brothers, which is their own blood! War indeed is sometimes necessary; but it is the shame of the human race that it is unavoidable on some occasions. Say not, princes, that it is desirable in order to acquire glory: true glory is not to be found beyond the limits of humanity. Who prefers his own glory to the feelings of humanity, is a monster of pride, and not a man: he will not even obtain more than a false glory; for true glory is found only in moderation and goodness. Men may flatter him to gratify his foolish vanity; but they will always say of him in private when they will speak sincerely, He merited glory so much, the less, as his passion for it was unreasonable. Mankind ought not to esteem him, since he so little esteemed mankind, and was prodigal of their blood through a brutal vanity. Happy

the prince who loves his people, and is loved by them; who confides in his neighbours, and is confided in by them; who, instead of making war against them, prevents their having wars with each other, and causes all foreign nations to envy the happiness of his subjects in having him for their king! Be mindful therefore to assemble together from time to time. O you who govern the most powerful cities of Hesperia, let there be a general meeting every three years of all the kings here present to renew this alliance by a fresh oath, to confirm your plighted friendship, and to consult about your common interests. While you continue united, you will enjoy, in this fine country, peace, glory and abundance: abroad you will always be invincible. Nothing but discord, which came from hell to plague mankind, can disturb the felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Nestor replied, You see by the readiness with which we make peace, how far we are from desiring to make war through vain glory, or an unreasonable lust of aggrandising ourselves at the expence of our neighbours. But what can we do when we border on a violent prince, who knows no law but his interest, and who loses no opportunity of invading the territories of other states? Think not that I speak of Idomeneus; no, I no longer entertain such a thought of him: it is Adrastus king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear. He despises the Gods, and imagines that all men who are born into the world, are born only to promote his glory by their servitude. He will have no subjects, of whom he may be the king and the father; he will have slaves and adorers. He causes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favoured his most unjust enterprises. We made haste to attack Salentum, to get rid of the weakest of our enemies, who had only begun to establish himself on this coast, in order to turn our arms afterwards against this more powerful foe. He



has already taken several cities from our allies. The Crotonians have lost two battles against him. He makes use of all sorts of means to gratify his ambition: force and fraud, all is equal to him, provided he crushes his enemies. He has amassed great treasures; his troops are disciplined and inured to war; his captains are experienced; he is well served; he continually has his eyes himself on all who act under him; he punishes the least faults severely, and liberally recompenses the services which are done him. His own valour supports and animates that of all his troops. He would be a most accomplished prince, if justice and integrity were the rules of his conduct; but he fears neither the Gods nor the reproaches of his conscience; he even reckons reputation as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain phantom, which restrains only weak minds; he deems nothing a real and solid good, but the possession of great riches, the being dreaded, and the trampling all mankind under foot. His army will soon appear upon our territories; and if the union of so many nations does not put us in a condition to oppose him, all hopes of liberty will be taken from us. It is Idomeneus's interest as well as ours, to resist this neighbour who can suffer nothing in his neighbourhood to be free. Were we vanquished, Salentum would be threatened with the same fate. Let us all therefore make haste to prevent him.

While Nestor was speaking thus, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal commanders to go and pass the night there.

*End of the Eleventh Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWELFTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Nestor, in the name of the allies, asks assistance of Idomeneus against the Daunians their enemies. Mentor, who is desirous to regulate the polity of the city of Salentum, and to inure the people to agriculture, orders matters so that they are satisfied with having Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor takes an exact survey of the city and the port, informs himself of every thing, and causes Idomeneus to make new regulations with regard to trade and government, to divide the people into seven classes, whose rank and birth he distinguishes by a diversity of habits, and to suppress luxury and useless arts, in order to employ the artificers in agriculture, which he renders honourable.*

THE whole army of the allies had now erected their tents, and the plain was covered with rich pavilions of all sorts of colours, in which the fatigued Hesperians were waiting for sleep. When the kings with their retinue were come into the city, they seemed surprised that so many magnificent edifices had been raised in so short a time, and that the incumbrance of so considerable a war had not hindered this infant city from rising and being embellished all at once.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded so fine a kingdom; and every one concluded that peace being made with him, the allies would be very powerful, if he would enter into their league against the Daunians. This was proposed to Idomeneus; he could not reject so reasonable a proposition, and promised a supply of troops. But as Mentor was not ignorant of any thing which is necessary to make a state flourish, he knew that the forces of Idomeneus could not be so considerable as they seemed to be; he took him aside, and address him thus :

You see that our cares have not been useless to you. Salentum is preserved from the evils which threatened her : it will be your own fault if you do not raise her glory to the heavens, and equal the wisdom of your grandfather Minos in the government of your people. I continue to speak to you freely, supposing that you desire it, and that you abhor all flattery. While the kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myself of the rashness of your conduct. At the word rashness, Idomeneus's countenance changed, his eyes were disordered, he reddened, and could hardly help interrupting Mentor, to express his resentment. Mentor said to him with a modest and respectful, but free and undaunted voice, I plainly see that the word rashness offends you : it would have been wrong in any body but me to have used it ; for kings ought to be treated with respect, and their delicacy tenderly handled even when we reprove them. Truth of itself shocks them enough without the addition of harsh terms ; but I imagined that you could bear me to speak to you without any softening, in order to show you your error. My design was to accustom you to hear things called by their name, and to perceive that when others give you advice about your conduct, they never dare to speak all that they think. It is necessary, if you would not be deceived,  
always

always to understand more than they say concerning things, which are not to your advantage. For my part, I will soften my words according to your necessities; but it is useful to you, that a man of no interest or consequence should speak a rough language to you in private. Nobody else will ever presume to do it: you will see the truth but by halves, and under fair disguises.

At these words Idomeneus, who had already recovered his temper, seemed ashamed of his delicacy. You see, said he to Mentor, the effects of an habit of being flattered. To you I owe the safety of my new kingdom, and there is no truth which I shall not think myself happy in hearing from your mouth: but pity a prince who has been poisoned by flattery, and has not been able, even in his misfortunes, to find men generous enough to tell him the truth. No, I have never met with one who loved me enough to displease me, by telling me the whole truth.

As he spoke these words, the tears came into his eyes, and he tenderly embraced Mentor. Upon which that wise old man said, It is with pain that I force myself to say some harsh things to you; but can I betray you by hiding the truth from you? Put yourself in my place. If you have hitherto been deceived, it was because you were willing to be so; it was because you were afraid of counsellors who were too sincere. Have you sought for men who were the most disinterested and the most likely to contradict you? Have you been careful to choose such as were the least assiduous to please you, the least selfish in their conduct, and the best qualified to censure your unreasonable passions and opinions? When you have met with flatterers, have you banished them from your presence? Were you mistrustful of them? did you repose no confidence in them? No, no, you have not done what they do who love truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see if you will now have the courage to be humbled by the truth which condemns you.

I was saying then, that what draws so much ap-



plause upon you, deserves to be censured. While you had so many enemies abroad, who threatened your not yet well established kingdom, you attended to nothing in your new city but the erecting of magnificent buildings. It was that, as you yourself have owned to me, which cost you so many restless nights. You have exhausted your riches; you have not turned your thoughts to the increase of your people, nor to the cultivation of the fertile lands of this coast. Are not these two things, a multitude of good subjects, and well cultivated lands to maintain them, to be looked upon as the two essential bases of your power? A long peace was necessary at first, to favour the multiplication of your people. You should have applied your thoughts only to agriculture and to the enacting of the wisest laws. Vain ambition has pushed you to the very brink of the precipice. By endeavouring to appear great, you have well nigh ruined your true greatness. Make haste to retrieve these errors; put a stop to all your magnificent buildings; renounce this pomp, which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace, and bend all your thoughts to make them abound, in order to facilitate marriages. Know that you are not a king but in proportion to the subjects which you have to govern; and that your power is to be measured not by the extent of the territories you possess, but by the number of men who inhabit them, and are zealous of obeying you. Possess a fertile though small tract of land; stock it with a multitude of laborious and well disciplined inhabitants, and behave so as to win their affection; and you are more powerful, more happy and more glorious, than all the conquerors who ravage so many kingdoms.

What shall I do then with regard to these kings? replied Idomeneus: shall I confess my weakness to them? It is true that I have neglected agriculture; and even trade, which is so easy to me on this coast; I have thought only of erecting a magnificent city. Must I therefore, my dear Mentor, disgrace myself in

an assembly of so many princes, and discover my imprudence? If I must, I will; I will do it without hesitation, whatever pain it may cost me; for you have taught me that a true king, who is born for his people, and owes himself entirely to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his kingdom to his own reputation.

This sentiment is worthy of the father of his people, replied Mentor; it is by this goodness, and not by the vain magnificence of your city, that I perceive in you the soul of a true king. But your honour must be saved even for the interest of your kingdom. Leave this matter to me; I will go and inform these kings that you are engaged to establish Ulysses, if he be still living, or at least his son, in the regal sway of Ithaca, and that you are resolved to expel from it by force all Penelope's suitors. They will easily conceive that this war will require a great number of troops, and will therefore consent to your furnishing them only with a small supply at first against the Daunians.

At these words Idomeneus looked like a man eased of an heavy burden. You, my dear friend, said he to Mentor, save my honour and the reputation of this rising city, by concealing my weakness from all my neighbours; but what probability would there be in saying, that I will send troops to Ithaca to establish Ulysses there, or at least his son Telemachus, since Telemachus himself is engaged to go to the war against the Daunians? Be not uneasy, replied Mentor; I will say nothing but the truth. The ships which you will send to establish your trade, shall go to the coast of Epirus, and do two things at once; they shall invite back to your coast the foreign merchants, whom too high duties keep from Salentum, and endeavour to learn news of Ulysses. If he be still living, he cannot be far from the seas which divide Greece from Italy, and it is confidently reported that he has been seen among the Phæacians. And though there were no hopes of seeing him again, your vessels will do a signal piece of service to his son, by spreading in Ithaca and all the neighbouring coun-

tries the terror of the name of the young Telemachus, who is thought to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's wooers will be surpris'd to hear that he is ready to return with the succours of a powerful ally; the Ithacans will not dare to shake off the yoke; Penelope will be comforted, and persevere in refusing to make choice of a new husband. Thus will you serve Telemachus, while he supplies your place among the confederates of this coast of Italy against the Daunians.

Hereupon Idomeneus cried out, Happy the prince who is supported by wise counsels ! A prudent and faithful friend is of more worth to a king than victorious armies ! But doubly happy the king who is sensible of his happiness, and knows how to make his advantage of it by a right use of wise counsels ! For it often happens that he removes from his confidence men of wisdom and integrity who awe him by their virtue, in order to listen to flatterers whose treachery he does not apprehend. I myself have fallen into this error, and I will tell you all the evils which were brought upon me by a false friend who flattered my passions, in hopes that I in my turn would flatter his.

Mentor easily convinced the confederate kings, that Idomeneus ought to charge himself with Telemachus's affairs, whilst he went with them. They were satisfied with having the young son of Ulysses in their army, with an hundred Cretan youth, who were ordered by Idomeneus to accompany him, and were the flower of the young nobility whom the king had brought from Crete. Mentor had advis'd him to send them to this war. It is necessary, said he, to take care in times of peace to multiply the people ; but lest the whole nation should grow effeminate and ignorant of military affairs, the young nobility must be sent to foreign wars. They will suffice to keep up in the whole nation an emulation of glory, a love of arms, a contempt of fatigues and of death itself, and a knowledge of the art of war.

The confederate kings departed from Salentum

well satisfied with Idomeneus, charmed with the wisdom of Mentor, and overjoyed at taking Telemachus with them. But Telemachus could not moderate his grief when he was to part from his friend. Whilst the allies were taking their leave, and swearing to Idomeneus that they would maintain an eternal league with him, Mentor held Telemachus fast in his arms, and felt himself bedewed with his tears. I feel no joy, said Telemachus, in going to acquire glory; I am sensible of nothing but the grief of our parting. Methinks I see that fatal time again, when the Egyptians snatched me out of your arms, and sent me far from you, without leaving me any hopes of seeing you again.

Mentor made a kind reply to these words, in order to comfort him. This, said he, is a very different separation; it is voluntary, it will be short; you are going in pursuit of victory. You must love me, my son, with a less tender and more manly affection. Accustom yourself to my absence; you will not always have me with you. Wisdom and virtue, rather than Mentor's presence, must suggest to you what you ought to do.

After speaking these words, the Goddess, concealed under the form of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her ægis, and infused into him a spirit of wisdom and foresight, intrepid valour and gentle moderation, which are so seldom found together. Go, said Mentor, into the midst of the greatest dangers, as often as your going into them will be useful. A prince dishonours himself more by shunning dangers in battles, than by never going to the war. The courage of him who commands others, must not be doubtful. If the preservation of a chief or king be necessary to a people, it is still more necessary to them that his reputation, as to valour, be unquestionable. Remember that he who commands, ought to be a pattern to all others; his example ought to animate the whole army. Fear not, therefore, O Telemachus, any kind of danger, but perish in



battle rather than raise a doubt of your courage. Flatterers, who will be the most eager to hinder you from exposing yourself to danger when it is necessary, will be the first to accuse you of cowardice in private, if they find you easily withheld on these occasions. But then do not go in quest of needless dangers. Valour cannot be a virtue, unless it be governed by prudence; it is otherwise a senseless contempt of life, and a brutal ardor; rash valour is never safe. Whoever is not master of himself in dangers, is rather fiery than brave; he must be beside himself in order to be raised above fear, because he cannot get the better of it by the natural temper of his heart. In this condition, if he does not run away, he is at least confounded; he loses that freedom of mind which is necessary to give proper orders, to improve opportunities, to rout the enemy, and to serve his country. If he has all the heat of a soldier, he has not the discretion of a commander: nay, he has not the real courage of a common soldier; for the soldier is to preserve in battle that presence of mind and temper which are necessary to obey. Who rashly exposes himself, disturbs the order and discipline of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and often exposes the whole army to great disasters. They who prefer vain ambition to the safety of the common cause, deserve to be punished, and not to be rewarded.

Take heed therefore, my dear son, of pursuing glory with too much eagerness. The true way to find it is calmly to wait for a favourable opportunity: virtue attracts so much the more reverence, as she appears the more plain, the more modest, the more averse to all ostentation. As the necessity of exposing ourselves to danger increases, we need fresh supplies of forecast and courage, which continually become greater. For what remains, remember that you must not draw upon yourself the envy of any man. On your part, be not jealous of the success of

others ; praise them for all that merits praise, but praise them judiciously ; and relate the good with pleasure, conceal the ill, and do not even think of it without pain. Be not peremptory before the old commanders, who have the experience which you want ; hear them with deference, ask their advice, desire the most able of them to instruct you, and be not ashamed to attribute all your best actions to their instructions. Never listen to discourses which may be designed to excite your diffidence or jealousy of the other commanders. Converse with them with confidence and frankness. If you think they have been wanting in respect to you, unbosom yourself to them, and lay all your reasons before them. If they are capable of perceiving the generosity of such a conduct, you will charm and draw from them every thing which you have any grounds to expect : if, on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to come into your opinion, your own experience will teach you what injuries may be expected from them ; you will take your measures so as not to be again exposed to the danger of having any more disputes with them as long as the war lasts, and will have nothing to reproach yourself withal. But above all, take care not to impart to certain flatterers, who are sowers of dissention, the grounds of the uneasiness which you may think you have against the chiefs of the army you are in. I will stay here, continued Mentor, to assist Idomeneus in the necessity he is under of toiling for the welfare of his people, and to cause him to put the finishing stroke to his reparation of the errors, which ill counsels and flatterers have induced him to commit in this establishment of his new kingdom.

Hereupon Telemachus could not forbear discovering to Mentor some surprise and even some contempt of Idomeneus's conduct ; but Mentor rebuked him for it in a severe tone. Are you surprised, said he, that the worthiest men are but men, and betray some remains of the weaknesses of humanity among the innumerable snares and difficulties which are insepara-

ble from royalty? Idomeneus indeed has been bred up in notions of pomp and haughtiness; but what philosopher could have defended himself against flattery, had he been in his place? It is true that he suffered himself to be too much biassed by those in whom he confided; but the wisest princes are often deceived, whatever precautions they take to prevent it. A king cannot do without ministers to lighten his burden and to confide in, since he cannot do all things himself. Besides, a king is much less acquainted than private men with those who are about him; they are always masked in his presence, and practice all kind of artifices to deceive him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will experience this but too much! We find in mankind neither the virtue nor talents which we look for in them. In vain do we study and sound them, for we are daily mistaken in them. Nay, we can never make the best of men, such as we want to make them for the public good. They have their prejudices, their inconsistencies, their jealousies; they are rarely to be persuaded or corrected.

The more people a prince has to govern, the more ministers he will want, in order to do by them what he cannot do himself; and the more men he is obliged to trust with authority, the more liable he is to be deceived in the choice of them. The man who to-day unmercifully censures kings, would to-morrow govern worse than they, and commit the same faults, with others infinitely greater, were he entrusted with the same power. A private condition, when it is attended with a little wit and a fluency of speech, hides all natural defects, brightens dazzling talents, and makes a man seem worthy of all the posts to which he is not advanced; but authority brings all qualifications to a severe test, and discovers great imperfections. Greatness is like certain glasses which magnify all objects; all defects seem to grow bigger in those elevated stations, where the minutest things have important consequences, and the slightest oversights violent effects. The whole

world is hourly employed in observing a single man, and in judging him with the utmost rigor. They who judge him, have no experience of his condition; they are not sensible of the difficulties of it, and require him to be so perfect, that they will not permit him to be a man. And yet a king, however good and wise he may be, is still a man; his genius has bounds, and his virtue also; he has humours, passions, habits, of which he is not the absolute master. He is beset with artful and interested persons; he finds not the assistance he seeks for, and falls daily into mistakes, sometimes through his own passions, and sometimes through those of his ministers. Hardly has he repaired one fault, but he relapses into another. Such is the condition of the wisest and most virtuous princes.

The longest and best reigns are too short and imperfect to rectify in the end the mistakes which have been inadvertently committed in their beginnings. All these miseries are inherent in a crown: human weakness sinks under so heavy a burden; we should pity and excuse kings. How are they to be pitied in having so many men to govern, whose wants are infinite, and who give so much trouble to those who endeavour to govern them well! To speak freely, men are very much to be pitied in that they are to be governed by a king who is but a man like them; for it would require Gods to reform men. But kings are not less to be pitied, since being but men, that is, weak and imperfect, they are to govern this innumerable multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus replied with some warmth, Idomeneus by his own fault lost the kingdom of his ancestors in Crete, and but for your counsels he should have lost a second at Salentum. I own, answered Mentor, that he has been guilty of great faults; but look in Greece, and in all the other best governed countries, for a prince who has not committed inexcusable ones. The greatest men have in their temper, and in the turn of their mind, certain de-



fects which give them a wrong bias, and the most praise-worthy are they who have the courage to acknowledge and correct their errors. Do you think that Ulysses, the great Ulysses, your father, who is the pattern of all the kings of Greece, has not likewise his weaknesses and failings? Had not Minerva conducted him step by step, how often would he have sunk under his dangers and difficulties, when fortune made him her sport! How often has Minerva restrained him or set him right, that she might continually lead him to glory by the path of virtue! Do not even expect, when you see him reigning in all his glory in Ithaca, to find him without imperfections; you will undoubtedly see some in him. Greece, Asia, and the islands of every sea, have admired him notwithstanding these failings; a thousand admirable qualities cause them to be forgotten. You will be very happy in having an opportunity to admire him also, and continually to study him as a pattern.

Accustom yourself, Telemachus, not to expect from the greatest men more than humanity is able to perform. Inexperienced youth gives a loose to presumptuous censures, which give it a disgust of all the examples which it ought to follow, and bring it into an incurable state of indocility. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, though he be not perfect, but you ought also to have an high esteem for Idomeneus. Notwithstanding all that I have blamed in him, he is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, liberal, beneficent; his valour is perfect; he detests fraud when he perceives it, and follows the real disposition of his heart. All his external qualifications are great and adequate to his station. His ingenuity in owning his mistakes, his good nature, his patience in suffering me to say the harshest things to him, his resolution to do himself the violence of a public reparation of his errors, and thereby to place himself above the censures of men, discover a truly great soul. Good luck, or the advice of others, may preserve a man of a very mean capacity from

some particular faults ; but an extraordinary virtue only can engage a king, so long seduced by flattery, to rectify his errors : it is much more glorious thus to rise again than never to have fallen. Idomeneus has committed the faults which almost all princes commit, but no prince does what he has done to correct himself. For my part I could not forbear admiring him, at the same time that he permitted me to contradict him. Do you admire him also, my dear Telemachus ; it is less for his reputation than your benefit, that I give you this advice.

By this discourse Mentor made Telemachus sensible, what danger there is of being unjust, when we suffer ourselves to pass severe censures on others, especially on those who are charged with the cares and intricacies of government. He afterwards said to him, It is time for you to depart ; farewell. I will wait for you here, my dear Telemachus ! Remember that they who fear the Gods, have nothing to fear from men. You will be in the greatest dangers, but know that Minerva will never forsake you.

At these words Telemachus thought that he felt the presence of the Goddess ; and he would certainly have known that it was Minerva who was speaking in order to fill him with confidence, if the Goddess had not recalled the idea of Mentor by saying : Forget not, my son, all the pains which I have taken in your infancy, to make you as wise and valiant as your father. Do nothing which is unworthy of his great example, and the virtuous maxims which I have endeavoured to instill into you.

The sun was rising, and gilt the tops of the mountains, when the kings went out of Salentum and rejoined their troops, which had encamped about the city, and now began to march under their commanders. On all sides were seen the heads of bristling pikes ; the flashing of the shields dazzled the eye, and a cloud of dust ascended to the heavens. Idomeneus and Mentor conducted the confederate princes from the city to the plain. At length they parted, having

interchanged the marks of a true friendship; and the allies no longer doubted that the peace would be lasting, now they knew the good disposition of Idomeneus's heart, which had been represented to them very different from what it was, because a judgment had been formed of him not from his natural temper, but from the flattering and unjust counsels to which he had given himself up.

After the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. Let us see, said Mentor, how many men you have both in the city and in the country; let us number them, and examine how many husbandmen you have amongst them. Let us see how much corn, wine, oil, and other useful things your lands produce in the less fruitful years. By this means we shall know whether the country furnishes wherewithal to subsist all its inhabitants, and whether it yields a surplus besides to carry on a profitable trade with foreign nations. Let us enquire likewise into the number of your ships and seamen; it is by them that an estimate must be made of your power. He visited the port, went on board every particular ship, and informed himself to what country every vessel traded; what merchandise it carried out, what it took in return, and what was the expence of its voyage; what were the loans of merchants to each other; what companies they formed amongst themselves, to know if they were equitable and faithfully managed; and lastly what were the hazards of shipwreck and other mischances of trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who through a greediness of gain often undertake things which are above their abilities.

He appointed severe punishments for all bankruptcies, because those which are not fraudulent are almost always caused by rash undertakings. At the same time he laid down rules to make it easy to prevent them. He appointed magistrates to whom the merchants gave an account of their effects, profits, expences and enterprises. They were never permitted to risk the goods of others, nor could they risk more

than a moiety even of their own. Again, what they could not undertake singly, they undertook in companies; and the laws of these companies were inviolable, by the severe punishment appointed for those who would not observe them. Moreover, trade was entirely free, and so far from being cramped by taxes, that rewards were promised to all merchants who could draw the commerce of any new nation to Salentum.

People therefore quickly flocking hither from all parts, the trade of this city resembled the flowing and ebbing of the sea, and riches poured into it, as the waves roll one upon another. Every thing here was imported and exported free of all duties. All that came in was useful; all that went out, left behind it other riches in its room. Strict justice presided in the port in the midst of so many nations. Frankness, integrity, candour, from the top of these lofty towers, seemed to invite hither the merchants of the remotest countries. Every one of these merchants, whether he came from the eastern shore, where the sun daily springs from the bosom of the deep, or from the vast ocean, where, tired with his course, he extinguishes his flames, lived in the same peace and safety at Salentum as in his own country.

As for the inside of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, all the tradesmens shops, and all public places. He prohibited all foreign commodities which might introduce pomp and luxury. He regulated the apparel, food, furniture, dimensions and ornaments of the houses for all the different conditions. He banished all ornaments of gold and silver, and said to Idomeneus: I know but one way to make your subjects frugal in their expences, which is to set them an example of it yourself. It is necessary for you to have a certain majesty in your appearance; but your authority will be sufficiently denoted by your guards, and the attendance of your principal officers. Be satisfied therefore with a purple robe of superfine wool; let the officers of state next to you be



clad in the same wool, and all the difference consist in the colour, and a small embroidery of gold on the border of your own robe. Different colours will serve to distinguish the different conditions, without your having any need of gold, silver or precious stones. Regulate the conditions by their birth. Place in the first rank those of the most ancient and noble descent. Such as have the merit and authority of places will be well satisfied to come next to these ancient and illustrious families, who have so long been in the possession of the first honours. Men who are not so nobly born, will readily give place to them, provided you accustom them not to forget their former conditions in a too high and a too sudden elevation, and praise the moderation of those who are humble and modest in prosperity. The distinction which excites the least envy, is that which proceeds from a long series of ancestors.

As for virtue, it will be sufficiently excited, and men will be eager enough to serve the state, provided you bestow crowns and statues on illustrious actions, and make them the source of nobility to the children of those who perform them.

Persons of the first rank after you may be clad in white, with a gold fringe at the bottom of their garments. They may wear a gold ring on their finger, and a gold medal with your effigy on their necks. Those of the second rank may be clad in blue, and have a silver fringe and the ring, but no medal. The third in green, without the ring and fringe, but with the medal. The fourth in yellow. The fifth in a pale red or rose-colour. The sixth in a changeable white and red. The seventh, which will consist of the lowest of the people, in a mixture of white and yellow.

Let these be the habits of the seven different degrees of freemen; the slaves may be clothed in a dark grey. Thus without any expence will every one be distinguished according to his rank, and all arts which only serve to cherish pride and vanity, will be banished from Salentum. All the artists who may be

employed in these pernicious arts, will be useful in the necessary arts which are few in number, or in trade, or agriculture. No change must ever be suffered either in the sort of the cloth or fashion of the cloths; for it is unworthy of men, destined to a serious and noble life, to amuse themselves with contriving affected attire, or to suffer their wives, in whom these amusements would be less scandalous, ever to be guilty of this extravagance.

Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops off the useless branches of fruit-trees, did thus endeavour to suppress pomp and vanity which corrupted their manners; he brought every thing back to a noble and frugal simplicity. He likewise regulated the food of the citizens and slaves. What a shame, said he, that men of the highest rank should make their greatness consist in ragouts, whereby they enervate their minds, and continually ruin the health of their bodies! They ought to make their happiness consist in their temperance, in their power to do good to others, and in the reputation which their good actions will procure them. Temperance renders the plainest food very agreeable; it is that which bestows the most vigorous health, and the purest and most lasting pleasures. Your repasts therefore must be confined to the best meats, but dressed without any sauces: the art of irritating mens appetites beyond their real wants, is an art of poisoning them.

Idomeneus was very sensible that he had been wrong in suffering the inhabitants of his new city to soften and corrupt their manners, by violating all the laws of Minos concerning sobriety: but the wise Mentor let him know that the laws themselves, though they were revived, would be useless, if the example of the king did not give them a sanction which they could not derive from any thing else. Whereupon Idomeneus regulated his table; admitting nothing to it but excellent bread, a little wine of the growth of the country, which is strong and pleasant, and such plain food as he used to eat with the other Greeks at

the siege of Troy. Nobody presumed to complain of a law which the king imposed upon himself; and so every one retrenched the superfluities and delicacies in which they began to plunge themselves at their repasts.

Mentor afterwards suppressed soft and effeminate music, which corrupted all the youth. Nor did he with less severity condemn the Bacchanalian music, which is little less inebriating than wine, and is productive of riots, debauchery, and lewdness. He confined all music to the festivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praises of the Gods, and of heroes who had left examples of the most extraordinary virtues. Nor did he but for the temples allow of the grand ornaments of architecture, such as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plain and beautiful plans for building an house, that was pleasant and commodious for a numerous family, on a small spot of ground; always taking care that the situation of it was healthful, that the apartments were independent on each other, that its œconomy and neatness might be easily preserved, and that it might be repaired at a small expence. He ordered that every house which was at all considerable, should have an hall and a little peristyle, with small rooms for all persons that were free; but he prohibited under severe penalties superfluous and magnificent apartments. These different models of houses, according to the largeness of each family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other, already finished according to the caprice and vanity of private persons, was disposed, notwithstanding its magnificence, in a less agreeable and less commodious manner. This new city was built in a very short time, because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished good architects, and a very great number of masons were sent for from Epirus, and several other countries, on condition that after they had finished their works, they should settle about Salentum, should take lands to clear there, and help to people the country.

Painting and sculpture appeared to Mentor to be arts which it was not right to lay aside; but he ordered that very few should be permitted to apply themselves to these arts at Salentum. He founded a school, wherein presided masters of an exquisite taste, who examined the young students. There must, said he, be nothing low or lifeless in arts which are not absolutely necessary, and of consequence none ought to be admitted to study them but youths who have a promising genius, and who bid fair to arrive at perfection. Others who are born for less noble arts, may be usefully employed in the ordinary services of the republic. Sculptors and painters should never be made use of but to preserve the memory of great men and great actions; and it is in public edifices and places of burial, that the representations ought to be preserved of what persons of extraordinary virtue have performed for the service of their country. However Mentor's moderation and frugality did not hinder him from authorising all those large structures which are destined for horse and chariot-races, wrestling, combats of the cæstus, and all other exercises which improve the body, and render it more active and vigorous.

He suppress a prodigious number of tradesmen who sold wrought stuffs of remote countries, embroideries of an excessive price, gold and silver vases embossed with figures of Gods, men and animals; and liquors and perfumes. He ordered also that the furniture of every house should be plain, and made so as to last a long while. So that the Salentines, who used to complain loudly of their poverty, began to be sensible what a superfluity of riches they had. But they were false riches which made them poor, and they became really rich, in proportion to their resolution to strip themselves of them. It is enriching ourselves, said they, to despise such riches as drain the state, and to lessen our wants by reducing them to the real necessities of our nature.

Mentor made haste to visit the arsenals and all the magazines, to see if the arms, and all the other things



which are necessary to war, were in a good condition. For one must, said he, be always ready to make war, in order never to be reduced to the misfortune of making it. He found that several things were wanting every where. Whereupon he assembled artificers to work in iron, steel and brass. Burning forges were seen to rise, and whirlwinds of smoke and flames, like the fiery eruptions of mount Etna. The hammer rung on the anvil that groaned beneath its reiterated strokes, which the neighbouring mountains and sea-shores resounded. One would have thought one's self in that island where Vulcan, animating the Cyclops, forges thunder-bolts for the father of the Gods ; and one saw all the preparations of war made by a wise foresight during a profound peace.

Mentor afterwards went out of the city with Idomeneus, and found a great extent of fertile lands which remained uncultivated ; others were only half cultivated through the negligence or poverty of the husbandmen, who having no hands nor cattle, wanted resolution and the means of bringing agriculture to its perfection. Mentor, seeing this desolate country, said to the king, The soil here is ready to enrich the inhabitants ; but the inhabitants are not sufficient for the soil. Let us therefore take all the superfluous artificers in the city, whose trades would only corrupt good manners, and employ them to cultivate these plains and hills. It is a misfortune that these men, who have been trained up to professions which require a sedentary life, are not inured to labour ; but here is a way to remedy this. The occupied lands must be divided amongst them, and the neighbouring people, who will do the hardest work under them, called to their assistance. And those people will do this, provided suitable rewards are promised them out of the produce of the lands they clear. They may afterwards possess a part of them, and so be incorporated with your own subjects, who are not numerous enough. If they are laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good subjects as any you have, and in-

crease your power. Your city artificers, being transplanted into the country, will train up their children to the toils and hardships of a country life. Besides, all the masons of foreign countries, who are at work in building your city, are engaged to clear part of your lands, and to become husbandmen; incorporate them with your own people as soon as they have finished their works in the city. These workmen will be overjoyed to pass their lives under a government which is now become so mild. As they are robust and laborious, their example will be a spur to the industry of the tradesmen, who will be transplanted from the city to the country, and with whom they will be intermixt. In process of time the whole country will be peopled with families that are vigorous, and addicted to agriculture.

For what remains, be not in pain with regard to the multiplication of these people; they will soon become innumerable, provided you facilitate marriages. Now the way to facilitate them is very plain. Almost all men have an inclination to marry, and nothing but poverty hinders them from it. If you do not load them with taxes, they will easily live with their wives and children: for the earth is not ungrateful; she always maintains with her fruits those who carefully cultivate her, and refuses them to none but such as are afraid to bestow their labour upon her. The more children husbandmen have, the richer they are, if the prince does not impoverish them; for their children from their tenderest youth begin to assist them. The youngest tend the sheep in the pastures; others who are more advanced in years, look after the herds, and the oldest go to plough with their fathers. Mean time the mother with the rest of the family prepares a plain repast for her husband and her dear children against they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; she milks her cows and her sheep, which pour whole rivers into her pails; she makes a good fire, about which the harmless peaceful family divert themselves with singing every evening till the time of soft re-

pose; she prepares cheeses, chesnuts, and preserved fruits as fresh as if they were just gathered.

The shepherd returns with his pipe, and sings to the assembled family the new songs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads, with a slow and tardy pace, notwithstanding the goad which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which sleep, by the command of the Gods, sheds over the earth, sooth all gloomy cares by their charms, and hold all nature in a sweet enchantment; every one sleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. Happy those unambitious, mistrustless, artless people, provided the Gods give them a good king who does not disturb their innocent joys! But how horribly inhuman, to ravish from them, through motives of pride and ambition, the sweet fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted only to the bounty of nature, and the sweat of their brows! Nature alone out of her own fruitful bosom would draw all that is necessary for an infinite number of temperate and laborious men; but the pride and luxury of particular persons reduce multitudes of others to a frightful state of indigence.

What shall I do, said Idomeneus, if these people whom I shall disperse over a fertile country, neglect to cultivate it? Do, replied Mentor, quite the contrary of what is commonly done. Rapacious and unthinking princes make it their study to load those of their subjects with taxes, who are most diligent and industrious to improve their estates, because they hope to be paid by them with the greatest ease; and they at the same time lay lighter burdens on those whom their own idleness renders more indigent. Invert this evil method, which oppresses the good, rewards vice, and introduces a supineness as fatal to the king himself as to the whole state. Lay taxes, mulcts, and even other severe penalties, if necessary, on those who neglect their estates, just as you would

punish soldiers who should forsake their post in war. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions to growing families, and increase them in proportion to their diligence in cultivating their lands. Their families will quickly multiply, and they will all spirit up each other to labour, which will even become honourable. The profession of an husbandman, being no longer born down by its numerous pressures, will be no longer despised. The plough will be again esteemed and held by victorious hands which have saved their country. It will not be less glorious for a man to cultivate the patrimony of his ancestors during an happy peace, than to have bravely defended it in the troubles of war. The whole country will bloom again. Ceres will wear her crown of golden ears; Bacchus, pressing the grapes beneath his feet, will cause rivers of wine sweeter than nectar, to stream down the sides of the mountains; the hollow valleys will echo with the concerts of swains, who, beside transparent brooks, will unite their pipes and their voices, while their skipping flocks, fearless of wolves, crop the flowery herbage.

Will you not be exceedingly happy, Idomeneus, in being the source of so many blessings, and in causing so many people to live under the shelter of your name in such a delightful tranquillity? is not this glory more affecting than that of ravaging the earth, and spreading every where, almost as much at home, even in the midst of victories, as among vanquished foreigners, slaughter, confusion, dejection, horror, consternation, cruel famine and despair?

Happy the king, who is so beloved of the Gods; and has a soul great enough to attempt thus to become the delight of his people, and to present to all ages so charming a prospect in his reign! The whole earth; instead of fighting against his power, would throw itself at his feet, and beseech him to reign over it.

Idomeneus answered, But when the people shall thus live in peace and plenty, pleasures will corrupt them; and they will turn against me the very arms with which



I had furnished them. Be not afraid, said Mentor, of this inconvenience; it is only a pretence which is constantly alledged, to flatter prodigal princes who are desirous to load their people with taxes, and it may be easily remedied. The laws which we have just established relating to agriculture, will render the life of your subjects laborious; and they will have necessaries only in the midst of their abundance, because we suppress all such arts as furnish superfluities. Nay, this very abundance will be lessened by facilitating marriages and by the great increase of families. Every family being numerous, and having but little land, will be obliged to cultivate it with incessant labour. It is luxury and idleness which make people insolent and rebellious. They will have bread indeed, and enough of it; but they will have nothing but the bread and the fruits which their own lands produce, and they earn with the sweat of their brows.

To keep your people in this moderation, you must forthwith settle the extent of ground which each family shall possess. You know that we have divided all your subjects into seven classes, according to their different conditions. Now no family in any class must be allowed to possess more land than is absolutely necessary to maintain the persons of whom it is composed. This rule being inviolable, the nobles will not be able to make purchases from the poor: all will have lands; but each will have but very little, and be thereby excited to cultivate it well. If in length of time lands should be wanting at home, you may settle colonies abroad, which would extend the limits of this state.

I think also that you ought to take care not to let wine become too common in your kingdom. If too many vines have been planted, they must be plucked up. Wine is the source of the greatest evils among the people; it is the cause of diseases, quarrels, seditions, idleness, an aversion to labour, and family disorders. Let wine therefore be preserved as a kind of cordial, or very choice liquor that is used only in sacrifices and on very extraordinary festivals; but expect not to

make so important a rule to be observed, unless you yourself set an example of it. Moreover, you must cause the laws of Minos, relating to the education of children, to be inviolably observed. Public schools must be established, in which they must be taught to fear the Gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws; and to prefer honour to pleasures and to life itself.

Magistrates must be appointed to have an eye upon families and the manners of private persons. Have an eye upon them yourself; for you are not a king, that is, the shepherd of your people, but to watch over your flock both night and day. Thereby you will prevent an infinite number of disorders and crimes. Those which you cannot prevent, punish immediately with severity. It is clemency to make examples at first which may stop the tide of iniquity. By a little blood shed in due time, a great deal is afterwards saved, and it makes a prince feared without being often severe. But how detestable a maxim is it for him to think to find his safety only in the oppression of his people! Not to instruct them, not to guide them to virtue, nor to make himself beloved by them, to terrify them into despair, to lay them under the dreadful necessity either not to breathe with freedom, or to shake off the yoke of his tyrannical sway; is this, I say, the way to reign easy? is this the path which leads to glory?

Remember that the countries in which the power of the sovereign is most absolute, are those where the sovereigns are least powerful. They seize, they ruin every thing, they alone possess the whole state; but then the whole state languishes. The fields are untilled and almost desert, the cities dwindle away daily, the springs of trade are dried up, and the king, who cannot be a king alone, and who is great but by means of his people, wastes away gradually by the insensible wasting away of his subjects, from whom he derives his riches and power. His kingdom is drained of money and men, and this last loss is the greatest and the most irreparable. His absolute power makes as many slaves as he has subjects: they flatter him, they seem to

adore him, they tremble at the least glance of his eyes: but when the least revolution happens, this monstrous power, which was carried to too violent an excess, cannot continue. It has no resource in the hearts of the people: it has wearied out and provoked the whole body politic; it constrains all the members of that body to pant after a change. At the first blow that is given it, the idol is thrown down, dashed in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, suspicion, in short, all the passions unite against so odious a power. The king, who in his vain prosperity did not find a single man bold enough to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortunes a single man who deigns to excuse him, or to defend him against his enemies.

After this discourse, Idomeneus at Mentor's persuasion made haste to distribute the waste lands, to stock them with the useless artificers, and to execute every thing that had been resolved upon; reserving only for the masons the lands which he had allotted to them, and which they could not cultivate 'till they had finished their works in the city.

*End of the Twelfth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Protefilaus, and the artifices of this favourite, who had conspired with Timocrates to destroy Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himself. He owns that being prejudiced by these two men against Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles had spared his life, and retired to the isle of Samos, after having resigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed to succeed him by an order under his own hand; and that notwithstanding Protefilaus's treachery, he could not prevail on himself to part with him.*

AND now the fame of Idomeneus's mild and moderate reign allures from all parts crowds of people who come to incorporate themselves with his, and to seek their happiness under so gentle a government. Already the fields, which had been so long over-run with thorns and brambles, promise rich harvests and fruits till then unknown; the earth opens her bosom to the plough-share, and



prepares her riches to recompense the husbandman ; hope dawns every where. Flocks of sheep are seen bounding on the grass in the valleys and on the hills, and herds likewise of bulls and heifers that make the lofty mountains echo with their lowings : these cattle fattened the fields. Mentor found the means of procuring them ; for he advised Idomeneus to make with the Peucetes, a neighbouring nation, an exchange of all the superfluous things which were no longer suffered in Salentum, for these flocks and herds which the Salentines wanted.

At the same time the city and adjacent villages were full of lovely youths, who had long languished in want, and had not dared to marry for fear of increasing their miseries. When they saw that Idomeneus entertained sentiments of humanity, and was willing to be their father, they were no more apprehensive of hunger, or any other plagues which heaven inflicts on the earth. Nothing was now heard but shouts of joy, and the songs of swains and husbandmen celebrating their nuptials : insomuch that one would have thought one had seen the God Pan with multitudes of Satyrs and Fauns interspersed among the Nymphs, and dancing to their tuneful flutes in the shade. All was serene and smiling : but their joys were moderate, and their pleasures only a refreshment after long fatigues, which quickened and made them the purer.

The old men, surprised to see what they durst not hope for in the whole course of their long lives, wept through an excess of joy and love ; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O great Jupiter, said they, bless the king who resembles you, and is the choicest present you ever bestowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind ; return him all the blessings we receive from him. Our children's children, descended from these marriages which he encourages, will owe every thing, even their very birth, to him, and he will truly be the father of all his subjects. The lads and maids who married, expressed

their raptures by singing the praises of the author of their ravishing joys. Their mouths, and their hearts still more, were incessantly filled with his name; they thought themselves happy in seeing, and were apprehensive of losing him; for every family would bitterly have bewailed his loss.

Upon this, Idomeneus owned to Mentor that he had never felt so sensible a pleasure as that of being beloved, and of making so many people happy. I could not have believed it, said he; I thought that all the grandeur of princes consisted in making themselves feared; that the rest of mankind were born for them; and all I had heard of kings who were the darlings and delight of their people, seemed a meer fable to me: I am now convinced that it was true. But I must inform you how my heart was poisoned in my very infancy with regard to regal authority, which was the cause of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon Idomeneus began the following narration:

Protesilaus, who is a little older than I, was of all the young men he whom I loved the most: his sprightly daring temper hit my taste. He entered into my pleasures, he flattered my passions, and made me suspicious of another young man, whose name was Philocles, whom I likewise loved. The latter feared the Gods, had a great soul, and commanded his passions; he placed greatness not in raising but in conquering himself, and in doing nothing mean. He often told me freely of my faults; and even when he durst not speak, his silence and the grief of his countenance gave me sufficiently to understand what he meant to reproach me with.

At first his sincerity pleased me. I often protested to him, that I would hear and confide in him as long as I lived, in order to be preserved from flatterers. He told me all that I must do to tread in the steps of Minos, and to render my kingdom happy. He had not so profound a wisdom as you, Mentor; but I now perceive that his maxims were good. By

degrees the artifices of Protefilaus, who was jealous and very ambitious, gave me a disgust of Philocles. The latter not being forward or officious, suffered the other to get the ascendant, and was contented with always telling the truth, when I was willing to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own advancement, that he sought.

Protefilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was a person of a morose and haughty temper, who censured all my actions, and asked nothing of me, because his pride would not let him stoop to be obliged, and made him aspire to the reputation of a man who is above all preferments. He added, that this young man, who told me so freely of my failings, spoke of them as freely to others; that he let people see that he had very little esteem for me; and that by thus lessening my reputation, and by making a shew of an austere virtue, he sought to open himself a way to the throne.

At first I could not believe that Philocles had any such design; for there is in true virtue a certain candour and ingenuity which can neither be counterfeited nor mistaken, provided we consider it with attention. The perseverance however of Philocles in condemning my weaknesses began to tire me; and Protefilaus's complaisance and unwearied diligence in finding me new pleasures, made me still more impatiently bear with the austerity of the other.

Mean time Protefilaus, unable to brook my not crediting all his insinuations against his rival, resolved to speak to me no more about him, but to convince me of their truth by something stronger than words. He accomplished his design of deceiving me in the following manner. He advised me to send Philocles to command a fleet which was to attack that of Carpathus. In order to induce me to it, You know, said he, that my commendations of him cannot be suspected; I own that he has courage, and a genius for war; he will serve you better than any man, and I prefer your interest to all my resentment against him;

I was extremely glad to find Protefilaus's heart; to whom I had intrusted the administration of my most important affairs, so upright and just. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself exceedingly happy in having reposed all my confidence in one who seemed so much above passion and self-interest. But, alas ! how greatly are princes to be pitied ! This man knew me better than I knew myself : he knew that kings are usually suspicious and indolent ; suspicious through their continual experience of the artifices of the corrupt persons about them ; and indolent, because pleasure tyrannises over them, and they are habituated to have others to think for them, without taking the trouble of it themselves. He was sensible therefore that it would not be difficult for him to make me suspicious and jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, especially as his absence would give him all opportunities of spreading snares for him.

Philocles at his departure foresaw what would befall him. Remember, said he, that I shall no longer have it in my power to defend myself ; that my adversary only will have your ear ; and that while I am serving you at the hazard of my life, I shall run the risk of having no recompense but your displeasure. You are mistaken, said I ; Protefilaus does not speak of you as you do of him ; he praises you, he esteems you, he thinks you worthy of the most important employments. Should he offer to say any thing against you, he would lose my confidence. Fear nothing, go your ways, and mind only to serve me well. He departed, and left me in a strange situation.

I must confess, Mentor, that I plainly saw how necessary it was for me to have several persons to consult, and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the prosperity of my affairs, than to give myself up to one only. I had experienced that the wise counsels of Philocles had saved me from several dangerous errors, into which Protefilaus's haughtiness would have made me fall. I clearly per-



ceived that there was in Philocles a fund of probity and just principle, which was not so visible in Protefilaus; but I had suffered the latter to assume a certain peremptory air, which I now could hardly resist. I was tired with being continually between two men whom I could not reconcile; and in this irksome situation was so weak as to choose rather to run the risk of prejudicing my affairs, than not to enjoy my liberty. I durst not even tell myself the shameful motive of this resolution; and yet this shameful motive, which I dared not discover, operated secretly in the bottom of my heart, and was the true spring of all my actions.

Philocles surprised the enemies, obtained a compleat victory, and was hastening to return, in order to prevent the ill offices of which he was apprehensive. But Protefilaus, who had not yet had time to deceive me, wrote him word that I ordered him to make a descent on the isle of Carpathus, to reap the fruits of his victory. And indeed he had persuaded me that I might easily make a conquest of that island; but then he managed matters so, that Philocles wanted several things which were necessary to such an enterprize, and tied him down to certain orders which occasioned various disappointments in the execution of it.

Mean while he made use of a very corrupt domestic of mine, who took notice of the minutest things, to give him an account of them; though they appeared seldom to see each other, and never to agree in any thing. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came one day to tell me as an important secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. Philocles, said he, designs to make use of your naval forces to render himself king of the island of Carpathus. The commanders of the troops are his creatures; all the soldiers are won over by his profuse liberalities, and yet more by the pernicious licentiousness in which he permits them to live. He is puffed up with his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends about his project of making

himself king, which it is impossible to doubt of after so evident a proof.

I read the letter, and it seemed to me to be Philocles's hand, which Protefilaus and Timocrates had counterfeited with great exactness. This letter threw me into a strange surprise. I read it again and again, and could not persuade myself that it was written by Philocles, when I recalled to my troubled mind all the strong proofs he had given me of his disinterestedness and integrity. And yet what could I do? how could I not credit a letter, in which I thought I certainly knew the hand-writing of Philocles?

When Timocrates saw that I could no longer withstand his artifice, he pushed it yet further. May I presume, said he with some hesitation, to desire you to take notice of one particular in this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may talk in confidence with Protefilaus concerning something which he expresses only in a cypher: Protefilaus is certainly engaged in the design of Philocles, and they are reconciled at your expence. You know that it was Protefilaus who urged you to send Philocles against the Carpathians. He has lately ceased to speak against him as he often did heretofore. On the contrary, he extolls him, he excuses him, on all occasions: they for some time visited each other with great civility. Without doubt Protefilaus has concerted measures with Philocles to share the conquest of Carpathus with him. You yourself know how he pressed the undertaking of this enterprise contrary to all rules, and that he exposes your naval forces to destruction, to gratify his ambition. Do you believe that he would be thus subservient to that of Philocles, if there were still a misunderstanding between them? No, no, there is no doubt but that they are closely united together to raise themselves to an high pitch of power, and perhaps to subvert the very throne on which you yourself reign. In speaking to you in this manner, I know that I expose myself to their resentment, if, notwithstanding my sincere advice,

you still leave your authority in their hands. But no matter, provided I tell you the truth.

These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me. I no longer doubted of the treason of Philocles, and mistrusted Protefilaus as his friend. Timocrates in the mean while was incessantly saying, If you wait till Philocles has conquered the isle of Carpathus, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs. Hasten therefore to make sure of him while you can. I was shocked at the deep dissimulation of men, and knew no longer in whom to confide; for having discovered Philocles's treachery, there was not a man on the earth whose virtue could cure me of my suspicions. I resolved to put the perfidious wretch to death as soon as possible; but I dreaded Protefilaus, and knew not what to do with regard to him: I was afraid to find him guilty, and afraid likewise to trust him.

At length I could not help telling him, in my confusion, that I was grown jealous of Philocles. He seemed surprised at it; he represented to me his upright and moderate conduct; he magnified his services; in a word, he did all that was necessary to convince me that he had too good an understanding with him. On the other side, Timocrates lost no opportunity to make me take notice of their friendship, and to induce me to destroy Philocles, while it was in my power to do it. See, my dearest Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how liable to be made the tools even of those who seem to tremble at their feet.

I thought I should act a master-piece of policy, and disconcert the measures of Protefilaus, by privately sending Timocrates to the fleet to put Philocles to death. Protefilaus played the hypocrite to the last, and deceived me the more effectually, the more naturally he acted the part of one who is deceived himself. Timocrates departed, and found Philocles under great difficulties in his descent. He was in want of every thing; for Protefilaus, not

knowing whether his forged letter would effect the ruin of his enemy, was willing to have another expedient ready at the same time, the miscarriage of an enterprize of which he had given me very raised expectations, and could not fail to irritate me against Philocles. The latter sustained this difficult war by his courage, capacity, and the love which the soldiers had for him. Though the whole army knew that this descent was rash, and would be fatal to the Cretans, yet every one laboured as much to make it succeed, as if his life and happiness depended on his success: every one was contented hourly to hazard his life under a leader so wise and so intent on making himself beloved.

Timocrates had every thing to apprehend in attempting to dispatch a general in the midst of an army who so passionately loved him; but mad ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing difficult to gratify Protefilaus, with whom he imagined he should share an absolute dominion over me after the death of Philocles; and Protefilaus could not bear a man of probity, whose very sight was a secret reproach to his crimes, and who by opening my eyes might ruin all his projects.

Timocrates seduced two captains who were continually with Philocles; he promised them great rewards in my name, and then told Philocles that he came by my order to acquaint him with some secret affairs, which he was to communicate to him in the presence of these two captains only. Whereupon Philocles having shut himself up with them, Timocrates stabbed him with a poniard; but it slipped aside, and did not penetrate far. Philocles, with great composure of mind, wrested it from him, and made use of it against him and the other two; and calling out at the same time, some soldiers ran to the door, broke it open, and disengaged Philocles from the hands of the three assassins, who being confused, had made but a weak attack upon him. They were seized, and should have been torn in pieces by the enraged army, had



not Philocles withheld them. He then took Timocrates aside, and asked him who had put him upon committing so black a deed. Timocrates, terrified with the apprehension of death, immediately shewed him the order I had given him under my own hand to kill Philocles; and, as traitors are always cowards, endeavoured to save his life by discovering Protefilaus's treachery.

Philocles, though he was shocked at finding so much malice in mankind, acted a very moderate part. He declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent; he provided for his safety, and sent him back to Crete. He then resigned the charge of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed by an order written with my own hand, to command when Philocles should be slain. And lastly, having exhorted the soldiers to continue faithful in their allegiance to me, he went by night on board a small bark, which carried him to the isle of Samos, where he now lives in peace, poverty and solitude; making statues to get his bread, and not caring to hear of false and unjust men, but especially of kings, whom of all men he deems the blindest and most unhappy.

Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus. Well, said he, were you long in discovering the truth? No, replied Idomeneus: I perceived by degrees the artifices of Protefilaus and Timocrates: they quarrelled with each other (for the wicked find it very difficult to continue united), and their dissention plainly shewed me the deep abyss into which they had plunged me. Well, answered Mentor, did you not resolve to get rid of them both? Alas! replied Idomeneus, are you ignorant of the weaknesses and difficulties which princes labour under? When they have once delivered themselves up to corrupt and presumptuous men, who have art enough to make themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for the least freedom. Those whom they despise most, are the very persons whom they treat best, and on whom they heap their favours. I abhorred Protefilaus, and yet I continued him in his power. Strange illusion! I was

overjoyed that I knew him, and yet had not resolution enough to resume the authority I had given him. Besides, I found him good natured, complaisant, industrious in flattering my passions, zealous for my interest; in short, I found reasons to excuse my weakness to myself, because I was a stranger to true virtue, for want of choosing men of probity to conduct my affairs. I thought that there were none on the earth, and that integrity was only a beautiful phantom. What signifies it, said I, to make a great stir to get out of the hands of one corrupt man, only to fall into those of another, who will not be more disinterested nor more sincere than he? Mean time the fleet under the command of Polymenes returned. I thought no more of the conquest of the isle of Carpathus, and Protefilaus could not dissemble so deeply, but that I discovered how vexed he was to hear that Philocles was safe in Samos.

Mentor interrupted Idomeneus in order to ask him, if he continued, after so black a piece of treachery, to intrust all his affairs to Protefilaus. I was, replied Idomeneus, too averse to business, and too supine to be able to get out of his hands; for I then must have disconcerted the scheme I had laid down for my own ease, and have been at the trouble of instructing somebody else, which I had not resolution enough to undertake: I rather chose to shut my eyes, that I might not see Protefilaus's artifices; and only eased my mind by letting some of my particular confidants know, that I was not a stranger to his villainies. Thus did I fancy that I was but half deceived, since I knew that I was deceived. Sometimes, however, I made Protefilaus himself sensible that I bore his yoke with impatience; and often took a pleasure in contradicting him, in publicly censuring some of his actions, and in determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my sloth and supineness, he gave himself no concern about any discontent of mine. He obstinately returned to the attack, sometimes in an importunate, and some-

times in a cringing and insinuating way. And when he perceived that I was exasperated against him, he then particularly doubled his diligence to furnish new amusements which were likely to mollify or embark me in some affair, wherein he might have an opportunity to render himself necessary, and display his zeal for my honour.

Though I was upon my guard against him, yet this way of soothing my passions always got the better of me. He knew my secrets; he eased me under my difficulties; he made every body tremble at my power. In short, I could not resolve to part with him; and, by maintaining him in his post, I put it out of the power of all honest men to show me my true interest. From this time there was no freedom of speech in my counsels; truth fled far from me; and error, which paves the way to the downfall of princes, was a judgment upon me for having sacrificed Philocles to Protefilaus's cruel ambition. Even they who had most zeal for my person and the good of the state, thought themselves under no obligation to undeceive me, after so dreadful an example. I myself, dear Mentor, was afraid lest truth should break through the cloud, and reach even to me, in spite of all my flatterers; for not having the resolution to follow it, its light was troublesome to me: and then I was conscious that it would have occasioned me the bitterest compunction, and not have rescued me from so unhappy a situation. My effeminacy, and the ascendant which Protefilaus had insensibly gained over me, plunged me into a kind of despair of ever recovering my liberty. I was unwilling to view my shameful condition myself, or to suffer others to do it. You know, my dear Mentor, the vain pride and false glory in which kings are bred up; they will never be in the wrong. To hide one fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own that they are mistaken, and give themselves the trouble of rectifying their errors, they suffer themselves to be deluded all their lives long. Such is the condition of weak and

indolent princes, and such was mine precisely, when I was obliged to go to the siege of Troy.

At my departure I left the management of my affairs to Protefilaus, and he governed in my absence with pride and inhumanity. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny; but nobody durst send me word of the oppression of my people; knowing that I was afraid of seeing the truth, and that I gave up to Protefilaus's cruelty all who ventured to speak against him. But the more fearful people were of discovering the evil, the more violent it grew. He afterwards constrained me to dismiss the valiant Merion, who had attended me with great glory to the siege of Troy. He was grown jealous of him, as he was of all whom I loved, and who gave any proofs of virtue.

You must know, my dear Mentor, that this is the source of all my misfortunes. It was not so much my son's death that occasioned the revolt of the Cretans, as the vengeance of the Gods, who were incensed at my crimes, and the hatred of the people, which Protefilaus had drawn upon me. When I shed my son's blood, the Cretans, tired of my rigorous government, had lost all patience; and the horror of this last action only induced them to make a public discovery of what long since had been concealed in their hearts.

Timocrates attended me to the siege of Troy, and gave an account privately in his letters to Protefilaus of all the discoveries he could make. I plainly perceived my thralldom, but endeavoured not to think of it, despairing of a remedy. When the Cretans revolted at my arrival, Protefilaus and Timocrates were the first who fled. They would without doubt have deserted me, had I not been constrained to fly almost as soon as they. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that men who are insolent in prosperity, are always the most abject cowards in adversity. Their heads turn as soon as absolute power forsakes them; they



become as cringing as they were proud, and pass in a moment from one extreme to the other.

Mentor said to Idomeneus, But whence comes it, as you so thoroughly know these two wicked men, that you still keep them about you, as I see you do? I am not surpris'd at their following you, as they could do nothing better for their own interest, and I think that you have done a generous action in affording them an asylum in your new settlement; but why do you deliver yourself up to them again after so many fatal trials?

You know not, answered Idomeneus, how useless all experience is to effeminate, supine, and unthinking princes. They are dissatisfied with all things, and have not courage to redress any thing. So many years of familiarity were chains of iron which linked me to these two men, who beset me every hour. Since I have been here, they have put me upon the excessive expences which you have seen; they have exhausted this rising state; they have drawn this war upon me, which but for you I should have sunk under. I should soon have experienced at Salentum the same misfortunes which I suffered in Crete; but you at length have opened my eyes, and inspired me with the courage I wanted, to deliver myself from bondage. I know not what you have done to me; but since you have been here, I find myself quite another man.

Mentor then asked Idomeneus, how Protefilaus behaved in the present change of affairs. Nothing is more artful, replied Idomeneus, than his conduct since your arrival. At first he used all indirect methods to make me suspicious. He himself, indeed, said nothing against you, but several persons came and told me that these two strangers were much to be feared. One, said they, is the son of the deceitful Ulysses; the other wears a disguise, and has a deep head: they are used to wander from kingdom to kingdom; and who knows that they have not formed some design upon this? These adventurers themselves relate that they have caused great confusions in the countries

through which they have passed. Ours is an infant unsettled state, and the least commotions might overturn it.

Protesilaus said nothing, but he endeavoured to make me see the danger and extravagance of all the reformations which you made me undertake. My own interest was the argument he made use of. If you let your subjects abound, said he, they will work no longer, but grow proud, intractable, and be always ready to revolt. Nothing but weakness and poverty makes them pliable, and hinders them from resisting authority. He has often endeavoured to resume his former ascendant over me, covering it with a pretended zeal for my service. By easing the people, said he, you debase the royal power, and thereby do the people themselves an irreparable injury; for it is necessary for your own quiet that they should be kept humble.

To all this I answered, that I should easily keep the people firm in their allegiance to me by making myself beloved by them; by remitting nothing of my authority, though I lightened their burden; by resolutely punishing all offenders; by giving children a good education, and by being strict in keeping all my subjects up to a plain, sober and laborious life. How? said I, is it not possible to make people obedient without starving them to death? What inhumanity! what brutal policy! How many nations do we see mildly governed and yet loyal to their princes! That which causes rebellions, is the restless ambition of the grandees of a state, when they are intrusted with too much power, and their passions suffered to stretch beyond bounds; it is the neglecting to punish the licentiousness of other orders in the state; it is the multitude of the great and the vulgar who live in luxury, in pomp and idleness; it is the too great number of military men, who have neglected all the employments which are useful in time of peace; in short, it is the despair of the injured people; it is the cruelty and pride of princes, and their luxury, which makes

them incapable of watching over the members of the state, in order to prevent disturbances. These are the causes of rebellions, and not the permitting the labourer to eat the bread in peace, which he has earned by the sweat of his brows.

When Protefilaus saw that I was immoveable in these maxims, he took a course quite contrary to his former, and began to act agreeable to principles which he could not destroy; pretending to relish them, to be convinced of their truth, and to be obliged to me for having enlightened his understanding in these matters. He anticipates all my desires to ease the poor, and is the first to represent their wants to me, and to cry out against extravagance. You yourself know that he praises you, that he pretends to repose a confidence in you, and does every thing to please you. As for Timocrates, he begins to lose the good graces of Protefilaus, having had thoughts of rendering himself independent. Protefilaus is jealous of him, and it was partly by their differences that I discovered their perfidy.

Have you then, said Mentor to Idomeneus with a smile, been so weak as to suffer yourself to be tyrannised over for so many years by two traitors, whose treasons you knew! Ah! you know not, replied Idomeneus, the ascendant which artful men have over a weak and indolent prince, who gives up the management of his affairs to them. Besides, I have told you already, that Protefilaus now enters into all your schemes for the public good.

Mentor with a grave air proceeded thus: I but too plainly see how much the wicked prevail over the good in the courts of kings: you are a sad example of it. But you say that I have opened your eyes as to Protefilaus, and yet they are still so far closed, as to leave the administration of your affairs to him, though he is not worthy to live. Know that the wicked are not incapable of doing good: they do that, or evil, indifferently, when it subserves their ambition. They do themselves no violence in com-

mitting evil, because no sentiment of goodness, nor no principle of virtue withholds them; neither is it any pain to them to do good, because their depravity inclines them to do it in order to seem good, and thereby impose upon the rest of mankind. Properly speaking, they are incapable of virtue, though they appear to practise it; but to the rest of their vices they are capable of adding hypocrisy, the most detestable of all. As long as you are absolutely determined to do good, Protefilaus will be ready to do it also, in order to preserve his authority; but if he finds you ever so little inclined to slacken, he will use all arts to make you relapse into your errors, that he may be at liberty to resume his fraudulent and cruel disposition. Can you live with honour and in peace, while such an one is hourly about you, and you know that the wise, the faithful Philocles lives in poverty and disgrace in the island of Samos?

You ingenuously acknowledge, Idomeneus, that bold and wily men who are present, have an absolute ascendant over weak princes; but you ought to add, that princes labour under another and no less an unhappiness, the easily forgetting the virtue and services of the absent. The multitudes who surround princes, are the cause that no one makes a deep impression upon them: they are struck only with what is present and flatters them; every thing else is soon effaced. Virtue especially but slightly affects them, because virtue, instead of flattering them, contradicts and condemns them for their follies. And is it any wonder that they are not beloved, since they love nothing but their grandeur and their pleasures?

*End of the Thirteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the FOURTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Mentor prevails on Idomeneus to send Protefilaus and Timocrates to the isle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, in order to replace him with honour near his person. Hegesippus, who is charged with this commission, executes it with joy. He arrives with these two men at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles contentedly leading an indigent and solitary life. Philocles does not consent without much reluctance to return to his countrymen; but when he knows that it is the pleasure of the Gods, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who is no longer the same man, receives him in a friendly manner.*

HAVING spoken these words, Mentor convinced Idomeneus that it was necessary to put away Protefilaus and Timocrates, as soon as possible, and to recall Philocles. The only difficulty which withheld the king from it, was his apprehension of the severity of Philocles. I own, said he, that I cannot help being a little apprehensive of his return, though I love and esteem him. I have from my earliest youth been accustomed to praises, to an of-

ficiousness and complaisance which I cannot hope to find in Philocles. Whenever I did any thing which he disliked, his gloomy looks sufficiently shewed that he condemned me; and when he was in private with me, his manners, though respectful and decent, were rough and austere.

Do you not observe, answered Mentor, that princes who are corrupted by flattery, think every thing rough and austere which is free and ingenuous? Nay, they go so far as to imagine that a man is not zealous for their service, and is an enemy to their authority, who has not a slavish soul, and is not apt to flatter them in an unrighteous use of their power. All freedom and generosity of speech appears to them insolent, censorious, and seditious. They are so delicate, that every thing which is not flattery, galls and provokes them. But let us go farther. Supposing that Philocles is rough and austere, is not his austerity more valuable than the pernicious adulation of your counsellors? Where will you find a man without failings? And is not the failing of telling you the truth too freely, that which you ought to apprehend the least? Or rather, is it not a failing which is necessary to correct yours, and to overcome that antipathy to the truth which flattery has given you? You stand in need of a man who loves nothing but truth; who loves you more than you love yourself; who will tell you the truth whether you will or not, and force your intrenchments; and Philocles is this necessary man. Remember that a prince is exceedingly happy, if one such generous person, who is the most precious treasure of his kingdom, be born in his reign; and that the greatest punishment which he has to apprehend from the Gods, is the losing such an one, if he renders himself unworthy of him for want of knowing how to make a proper use of him. As for the failings of men of virtue, you should contrive means to know them, but should not let them deprive you of their service. Rectify them, but never give yourself blindly up to their indiscreet zeal. Give them

a favourable hearing, honour their virtue, let the public see that you know how to distinguish it; and above all, take care to be no longer what you have hitherto been. Princes who have been spoiled as you were, contenting themselves with despising corrupt men, make no scruple to employ them, and to heap benefits upon them. On the other hand, they boast that they can distinguish men of virtue, but they give them only empty praises; not daring to trust them with employments, nor to admit them into their familiarity, nor to bestow favours upon them.

Hereupon Idomeneus said, that he was ashamed of having so long delayed to deliver oppressed innocence, and to punish those who had imposed upon him. And Mentor had now no difficulty at all to determine the king to discard his favourite; for as soon as favourites are rendered suspected and troublesome to their master, the weary and embarrassed prince seeks only to get rid of them. His friendship vanishes, services are forgotten, and the fall of favourites gives him no pain at all, provided he sees them no more.

The king immediately gave secret orders to Hegesippus, who was one of the principal of his household, to arrest Protefilaus and Timocrates, and to convey them in safety to the island of Samos, to leave them there, and to bring back Philocles from this place of his exile. Hegesippus, surprised at this commission, could not help weeping for joy. Now, said he to the king, you are going to win the hearts of your subjects. These two men have been the cause of all your misfortunes and of all those of your people. For these twenty years have all men of virtue groaned under them, and their tyranny was so cruel, that they hardly durst even do so: they bear down all who attempt to come at you by any canal but theirs.

Hegesippus then discovered to the king a great number of perfidious and inhuman actions committed by these two men, which had never come to Idomeneus's ear, because nobody durst accuse them. He gave him an account likewise of his discovery of a

secret conspiracy to destroy Mentor. The king shivered with horror at what he heard.

Hegesippus hastened to seize Protefilaus in his house. It was not so large, but more commodious and pleasanter than the king's. The architecture was in a better taste, and Protefilaus had embellished it with the riches he had extracted out of the blood of the unfortunate. He happened at that time to be in a marble saloon near his baths, negligently lying on a purple couch embroidered with gold; he seemed weary and spent with his toils, and his eyes and brows discovered I know not what of trouble, of melancholy and wildness. The great officers of state were ranged around him on carpets, adjusting their faces to his, and observant even of the minutest glance of his eyes. His mouth was hardly open, when every body cried out with admiration of what he was going to say. One of the principal persons of the company repeated to him with ridiculous exaggerations, what Protefilaus himself had done for the king. Another assured him that Jupiter having deceived his mother had begotten him, and that he was the son of the father of the Gods. A poet came and sung verses to him, wherein he affirmed that Protefilaus, being taught by the muses, had equalled Apollo himself in all the various works of wit. Another poet, yet more base and impudent, styled him in his verses the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of the people whom he rendered happy, and described him with the horn of plenty in his hand.

Protefilaus heard all these praises with a cold, heedless, and scornful air, like a man who is very conscious that he merits yet greater, and that he is too condescending in suffering himself to be praised. There was a flatterer who took the liberty to whisper in his ear a sarcasm against the policy which Mentor was endeavouring to establish. Protefilaus smiled, and the whole assembly burst out into a laugh, though it was impossible for the greater part of them to know what had been said; but Protefilaus resuming his severe



and haughty air, every one was awed and silent again. Several of the nobles waited for the happy moment when Protefilaus might condescend to come and hear them, and seemed anxious and confounded because they had some favours to ask of him. Their suppliant posture spoke for them. They appeared as submissive as a mother at the foot of the altar, imploring the Gods to restore her only son to health. All seemed pleased, and to love and admire Protefilaus, though they harboured in their hearts an implacable enmity against him.

At this very instant Hegesippus enters, seizes Protefilaus's sword, and tells him that he was going by the king's command to carry him to the island of Samos. At these words all Protefilaus's arrogance fell like a loosened rock from the top of a steep mountain. Lo! he now throws himself quaking with fear at Hegesippus's feet, he weeps, he falters, he stammers, he trembles, he embraces the knees of a man whom an hour before he did not deign to honour with a look. All his flatterers seeing him ruined past redemption, changed their adulations into mercilefs insults.

Hegesippus would not allow him time either to take a last farewell of his family, or to fetch some private papers. Every thing was seized, and carried to the king. Timocrates being arrested at the same time, was extremely surprised; for he imagined, as he had quarrelled with Protefilaus, that he could not be involved in his ruin. They depart in a bark which was got ready for them, and arrive at Samos, where Hegesippus leaves these two wretches; and to fill up the measure of their misfortunes, he leaves them together. Here they furiously reproach each other with the crimes they had committed, and which were the cause of their fall; despairing of ever seeing Salentum again, and condemned to live far from their wives and their children; I do not say far from their friends, for they had none. The very men who had spent so many years in pomp and pleasure, being now

left in an unknown country, where they had no means of getting their bread but by their labour, were, like two wild beasts, continually ready to tear each other in pieces.

Hegesippus in the mean time inquired in what part of the island Philocles lived, and was told that it was on a mountain at a good distance from the city, where a cave served him to dwell in. Every body spoke with admiration of this stranger. Since he has been in this island, said they, he has offended nobody. Every one admires his patience, his labour, and tranquillity of mind. Though he has nothing, he always seems satisfied; and though he lives here quite out of the way of business, destitute of money and without authority, yet he obliges all who deserve it, and has a thousand ingenious ways of doing good offices to all his neighbours.

Hegesippus goes towards the cave, and finds it open and empty; for Philocles's poverty and simplicity of manners were so great, that he had no occasion to shut the door when he went out. A coarse bulrush-mat served him for a bed. He seldom kindled a fire, because he eat nothing dressed; living all the summer on fresh-gathered fruits, and on dates and dried figs in the winter; and slaking his thirst at a fountain which poured in crystal sheets from a rock. He had nothing in his cave but carving tools, and a few books which he read at set hours, not to embellish his wit or gratify his curiosity, but to inform his mind when he unbent it from labour, and to learn to be good. As for sculpture, he applied himself to it only for the sake of exercise, to avoid idleness, and to get his bread without being obliged to any body.

Hegesippus, as he entered the cave, admired the statues which Philocles had begun; particularly a Jupiter, whose serene countenance was so full of majesty, that he was easily known to be the father of Gods and men. In another part was a Mars with a rugged, fierce and threatening aspect. But what was

most striking, was a Minerva encouraging the arts; her countenance was soft and noble; her stature tall and easy, and her attitude so lively, that one would have thought she was going to walk. Hegefippus having viewed the statues with pleasure, went out of the grotto, and at a distance, under a large tree, beheld Philocles reading on the grass; he goes towards him; Philocles sees him, and knows not what to think. Is not that Hegefippus, said he to himself, with whom I so long lived in Crete? But what probability is there that he should come to so remote an island? Or is it not rather his ghost returned since his death from the Strygian shore?

While he was thus doubting, Hegefippus came so near him, that he could not but know and embrace him. Is it then you, said he, my dear old friend? What chance, what tempest has thrown you on this shore? Why have you left the island of Crete? Is it such a misfortune as mine, that tears you from our native country?

Hegefippus answered, It is not a misfortune, but on the contrary the goodness of the Gods, which brings me hither. He then related to him Proteus's long tyranny, his intrigues with Timocrates, the evils into which he had plunged Idomeneus, the fall of that prince, his flight to the coasts of Hesperia, the building of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wise maxims which Mentor had instilled into the king's mind, and the disgrace of the two traitors: he added, that he had brought them to Samos to suffer the banishment which they had caused Philocles to suffer; and concluded with saying, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was sensible of his innocence, would intrust him with his affairs, and load him with riches.

Lo that cave, replied Philocles, properer to harbour wild beasts than to be inhabited by men. I have there for many years tasted more comfort and peace of mind, than I ever did in the gilded palaces of the island

island of Crete. Men no longer deceive me; for I neither see them, nor hear their flattering and poisonous discourse. I have no further need of them; for my hands, hardened to labour, easily furnish me with the simple food which is necessary for me. A slight cloth, as you see, suffices to cover me. Having now no wants, and enjoying the utmost tranquillity and all the sweets of liberty, which my books teach me how to make a good use of, what should I go in quest of among jealous, fraudulent, and inconstant men? No, no, my dear Hegesippus, do not envy me my happiness. Protefilaus, by endeavouring to betray the king and to destroy me, has betrayed himself, and done me no harm at all: on the contrary, he has done me the greatest good; he has delivered me from the hurry and slavery of public affairs, and to him I am indebted for my dear solitude, and all the innocent pleasures I here enjoy. Return, Hegesippus, return to the king; help him to support the miseries of his greatness, and what you desire me to do for him, do yourself. Since his eyes, so long shut against the truth, have at last been opened by the wise person you call Mentor, let him be retained in his service. As for me, it is not proper after my shipwreck that I should quit the haven into which the storm has so happily thrown me, and commit myself again to the mercy of the winds. O how greatly are kings to be pitied! how worthy of compassion those who serve them! If they are wicked, how miserable do they render mankind, and what tortures are prepared for them in the black gulf of Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to overcome! what snares to avoid! what evils to suffer! Once again, my dear Hegesippus, leave me, I say, in my happy poverty.

While Philocles was talking thus with great vehemence, Hegesippus beheld him with wonder. He had formerly seen him in Crete, during his administration of the most important affairs, meager, languishing, exhausted; for his ardent and austere temper made him wear himself away in fatigues; h.



could not without indignation see vice unpunished ; he required a certain exactness which is never found in business ; his employments therefore ruined his tender health : but at Samos, Hegesippus beheld him plump and vigorous. The bloom of youth, in spite of his years, was renewed on his countenance. A sober, quiet and laborious life had given him as it were a new constitution.

You are surprised, said Philocles with a smile, to see me so altered. I owe this freshness and perfect health to my solitude. My enemies have given me what I could never hope to find in the most elevated station. Would you have me quit substantial blessings to pursue imaginary ones, and to plunge myself again in my former miseries ? Be not more cruel than Protesilaus ; at least do not envy me the happiness I derive from him.

Hegesippus then represented to him, but in vain, every thing which he thought proper to move him. Are you then, said he, insensible of the pleasure of seeing your friends and relations again, who long for your return, and whom the bare expectation of embracing you overwhelms with joy ? But can you, who fear the Gods, and love to do your duty, esteem as nothing the serving your king, the assisting him in all his good designs, and the rendering so many people happy ? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himself to a savage philosophy, to prefer himself to all the rest of mankind, and to love his own ease more than the happiness of his fellow-citizens ? Besides, it will be thought that it is out of resentment that you refuse to see the king. If he designed to do you an injury, it was because he did not know you : it was not the true, the good, the just Philocles whom he designed to destroy ; it was a very different person whom he designed to punish. But now he knows you, and does not mistake you for another, he feels all his former friendship revive in his heart ; he expects you ; he already stretches out his arms to embrace you, and impatiently numbers the days, the hours, till he sees

you. Is your heart so hardened as to be inexorable to your king and to all your dearest friends?

Philocles, who was moved when he first perceived Hegefippus, resumed his austere air on hearing this discourse. Like a rock against which the winds rage, and all the groaning billows break in vain, he remained immoveable; nor intreaties nor arguments could find any passage to his heart. But the moment Hegefippus began to despair of prevailing upon him, Philocles, having consulted the Gods, discovered by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and divers other omens, that he was to go with Hegefippus.

Hereupon he opposed it no longer, but prepared for his departure; though not without regretting the desert where he so many years had lived. Alas! said he, must I leave you, my delightful grotto, where peaceful slumbers nightly came to refresh me after the toils of the day! Here the fatal sisters, in the midst of my poverty, spun my days of a gold and filken thread. He fell on the earth, and weeping adored the Naiad who had so long slaked his thirst with her limpid wave, and the nymphs that dwelt on all the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his wailings, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural deities.

Philocles then went to the city with Hegefippus, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Protefilaus, overwhelmed with shame and indignation, would avoid seeing him; but he was mistaken: for corrupt men have no shame, and are always ready to stoop to any kind of meanness. Philocles modestly kept out of the way, that he might not be seen by this wretch; being apprehensive that the sight of a prosperous rival, who was going to be raised on his ruin, would increase his misery. But Protefilaus eagerly sought after Philocles, and endeavoured to move his pity, and to engage him to solicit the king that he might return to Salentum; Philocles was too sincere to promise, that he would

try to get him recalled; for he knew better than any one how pernicious his return would have been. He talked to him however with great mildness; he pitied him, endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to appease the Gods by the purity of his manners, and an exemplary patience under his sufferings. And as he had heard that the king had stript Protefilaus of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promised him two things which he afterwards faithfully performed: one was to take care of his wife and children, who remained at Salentum in a frightful state of poverty, exposed to public indignation; the other was, to send Protefilaus in this remote island some supplies of money to alleviate his misery.

Mean while the sails swelling with a favourable gale, Hegefippus grows impatient, and hastens the departure of Philocles. Protefilaus sees them embark; his eyes are motionless and fixed on the shore; they then pursue the bark as it cleaves the waves, and is continually driven farther off by the winds. And even when he could see it no longer, its image remains in his mind. At length distracted, furious, despairing, he tears off his hair, rolls himself on the sand, upbraids the Gods with their rigour, and calls relentless death to his aid, but calls in vain; for death, regardless of his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his numerous woes, nor has he the courage to attempt it himself.

Mean time the bark, favoured by Neptune and the winds, quickly arrives at Salentum. The king, being told that it was entering the port, immediately ran with Mentor to meet Philocles. He tenderly embraced him, and expressed a great concern for having so unjustly persecuted him. This confession, instead of seeming a weakness in a prince, was looked upon by all the Salentines as the effort of a great soul, which rises above its errors by owning and resolving to repair them. Every body wept with joy to see this virtuous lover of the people, and to hear the king talk with so much wisdom and goodness.

Philocles received the king's caresses with a respectful modest air; he was impatient to steal away from the acclamations of the people, and followed Idomeneus to the palace. Mentor and he quickly reposed as much confidence in each other, as if they had passed their lives together, though they never saw one another before; for the Gods, who have not given eyes to the wicked to know the good, have given eyes to the good to know one another. They who relish virtue, cannot be together without contracting a friendship, by means of the virtue they love. Philocles soon asked the king's leave to retire to a solitary place near Salentum, where he continued to live in poverty as he had done at Samos. The king and Mentor went almost every day to visit him in his retirement, where they concerted the means of strengthening the laws and of giving a solid form to the government for the good of the public.

The two principal things which they considered, were the education of children, and the manner of living in time of peace. As to children, said Mentor, they are less the property of their parents than of the public; they are the children of the people, and are their hope and strength; it is too late to correct them, when they are corrupted. It avails little to exclude them from employments, when they have rendered themselves unworthy of them; it is better to prevent the evil than to be obliged to punish it. The king, added he, who is the father of all his people, is still more particularly the father of all the youth; they are the blossom of the whole nation, and the fruits must be prepared in the blossom. Let not the king therefore disdain to be watchful, and to cause others to be watchful, of the education of children. Let him be steady in causing the laws of Minos to be observed, which ordain that children be educated in a contempt of pain and death; that honour be placed in slighting pleasures and riches; that injustice, lying, ingratitude, and luxury be accounted infamous vices; that they be taught from



their tenderest infancy to sing the praises of heroes who were beloved of the Gods, who have done generous actions for their country, and have distinguished their courage in battle; that the charms of music strike their souls in order to soften and purify their manners; that they be taught to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, just to all mankind, even to their most cruel enemies; and that they be less apprehensive of death and tortures, than of the least upbraiding of their conscience. If children are early imbued with these important maxims, and the melody of music insinuate them into their hearts, there will be few who will not burn with a love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of great importance to institute public schools, in order to habituate the youth to the hardest bodily exercises, and to prevent effeminacy and idleness, which ruin the best constitutions. He was likewise for having a great variety of games and shows, that might be a spur to the people, but especially such as would exercise and render their bodies active, pliant and vigorous; and to these he annexed rewards in order to excite a generous emulation. But what he was most zealous for, as being most conducive to purity of manners, was, that young men should marry betimes, and that their parents, without any views of interest, should leave them to choose wives of agreeable tempers and persons, to whom they might be constant in their love.

But while they were thus concerting means to keep the youth chaste and innocent, and to make them laborious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who delighted in war, thus address himself to Mentor: In vain will you employ our youth in all these exercises, if you let them languish in a perpetual peace, wherein they will have no experience of war, nor no need to give proof of their valour. You will thereby enfeeble the nation; its courage will insensibly be unnerved, its manners corrupted by plea-

tures, and other warlike nations will find no difficulty in making a conquest of it. And thus, by endeavouring to avoid the evils of war, they will fall into the miseries of slavery.

Mentor answered, The evils of war are more terrible than you imagine. War exhausts a people, and continually exposes them to the danger of being ruined, even when they obtain the greatest victories. With whatever advantages a man enters into a war, he is never sure of ending it without being liable to the most tragical reverses of fortune. With whatever superiority of forces he engages in battle, the least mistake, a panick, a nothing snatches the victory out of his hands, and transfers it to his enemies. And though he held victory as it were in chains in his camp, yet he destroys himself in destroying his foes : for he depopulates his own country ; he leaves the lands almost uncultivated ; he interrupts trade ; and what is much worse, he weakens the best laws and winks at a depravity of manners ; the youth no longer addict themselves to letters ; the necessity of the time obliges him to tolerate a pernicious licentiousness in the army. Justice, government, every thing suffers in the confusion. A king who sheds the blood of such multitudes, and causes so many calamities in order to acquire a little glory, or to extend the bounds of his kingdom, is unworthy of the glory he pursues, and deserves to lose what he possesses for having endeavoured to usurp what he has no right to.

But the courage of a nation may be exercised in time of peace. You already know what bodily exercises we institute ; the prizes to excite emulation, and the maxims of glory and virtue, with which the songs of the great actions of heroes will fill the souls of children almost from their very cradles. Add to these helps, that of a sober and laborious life. But this is not all : as soon as any nation in alliance with yours, is engaged in a war, the flower of your youth must be sent thither, especially those who have discovered a genius for war, and are the best qualified

to profit by experience. You will thereby maintain an high reputation among your neighbours, who will court your alliance, and be afraid of losing it. And thus without having a war at home and at your own expence, you will always have a warlike and intrepid body of youth. Notwithstanding you have peace in your own kingdom, you must not fail to treat those with great honour who have a talent for war; for the true way to avoid war and to maintain a lasting peace, is to cultivate arms, to honour men who excell in the profession of them, always to have some who have been trained up in foreign countries, and who know the strength and discipline of neighbouring nations, and their manner of making war; and to be equally incapable of making it through ambition, and of dreading it through effeminacy. By being thus always prepared for it on occasions, one is hardly ever reduced to the necessity of making it at all.

As for your allies, when they are ready to engage in a war with each other, it is your part to become their mediator. You thereby acquire a more solid and unquestionable glory than that of conquerors; you win the love and esteem of strangers; they all stand in need of you, and you reign over them by the confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your subjects by your authority. You are the repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their treaties, the master of their hearts. Your fame flies to the most distant countries, and your name is like a sweet perfume which diffuses itself from country to country even to the remotest nations. If a neighbouring people attack you in these circumstances contrary to the rules of justice, it finds you warlike, prepared, and, what is a much greater security, beloved and succoured: all your neighbours are alarmed for you, and persuaded that the public safety depends on your preservation. This is a much stronger rampart than all the walls of cities, or the most regular fortifications: this is substantial glory. But how few princes are there who are wise enough to pursue it, or ra-

ther, who do not fly from it ! They pursue a delusive phantom, and leave true honour behind them for want of knowing it.

When Mentor had spoken thus, Philocles looked upon him with astonishment; and then turning his eyes on the king, was charmed to see how greedily Idomeneus stored up in his heart all the words which poured like a torrent of wisdom from the mouth of this stranger.

Thus did Minerva, in the form of Mentor, establish all the best laws and most useful maxims of government at Salentum; not so much to make the kingdom of Idomeneus flourish, as to show Telemachus, when he should return, a striking example of the effects of a wise administration with regard to the happiness of the people, and the lasting glory of the prince.

*End of the Fourteenth Book.*





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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the FIFTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus in the camp of the allies wins the affection of Philoctetes, who was at first prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoctetes relates to him his adventures, with which he interweaves the particulars of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned tunic which the centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He informs him how he obtained of this hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by all the miseries he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to engage him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the sons of Æsculapius.*

**I**N the mean time Telemachus was signalising his courage amidst the dangers of war. When he departed from Salentum, he was very assiduous to win the affection of the old captains, whose reputation and experience were the most consummate. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pylos, and who always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his own son; giving him instructions which he enforced by

various examples, and relating to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the most remarkable things which he had seen performed by the heroes of the last age. The memory of this wise senior, who had lived thrice the age of man, was as it were an history of ancient times engraved on brass and marble.

Philoctetes had not at first the same affection for Telemachus as Nestor had. The hatred which he had so long harboured in his heart against Ulysses, prejudiced him against his son; and he could not without uneasiness see all that he thought the Gods were doing in favour of this youth, in order to render him equal to the heroes who had subverted the city of Troy. But at length the prudent deportment of Telemachus entirely overcame the resentment of Philoctetes, who could not help loving his engaging and modest virtue. He often took him aside, and said, My son (for I no longer scruple to call you so), your father and I were, I own, a long while enemies to each other. I own also that my heart was not appeased after we had subverted the haughty city of Troy; and that I found it difficult when I saw you, to love virtue in the son of Ulysses. With this I often reproached myself. But virtue, when it is gentle, unaffected, ingenuous and modest, at length overcomes every thing. Philoctetes was afterwards insensibly engaged to tell him what had kindled in his heart so much enmity against Ulysses.

I must, said he, begin my history higher. I every where attended the great Hercules, who freed the earth from so many monsters, and in whose sight the other heroes were but as feeble reeds near a large oak, or little birds in the presence of the eagle. His misfortunes and mine proceeded from love, the source of all the most terrible disasters. Hercules, who had conquered so many monsters, could not conquer this shameful passion: Cupid the cruel boy made him his sport. Nor could he recollect without blushing with shame, that he had formerly been so

forgetful of his glory, as to spin with Omphale queen of Lydia, like the most abject and effeminate of mankind; so far was he hurried away by his blind passion. An hundred times has he confessed to me, that this part of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almost effaced the glory of all his labours. How great, ye Gods! is the weakness and inconstancy of men! they think themselves all sufficient, though they can withstand nothing. Alas! the great Hercules was entangled again in the snares of love, which he had so often detested: he conceived a passion for Dejanira. She was his wife, and happy had he been had he been constant to her; but Iole's youth, on whose face the graces were pictured, quickly ravished his heart. Dejanira, burning with jealousy, bethought her of the fatal tunic, which the centaur Nessus had bequeathed her at his death, as a certain means to awaken the love of Hercules, as often as he should seem to neglect her and to be fond of another. This tunic, imbrued with the venomous blood of the centaur, contained the poison of the arrows with which that monster was slain. You know that the arrows with which Hercules killed this perfidious centaur, had been dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, and that this blood poisoned those arrows to such a degree, that all their wounds were incurable.

Hercules having put on this tunic, presently felt the devouring fire, which insinuated itself even into the marrow of his bones. He roared in a horrible manner, making mount Oeta and all the deep valleys ring with his cries: nay, the sea itself seemed to be moved; the most furious bulls in their conflicts could not have made a more terrible bellowing. The ill-fated Lichas, who had brought him this tunic from Dejanira, presuming to approach him, Hercules seized him in the transports of his anguish, and as a slinger whirls a stone in his sling, in order to cast it the farther, whirled him swiftly round, and then with his potent hand hurled him from the top of the mountain into the billows of the sea, where he was immediately

transformed into a rock, which still retains an human shape, and being continually beaten by the angry waves, alarms the wary pilot at a distance.

After this misfortune of Lichas, believing I should no longer be safe with Hercules, I thought of hiding myself in the deepest caverns of the earth. I beheld him easily up-root with one hand the lofty firs and ancient oaks, which for several ages had braved winds and tempests : with the other, he vainly endeavoured to tear the fatal tunic from his back ; it was glued to his skin, and as it were incorporated with his limbs : as he tore that, he tore off his skin and his flesh, and drenched the earth with torrents of blood. At length his virtue getting the better of his anguish, he cried out, You see, my dearest Philoctetes ! the evils which the Gods inflict upon me ; they are righteous ; I have offended them ; I have violated conjugal love. Having vanquished so many enemies, I meanly suffered myself to be vanquished by a beautiful stranger ; I perish, and I am willing to perish to appease the Gods. But, alas ! my dear friend, whither do you fly ? My excessive tortures have indeed made me commit an act of cruelty on the wretched Lichas, for which my conscience upbraids me ; he knew not what poison he presented me ; he deserved not to suffer. But do you think that I can forget my friendship for you, and that I would rob you of your life ? No, no, I shall never cease to love Philoctetes. Philoctetes shall receive my fleeting soul in his bosom ; he shall collect my ashes together. Where are you then, my dear Philoctetes ? Philoctetes, the only hope which is left me here below !

This said, I immediately ran towards him. He stretches out his arms to embrace me, but draws them back again, for fear of kindling in my bosom the cruel fire with which he himself was consumed. Alas ! said he, even this consolation is no longer allowed me. As he speaks thus, he collects together the trees he had torn up by the roots ; he makes a funeral pile of them on the top of the mountain ; he ascends it



with tranquillity ; he overspreads it with the skin of the Nemean lion, which he had so long worn on his shoulders, when he travelled from one end of the earth to the other to destroy monsters, and deliver the distressed ; he leans on his club, and bids me light the pyre.

My hands trembling with horror could not deny him this cruel office ; for his life was so racked with tortures, that it was no longer a gift of the Gods. I was moreover apprehensive lest the violence of his pangs should transport him to act something unworthy of the virtue which had astonished the universe. Perceiving the flames begin to catch the pyre, Now, cried he, my dear Philoctetes, I am convinced of the sincerity of your friendship ; for you love my honour more than my life : may the Gods reward you for it ! I bequeath you what I have the most valuable in the world, these arrows dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra. You know that their wounds are incurable ; they will render you as invincible as I have been, and no mortal will dare to contend with you. Remember that I die your faithful friend, and never forget how dear you have been to me. And if you are really touched with my sufferings, you will afford me the last consolation in your power, a promise never to discover to any mortal either my death, or the place where you conceal my ashes. Alas ! I promised, nay I swore it as I bedewed his pyre with my tears ; a beam of gladness darted from his eyes. But he was suddenly involved in curling flames, which stifled his voice, and almost snatched him from my sight. However, I beheld him again through the fire with a countenance as serene as if he had been crowned with flowers, perfumed and encircled by his friends, amidst the merriments of a sumptuous banquet.

Soon did the fire consume all his earthly and mortal part ; soon was there nothing left of what he had received from his mother Alcmena at his birth : but he preserved by Jupiter's decree that subtle and immortal substance, that celestial flame, the true prin-

ciple of life, which he had received from the father of the Gods. He ascended therefore to drink nectar with them under the gilded roofs of shining Olympus, where the immortals gave him for his wife the lovely Hebe, the Goddess of youth, who used to pour the nectar into Jupiter's cup, before Ganymedes was preferred to that honour.

For my part, I found an inexhaustible source of sorrows in the very arrows he bequeathed me in order to raise me above the heroes. The confederate kings quickly undertook to revenge Menelaus on the infamous Paris, the ravisher of Helen, and to subvert the empire of Priam. The oracle of Apollo gave them to understand that they must not hope for an happy issue of that war, unless they had the arrows of Hercules.

Your father Ulysses, who in all their councils constantly discovered the greatest wisdom and art, undertook to persuade me to accompany them to the siege of Troy, and to carry the arrows thither, which were he thought in my possession. Hercules had not been seen for a long while; there was no talk of any new exploit of his; monsters and wicked men began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks knew not what to think concerning him; some said that he was dead, and others that he was gone as far as the frozen bear in order to tame the Scythians; but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me confess it. As he came to me while I was yet inconsolable for the loss of the great Alcides, he found it very difficult to accost me; for I could not bear the sight of men, nor the thoughts of being torn from the deserts of mount Oeta, where I had seen my friend die: I heeded but to recall the image of that hero to my mind, and to weep at the sight of those scenes of horror. But soft and powerful persuasion hung on your father's lips; he seemed almost as much afflicted as I; he poured forth floods of tears; he insensibly won my heart and my confidence, and moved me with pity for the kings of Greece, who were going to fight in a just cause,

and could not succeed without me. He could not however extort from me the secret of Hercules's death, which I had sworn never to reveal; but he no longer doubted of it, and pressed me to show him where I had concealed his ashes.

Though I had, alas! an abhorrence of being guilty of perjury, by revealing a secret which I had promised the Gods never to reveal, yet was I so weak as to evade the oath which I durst not violate: the Gods have punished me for it: I stamped with my foot on the earth where I had deposited the ashes of Hercules. I then went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with the same joy as they would have received Hercules himself. As I was passing through the island of Lemnos, I had a mind to show all the Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, and going to shoot a deer which was rushing into a wood, I heedlessly let the arrow fall from my bow on my foot, where it made a wound which I still feel. I was immediately racked with the same tortures which Hercules himself had suffered, and filled the island both night and day with my wailings; black corrupted blood issuing from my wound, infected the air, and diffused a stench through the whole Grecian camp, which was enough to suffocate men of the most robust constitutions. The whole army was struck with horror at my distress; every one concluding that it was a judgment which the righteous Gods had inflicted upon me.

Ulysses, who had engaged me in this war, was the first to forsake me. I have since been convinced that he did it, because he preferred victory and the common interest of Greece to all motives of friendship and decency with regard to any particular person. It was no longer possible to sacrifice in the camp, so much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my shrieks, disturb the whole army. But as soon as I saw myself deserted by all the Greeks at the instigation of Ulysses, his conduct seemed to me to be full of the most shocking inhu-

manity and the blackest treachery. Alas ! I was blind, and did not see that it was just that the wisest men should be my enemies, as well as the Gods whom I had offended.

I remained, during almost the whole siege of Troy, all alone, without succour, without hope, without comfort, a prey to the most terrible tortures in this desert and savage island, where I heard but the roaring of the billows that dashed against the rocks. In the midst of this solitude I found an empty cave in a rock that lifted its two points like two heads to the heavens, and poured forth a limpid spring. This cave was a harbour for wild beasts, to whose fury I was exposed both night and day. I heaped some leaves together for a bed. My whole furniture was a wooden bowl rudely wrought, and some tattered cloths, with which I bound up my wound to stop its bleeding, and with which I likewise used to cleanse it. Here, abandoned by men, the object of the wrath of the Gods, I spent my time in shooting doves and other birds, which flew around the rock, with my arrows. And when I had killed any for my sustenance, I was forced with extreme pain to crawl along the earth to pick up my prey. In this manner did my hands provide me wherewithal to subsist on.

The Greeks indeed, when they went away, left me some provisions, but they did not last long. I used to kindle my fire with flints. This life, dreadful as it was, as it was remote from false ungrateful men, would have seemed pleasant to me, had I not been borne down by my pains, and incessantly ruminating on my dire mischance. What ! said I, entice a man from his native country, under pretence of his being the only one who could avenge Greece, and then leave him in this desert island while he was asleep ! For I was asleep when the Greeks departed. Judge how great was my surprise, and how many tears I shed, when I awaked and saw their vessels ploughing through the waves. I searched every corner of this savage and frightful island ; but, alas ! I



found in it nothing but sorrow. In fact, there is neither harbour, nor trade, nor hospitality, nor does any man willingly land there. One sees but wretches who have been driven upon it by storms, and one cannot hope for society but from shipwrecks; and even those durst not take me along with them: they dreaded the wrath of the Gods and that of the Greeks. Here for ten long years did I suffer pain and hunger; here I fed my devouring wound, and even hope itself was extinguished in my heart.

Returning one day from seeking some medicinal herbs for my wound, I saw in my cave a handsome graceful youth, but of an haughty air and heroic stature. Methought I beheld Achilles himself, so much had he of his features, looks and gait; his age only convinced me that it could not be he. I observed both pity and confusion blended together in his face; he was moved at seeing with what pain and how slowly I crawled along; my piercing and doleful cries, which the echoes of every shore resounded, melted his very heart.

O stranger! said I, while I was yet a good way off, what disaster has brought you to this uninhabited island? I know the Grecian habit, that habit which is still so dear to me. Oh! how I long to hear thy voice, and to find on thy lips the language which I learnt in my infancy, and which I have spoke to nobody for so long a time in this solitude! Be not startled at the sight of so wretched a creature; you ought rather to pity him.

Neoptolemus had hardly told me that he was a Greek, when I cried out, O enchanting words after so many years of silence and never-ceasing pain! O my son! what misfortune, what storms, or rather what propitious winds have brought you hither to end my woes! He replied, I am of the island of Scyros; I am returning thither, and am said to be the son of Achilles: you know the whole.

So short an answer not satisfying my curiosity, I said, O son of a father whom I greatly loved, thou

darling of thy grandfire Lycomedes, what brings you hither? whence come you? He replied, that he came from the siege of Troy. You were not, said I, in the first expedition. Why! said he, were you? I plainly see, answered I, that you are a stranger to Philoctetes's name and misfortunes. Alas! wretch that I am, my persecutors insult me in my miseries! Greece is ignorant of my sufferings; my sorrows increase. The Atridæ have brought me to this; may the Gods requite them for it!

I then told him how the Greeks had deserted me. As soon as he heard my complaints, he made his. After the death of Achilles, said he—I immediately interrupted him, saying, How! Achilles dead! O my son, excuse my breaking in upon your narration by the tears I owe your father. You comfort me, replied Neoptolemus, by your interruption. How delightful is it to me to see Philoctetes bewail my father!

Neoptolemus resuming his discourse, said, After the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phoenix came to me, assuring me that they could not subvert the city of Troy without me. They had no difficulty to persuade me to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and my desire of inheriting his glory in that famous war, were sufficient motives to induce me to do it. I arrive at Sigeum; the army gathers around me, and every one swears that he beholds Achilles again; but he, alas! was no more. Young and unexperienced, I thought I might expect every thing from persons that bestowed such praises upon me. I immediately ask the Atridæ for my father's armour; they cruelly reply, You shall have every thing else that belonged to him; but as for his armour it is designed for Ulysses.

Upon this I am troubled, I weep, I rave: but Ulysses without the least emotion said, Young man, you have not borne your part with us in the perils of this long siege; you have not merited such arms and already talk too haughtily; you shall never have

them. Unjustly robbed by Ulysses, I am now returning to the isle of Scyros, less incensed against him than against the Atridæ. May all who are their enemies, be beloved of the Gods! O Philoctetes! I have told you all.

I then asked Neoptolemus why Ajax Telamon did not prevent such a piece of injustice. He is dead, answered he. Dead! cried I: and Ulysses not dead; he on the contrary prospers in the army! I then inquired after Antilochus the son of the wise Nestor, and Patroclus so dear to Achilles. They are dead also, said he. Hereupon I once again cried out, How! dead! What, alas! do you tell me! Thus cruel war mows down the good and spares the wicked. Ulysses then is living; and so, no doubt, is Thersites? These are the doings of the Gods, and yet we celebrate their praises!

While I was in this rage against your father, Neoptolemus went on to deceive me, adding these melancholy words: Far from the army of the Greeks, where evil prevails over good, I am going to live contented in the rude island of Scyros. Farewell, I go; may the Gods heal your wound!

I instantly said, O my son, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, by all that is dearest to you in the world, not to leave me alone in this miserable condition. I am not ignorant how burdensome I shall be to you; but it would be dishonourable in you to forsake me. Throw me into the prow, the stern, the sink itself, or wherever I may incommode you least. None but great souls know how much glory there is in being good. Leave me not in a desert, where there is no human footstep; take me into your own country, or into Eubœa, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachinium, and the pleasant banks of the river Sperchius: send me back to my father. Alas! I fear he is dead! I desired him to send me a ship: either he is dead, or those who promised to tell him my distress, did not do it. O my son, I fly to you for succour. Remem-

ber the instability of all human things : who is in prosperity, should apprehend the abusing it, and relieve the distressed.

This is what the excess of my anguish prompted me to say to Neoptolemus. He promised to take me with him. I then burst into exclamations again, O happy day ! O lovely Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory ! Ye dear companions of this voyage, permit me to bid this dismal mansion adieu. Lo ! where I have lived ; imagine what I have suffered : nobody else could have borne it ; but necessity was my tutor, and she teaches men what they could never otherwise know. They who have never suffered, know nothing ; they know neither good nor evil, they are strangers to mankind, they are strangers to themselves. This said, I took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus desired me to let him kiss those celebrated arms which had been consecrated by the invincible Hercules. I replied, You may do what you please, I can deny thee nothing ; it is thou, my son, who now restorest me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, myself ; you may touch these arms, and boast of being the only Greek that has deserved to touch them. Hereupon Neoptolemus enters my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while I am seized with exquisite pains ; I rave ; I no longer know what I do ; I ask for a sharp sword to cut off my foot, and cry out, O much desired death, why comest thou not ? O young man ! burn me this instant as I burnt the son of Jupiter. O earth, earth, receive a dying wretch that can rise no more ! In this agony I fell suddenly, as usual, into a sound sleep ; a copious discharge of sweat began to relieve me ; black corrupted blood issued from my wound. During my sleep it had been easy for Neoptolemus to have taken my arms and gone away ; but he was the son of Achilles, and was not born to deceive.

When I awaked I perceived his confusion : he sighed like one who knows not to dissemble, and



acts contrary to his inclination. Wilt thou deceive me? said I. What's the matter? You must go with me, said he, to the siege of Troy. I instantly replied, Ah! what said you, my son? give me back the bow; I am betrayed; rob me not of my life. Alas! he answers not; he looks calmly upon me; nothing moves him. O ye shores! ye promontories of this island! ye savage beasts! ye steepy rocks! 'tis to you I make my complaints; for I have but you to whom I can complain: my groans are familiar to you. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles! He robs me of the sacred bow of Hercules; he would drag me in triumph to the Grecian camp; not perceiving that this were triumphing over a corpse, a shadow, a phantom. Oh! had he attacked me in my vigour! Nay, even now he does it unawares. What shall I do? O my son! restore my arms; be like thy father, be like thyself. What sayest thou? Nothing! Thou savage rock, to thee I return naked, miserable, abandoned, destitute of food. In this den shall I die all alone; having my bow no longer to kill the wild beasts, they will devour me: no matter. But, my son, you seem not a bad man; ill advice prompts you to this; return me my arms, and be gone.

Neoptolemus with tears in his eyes and a low voice said, Would to the Gods that I had never departed from Scyros! Mean time I cry out, Ah! what do I see? Is not that Ulysses? I instantly hear his voice; he replies, Yes, it is Ulysses. Had Pluto's fable realm yawned, and shown me dismal Tartarus, which the Gods themselves dread to see, I should not, I own, have been seized with greater horror. I then exclaimed again, Witness thou, Lemnian earth! and thou, O sun! can'st thou behold and suffer this? Ulysses, perfectly calm, replied, Jupiter commands, and I obey. Darest thou name Jupiter? said I: see'st thou this youth who was not born for fraud, and hurts himself in doing what you force him to do? We come not, said Ulysses, to injure or deceive you;

we come to deliver you, to cure you, to give you the glory of subverting Troy, and to carry you back to your own country; 'tis you, and not Ulysses, who are Philoctetes's enemy.

I then said to your father every thing which rage could dictate. Since thou deserted'st me on this shore, said I, why do you not leave me here in peace? Go, seek renown in battle and every kind of pleasure; share your happiness with the Atridæ, and leave me my misery and pain. And why would you force me away? I am nothing now, I am already dead. Why do you not think at present, as you did heretofore, that I am not able to go; that my wailings and the stench of my wound would interrupt the sacrifices? O Ulysses, author of my woes, may the Gods — but the Gods hear me not: nay, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native country! never shall I see thee more! Punish, ye Gods! if there be one just enough to pity me, punish Ulysses, and I shall think myself cured.

While I was speaking thus, your father, quite composed, beheld me with an air of compassion, like a man who instead of being provoked at, bears with, and excuses the distraction of a wretch soured by misfortunes. Like a rock on the top of a mountain which derides the fury of the winds, and lets them waste their rage while it remains immoveable, your father silently waited 'till my anger had spent itself. For he knew that the way to reduce men's passions to reason is not to attack them 'till they begin to grow languid through a kind of weariness. He afterwards address'd me thus, O Philoctetes! what have you done with your reason and your courage? This is the time to use them. If you refuse to go with us in order to fulfil the glorious designs of Jupiter with regard to you, farewell; you are unworthy of being the deliverer of Greece and the subverter of Troy. Remain at Lemnos; these arms I bear away shall give me the glory which was destined to you. Let us be gone, Neoptolemus; it is in vain to talk to

him ; pity for a single person ought not to make us neglect the common safety of Greece.

Upon this I was like a lioness robbed of her young, that fills the woods with her roarings. Thou cave, said I, I'll never forsake thee, thou shalt be my grave ! O mansion of my woes ! nothing now to subsist on, no remains of hope ! O lend me a sword to slay myself ! O that the birds of prey were able to bear me hence ! I shall no longer shoot them with my arrows. O precious bow, consecrated by the hands of the son of Jupiter ! Dear Hercules ! if thou still retainest the least compassion, art thou not filled with indignation ? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend ; it is in the impure, the fraudulent hands of Ulysses. Ye birds of prey, ye savage brutes, no longer fly this cave, my hands are no longer armed with arrows ; I, wretch that I am, can do you no harm ; come, devour me ; or rather may merciless Jupiter's thunder strike me dead !

Your father having tried all other means of persuading me, at last thought that it would be best to return me my arms. He accordingly made a sign to Neoptolemus, who immediately restored them. Hereupon I said, O worthy son of Achilles, you prove yourself to be so ; but suffer me to dispatch my enemy. I was going to shoot an arrow at your father ; but Neoptolemus withheld me, saying, Resentment disturbs your reason, and hinders you from seeing the baseness of the action you are going to commit.

As for Ulysses, he seemed as unconcerned at my arrows as at my reproaches. I was struck with his intrepidity and patience, and ashamed of having endeavoured, in the first transports of my rage, to make use of my arms to kill him who had caused them to be restored to me ; but as my resentment was not yet appeased, I could not bear to be obliged for them to one I so greatly hated. Neoptolemus in the mean while said, Know that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, coming out of the city of Troy by the command

mand and inspiration of the Gods, unveiled futurity, to us. Ill fated Troy shall fall, said he; but it cannot fall till it is attacked by him who has Hercules's arrows; neither can that man be cured, till he comes before the walls of Troy, where the sons of Æsculapius will cure him.

I now felt a conflict in my bosom; being affected with Neoptolemus's frankness and justice in restoring me my bow, but unable to prevail with myself to live if I must submit to go with Ulysses: a faulty shame held me in suspense. Shall I be seen, said I to myself, in the company of Ulysses and the Atridæ? What would the world think of me!

While I was in this uncertainty, I all of a sudden hear a voice more than human, and see Hercules in a bright cloud encircled with rays of glory. I easily recollected his manly features, his robust body, and plain manner; but he had a loftiness and majesty which were never so conspicuous in him while he was subduing monsters. He bespoke me thus:

You hear, you see Hercules. I have left lofty Olympus to tell you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I obtained immortality. You must go with the son of Achilles to tread in my steps in the paths of glory. You shall be cured, and shall kill Paris, the author of so many woes, with my arrows. After the taking of Troy, send rich spoils to your father Pæan on mount Oeta, and let them be placed on my grave as a monument of the victory owing to my arrows. And you, son of Achilles, I tell you that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go therefore like two lions in quest of prey together. I will send Æsculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all, ye Greeks, love and practise religion; every thing else dies, but that lives for ever.

Having heard these words, I cried out, O happy day! O pleasing light, that after so many years dost manifest thyself at last! I obey thee; I'll depart the moment I have bid these scenes adieu. Fare-



well, dear cave! Thou nymph of these humid meads, farewell; I no more shall hear these murmuring billows. Farewell, thou shore, where the bleak winds so oft have pierced me. Farewell, ye promontories, where Echo so often repeated my groans. Farewell, ye sweet springs, that were so bitter to me. Farewell, thou Lemnian land; let my departure be happy, since I am going whither the will of the Gods and my friends call me.

We then departed, and arrived at the siege of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius, by the divine science of their father *Æsculapius*, cured me, or at least put me in the condition wherein you now see me. I have no pain; I have recovered all my strength, but am a little lame. I killed Paris, as the huntsman shoots a timorous fawn with his arrows. Ilion was soon reduced to ashes; you know the rest. The remembrance however of my sufferings made me retain some aversion to Ulysses, and his virtue could not appease my resentment; but the sight of a son that resembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderness in my heart for the father himself.

*End of the Fifteenth Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the SIXTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about some prisoners whom they both claim; he fights with and overcomes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had forcibly carried away those prisoners for his brother Phalantus. But Telemachus, little satisfied with his victory, privately laments his rashness and error, which he would be glad to repair. At the same time Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the confederate kings were solely intent on making up the breach between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unawares. Having surprised an hundred of their ships to transport his troops to their camp, he immediately sets it on fire, begins the attack on Phalantus's quarters, kills his brother Hippias, and dangerously wounds Phalantus himself.*

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus remained as it were suspended and motionless, and fixed his eyes on the great man that was speaking. All the different passions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses and Neoptolemus, were seen as they were represented in their turns on the artless countenance of Tele-

machus, during the course of this narration. He sometimes cried out and interrupted Philoctetes, without thinking on what he did; sometimes he appeared thoughtful, like one who is maturely weighing the consequences of things: and when Philoctetes was describing the confusion of Neoptolemus, who knew not to dissemble, Telemachus seemed to be in the same confusion; one would at that instant have taken him for Neoptolemus himself.

Mean while the confederate army was marching in good order against Adrastus king of the Dauni-ans, who despised the Gods, and sought only to deceive men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave with prudence among so many princes who were jealous of each other. He was to render himself odious to none, and to make himself beloved of all. Now though he was naturally frank and good-natured, yet he was not over-complaisant; he seldom considered what might oblige others; he was not fond of money, but then he knew not the art of giving. Thus, with a noble and well-disposed heart; he seemed neither obliging, nor friendly, nor liberal, nor grateful for the care which was taken of him, nor attentive to distinguish merit. He followed his own inclination without reflection. His mother Penelope had bred him up, in spite of Mentor, in an haughtiness and pride which sullied all his amiable qualities. He looked upon himself to be of a different nature from the rest of mankind; others seemed to him to be sent into the world by the Gods only to please him, to serve him, to prevent all his wishes, and to make him their sole arbiter in all things, as though he were a God. The happiness of serving him was, in his opinion, a sufficient recompense for those who did it. Nothing must ever be impossible in which his satisfaction was concerned, and the least delays moved his hasty temper.

Had any one seen him thus, in his natural disposition, he would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and that he was affected with

nothing but his own glory and pleasure. This indifference however as to others, and perpetual regard for himself, proceeded only from the ferment he was continually thrown into by the violence of his passions. He had been fondled and humoured by his mother from his cradle, and was a signal instance of the misfortunes of a high birth. The calamities he suffered even from his greenest years had not been capable to qualify this haughtiness and vehemence of his temper. Though he had been destitute of all things, forsaken, and exposed to numerous evils, yet he had lost nothing of his pride : that continually rose up again, as the pliant palm incessantly rises of itself, whatever efforts are made to depress it.

While Telemachus was with Mentor, these failings did not appear, and were daily decreasing. Like a fiery courser that bounds over the spacious meadows, that stops neither at steepy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents, and that obeys but the voice and hand of a single person who knows to manage him; Telemachus, full of a noble ardor, could not be restrained but by Mentor alone : but then a look of his would instantly stop him in his swiftest career; he immediately comprehended its meaning; he recalled every sentiment of virtue to his heart, and Mentor's wisdom in a moment rendered his countenance calm and serene : Neptune, when he lifts his trident, and threatens the swelling billows, does not more suddenly still the lowering tempests.

When Telemachus was alone, all his passions, that had been restrained like a torrent by a strong dike, took their natural course; he could not brook the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians and of Phalantus who was at their head. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, was composed of young men who were born during the siege of Troy, and had never had any education. Their illegitimate birth, the dissolute lives of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been bred up, gave them



something of wildness and barbarity ; they resembled a band of robbers more than a colony of Greeks.

Phalantus sought all opportunities of contradicting Telemachus. He often interrupted him in council, despising his advice as that of an unexperienced youth ; he bantered and treated him as an effeminate stripling ; he made all the chiefs of the army take notice of his slightest failings ; he endeavoured to sow jealousies every where, and to render Telemachus's high spirit odious to all the allies.

One day Telemachus having taken some Daunians prisoners, Phalantus pretended a right to them, alledging that he, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, had defeated that part of the army, and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquished and put to flight, had no trouble but the giving them quarter, and the conducting them to the camp. Telemachus on the contrary maintained, that he had hindered Phalantus from being defeated, and had gained the victory over the Daunians. They both pleaded their cause in an assembly of the confederate princes ; where Telemachus being so far transported as to threaten Phalantus, they would instantly have fought, had they not been withheld.

Phalantus had a brother, whose name was Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, strength and dexterity. Pollux, said the Tarentines, did not wield the cestus better, nor could Castor have excelled him in the management of a horse : he was almost equal to Hercules in stature and strength. The whole army was afraid of him ; for he was still more quarrelsome and brutal than strong and valiant.

Hippias, seeing with what haughtiness Telemachus menaced his brother, goes immediately to seize the prisoners, in order to convey them to Tarentum, without waiting for the decision of the assembly. Telemachus, being privately told of this, went out trembling with rage. Like a foaming boar in pursuit of the hunter that wounded him, did Telemachus rove up and down the camp, looking with eager

eyes for his enemy, and brandishing the dart with which he designed to kill him. At length he meets him, and his rage redoubles at the sight.

He was no longer the wise Telemachus, instructed by Minerva in the form of Mentor; he was a madman, or a furious lion. He immediately cries out to Hippias, Stay, thou basest of men, stay; we will soon see if thou art able to rob me of the spoils of those I have vanquished. Thou shalt not lead them to Tarantum; go, instantly descend to the gloomy banks of Styx. He said, and threw his javelin; but throwing it with so much fury that he could take no aim, it missed Hippias. Hereupon Telemachus draws the golden-hilted sword, which Laertes had given him at his departure from Ithaca as a pledge of his love. Laertes himself had used it with great glory in his youth, and dyed it in the blood of several famous leaders of the Epirots, in a war wherein he was victorious. Telemachus had hardly drawn his sword, when Hippias, resolving to make an advantage of his strength, rushed upon him in order to wrest it out of his hands. The sword is broken between them; they seize and close with each other. Lo! they now resemble two fierce brutes, that strive to tear one another in pieces; fire sparkles in their eyes; they shrink up, they stretch out; they stoop down, they rise again; they spring forwards; they thirst for blood. Lo! they are engaged hand to hand and foot to foot, twisting their two bodies together, so that they seemed to be but one. But Hippias, being of a maturer age, seemed as if he would overpower Telemachus, whose tender youth was not so nervous. And now Telemachus, being out of breath, feels his knees tremble: and Hippias, seeing him stagger, redoubles his efforts. The son of Ulysses had been slain, and suffered the punishment due to his temerity and passion, had not Minerva, who was watchful of him at a distance, and had let him fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, determined the victory in his favour.

The Goddess herself did not quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris the swift messenger of the Gods. Iris, flying with nimble wings, cleaves the immense spaces of the air, leaving behind her a long track of light which looked like a cloud of a thousand different colours : she did not rest herself till she came to the sea-shore, where the numberless army of the allies was encamped. She sees at a distance the strife, the ardor and efforts of the two combatants ; she trembles at the sight of the danger young Telemachus is in ; she approaches involved in a bright cloud which she formed of subtle vapours. The instant Hippias, conscious of his strength, thought himself victorious, she covered Minerva's youthful pupil with the ægis which the wise Goddess had intrusted to her. Telemachus, whose strength was exhausted, immediately begins to feel fresh vigour. As he revives, Hippias is dispirited, and finds himself terrified and oppressed by something divine. Telemachus presses hard upon him, attacking him sometimes in one posture and sometimes in another ; he makes him reel ; he gives him no time to recover himself ; at last he throws him on the ground and falls upon him. A huge Idæan oak, felled by a thousand strokes of the hatchet with which the whole forest resounded, does not make a more terrible noise in its fall ; the earth groans ; all things around it are shaken.

Mean while Telemachus recovered his reason as well as his strength. Hippias was scarcely fallen beneath him, when the son of Ulysses was sensible of the fault he had been guilty of in thus assaulting the brother of one of the confederate kings whom he came to assist. He called to mind with confusion the wise counsels of Mentor ; he was ashamed of his victory, and perceived that he deserved to have been overcome. Mean time Phalantus, transported with fury, ran to his brother's assistance ; and would have transfix'd Telemachus with his javelin, had he not been afraid of transfixing Hippias also, whom Tele-

machus held under him on the ground. The son of Ulysses could easily have taken his antagonist's life; but his anger was appeased, and he thought only of repairing his fault by shewing his moderation. He rises, saying, O Hippias! I am satisfied with having taught you not to despise my youth. Take your life; I admire your strength and courage. The Gods have preserved me; yield to their power, and let us for the future only fight together against the Daunians. While Telemachus was speaking, Hippias got up, besmeared with dust and blood, and full of shame and rage. Phalantus, not daring to take the life of him who had so generously given it to his brother, was doubtful and disordered. All the confederate kings ran to them, and led Telemachus one way, and Phalantus and Hippias another. Hippias had lost his fierce and haughty air, and was ashamed to lift up his eyes. The whole army was greatly astonished that Telemachus had been able, at so tender an age, when men are not arrived at their full strength, to vanquish Hippias, who in might and bulk resembled the giants, those sons of Earth, that formerly attempted to drive the Immortals from Olympus.

But the son of Ulysses was far from receiving any pleasure from this victory. While the army thought they could not sufficiently admire him, he retired to his tent, ashamed of his fault, unable to support himself, and bewailing his hastiness of temper. He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his transports; he found great vanity, weakness and meanness in his unbounded haughtiness, and perceived that true greatness is inseparable from moderation, justice, modesty and humanity: he perceived this; but not presuming to hope that he should amend after so many relapses, he was at war with himself, and was heard to roar like a lion in his fury.

He remained two days shut up all alone in his tent, punishing and unable to prevail on himself to go into company. Alas! said he, shall I dare to see



Mentor again? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men? Did I come to bring dissension and disorder into the army of the allies? Is it their blood, or that of the Daunians their enemies, which I ought to shed? I have acted rashly; I knew not even to throw my javelin; I exposed myself in combat against Hippias with strength unequal, and should have expected nothing but death and the shame of being vanquished. And what of that? I should have been no more: no, the rash Telemachus, the senseless youth who does not profit by any advice, should have been no more: my shame should have ended with my life. Could I, alas! so much as hope never to do again what I am now so grieved for having done, I should be happy, abundantly happy; but perhaps before the close of this very day I shall commit, nay wilfully commit, the very faults of which I am at present so much ashamed and have so great an abhorrence. O fatal victory! O praises which I cannot bear! praises which are bitter reproaches of my folly!

While he was thus solitary and disconsolate, Nestor and Philoctetes came to see him. Nestor designed to convince him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wise senior, presently perceiving the youth's affliction, changed his grave remonstrances into expressions of kindness, in order to allay his grief.

This quarrel retarded the progress of the confederate princes, who could not march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Telemachus with Phalantus and Hippias; being hourly apprehensive lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred young Cretans that came with Telemachus to this war. All was in confusion through the fault of Telemachus only; and he, perceiving the many present evils and future dangers of which he was the author, abandoned himself to the bitterest grief. All the princes were in a great perplexity: they durst not order the army to march, lest Telemachus's Cretans and Phalantus's Tarentines should fight with each

other as they went along; they had great difficulty to keep them from it even in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Nestor and Philoctetes were incessantly going backwards and forwards from Telemachus's tent to that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither Nestor's sweet eloquence nor the great Philoctetes's authority could pacify his savage heart, which was moreover continually irritated by the inflaming discourse of his brother Hippias. Telemachus was much calmer, but dejected by a sorrow which nothing could alleviate.

While the princes were in this commotion, all the troops were under great consternation: the whole camp looked like a house of mourning that had just lost the father of the family, the support of all his relations, and the sweet hope of his little children.

During this disorder and consternation of the army there was suddenly heard a frightful noise of chariots and arms, of neighing steeds and outcries of men, some victorious and spurred on to carnage, others running away, dying, or wounded. A black cloud of whirling dust overspreads the heavens and covers the whole camp. The dust is presently followed by a thick smoke which condenses the air and hinders respiration. There was likewise heard an hollow noise like that of the curling flames which mount *Ætna* belches from the bottom of its burning bowels, when *Vulcan* with his Cyclops is forging thunderbolts there for the father of the Gods. Terror seized on every heart.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adrastus* had surprised the allies; having concealed his rout from them, and procured intelligence of theirs. He had marched with incredible expedition round an almost inaccessible mountain, whose passes had almost all been seized by the allies. Now the allies, being in possession of these passes, thought themselves perfectly safe, and even fancied that they should be able by their means to fall upon the enemy on the other side of the mountain, when some troops which they

expected, were arrived. Adrastus, who was very lavish of his money in order to get intelligence of his enemies, had been informed of their resolution; for Nestor and Philoctetes, though otherwise very wise and experienced commanders, were not sufficiently secret in their enterprises. Nestor, now in the decline of life, was too fond of relating things which tended to his own praise. Philoctetes was naturally less talkative; but then he was so passionate, that if one moved his hasty temper ever so little, one might make him discover things which he had resolved to conceal. Artful men had found the key to his heart, and drew from it the most important secrets. They needed only to provoke him; being then transported and beside himself, he would burst out into menaces, and vaunt of having infallible means to accomplish his designs: and if they seemed ever so little doubtful of his means, he would immediately be so inconsiderate as to explain them, and let the closest secrets slip from his bosom. Like a fine but cracked vessel through which leak all the most delicious liquors, the heart of this great commander could retain nothing.

Traitors, corrupted by Adrastus's money, did not fail to make their advantage of the foibles of these two princes. They were continually flattering Nestor with empty praises; they reminded him of his past exploits, admired his foresight, and were never weary of applauding him. On the other side, they were perpetually laying snares for the fiery temper of Philoctetes, and talked to him of nothing but difficulties, accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, irretrievable over-sights; for as soon as his warm disposition took fire, his wisdom forsook him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the failings we have taken notice of, was much more prudent as to the keeping of a secret. He had been habituated to it by his misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under from his infancy of concealing his thoughts from Penelope's suitors. He knew to keep a secret without

telling an untruth. And then he had not that reserved and mysterious air, which is usual to close men; he never seemed burdened with the secret he was to keep, but was always free, easy, open, like a person that bears his heart on his lips. But though he said every thing that could be said without any ill consequences, yet he knew to stop precisely, and without affectation, at the things which might create suspicions, or furnish a hint to discover his secret. Hereby his heart was impenetrable and inaccessible; even his best friends knew nothing but what he judged proper to lay before them for their advice, and there was but Mentor alone for whom he had no reserve. He did indeed confide in others, but in different degrees, and in proportion to the proofs they had given him of their friendship and discretion.

Telemachus had often observed that the resolutions of the council were a little too much known in the camp, and had informed Nestor and Philoctetes of it; but they, though men of great experience, did not sufficiently attend to so useful a hint. Old age is not at all pliable; inveterate habits bind it as it were in chains, and its failings become incurable. Like trees whose rough and knotty trunks are hardened by length of time and cannot be straightened, men hardly have it in their power at a certain age to bend themselves contrary to customs which have grown old with them, and are entered into the very marrow of their bones. They often indeed are conscious of them when it is too late; they bewail them in vain; for tender youth is the only age wherein it is in a man's power to correct his errors.

There was in the army a certain Dolopian, whose name was Eurymachus, who was fawning, insinuating, had the art of adapting himself to all the tastes and inclinations of the princes, and was ingenious and industrious in finding out new ways of pleasing them. When one heard him, one would think there was no difficulty in any thing; and when his advice was asked, he was sure to hit upon that which was



most agreeable. He was an entertaining fellow : he bantered the weak, he cringed to those of whom he stood in awe, and so skilfully seasoned his flattery, that it was grateful to the most modest ear ; he was grave with the grave, and merry with those who were merrily inclined ; for it was no pain to him to assume any form whatever. Sincere and virtuous men, who are always the same, and who subject themselves to the rules of virtue, can never be so agreeable to princes as those who flatter their prevailing passions. Eurymachus understood war ; he was capable of business, and had, in order to make his fortune, attached himself to Nestor, whose confidence he had won, and from whose heart, which was a little vain and sensible to flattery, he drew every thing which he desired to know.

Though Philoctetes did not make him his confident, yet the fire and impatience of his temper had the same effects as Nestor's confidence. For Eurymachus needed only to contradict and provoke him, and he discovered all. This fellow had received large sums of Adrastus, to send him intelligence of all the designs of the allies. The Daunian king had several deserters in their army, who were to make their escape one after another from the confederate camp, and to return to his. When there was any thing of importance to be communicated to Adrastus, Eurymachus used to dispatch one of these deserters. The treachery could not easily be discovered ; because, as they never carried any letters, nothing was found upon them, if they were taken, that could render Eurymachus suspected.

Adrastus therefore constantly prevented all the enterprises of the allies : a resolution was hardly taken in the council, but the Daunians did precisely what was necessary to hinder its success. Telemachus was indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the cause of this, and to excite the suspicions of Nestor and Philoctetes ; but his cares were vain, for their eyes were not to be opened.

It had been resolved in council to wait for a large number of troops which were to arrive, and an hundred ships had been sent privately by night to transport them the more expeditiously from a very rugged sea-coast to which they were to come, to where the army was encamped. Mean time the confederates thought themselves secure, because their troops were in possession of the straits of the neighbouring mountain, which was an almost inaccessible side of the Apennines. The army was encamped on the banks of the river Galesus, near the sea. This delightful country abounds in pasturage, and in all things necessary to the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which the allies believed it was impossible for him to pass. But as he knew they were yet but weak, that a great reinforcement was coming, that ships were waiting for the troops which were to arrive, and that the army was divided by Telemachus's quarrel with Phalantus, he immediately made a large circuit, marching night and day along the sea-shore, and going through ways which had always been deemed absolutely impassable. Thus do resolution and labour surmount the greatest obstacles; thus is there hardly any thing impossible to the daring and the patient of fatigues: and thus do those who sleep and magnify difficulties into impossibilities, deserve to be surprised and oppressed.

Adrastus early in the morning surprised the hundred ships which belonged to the allies. As these ships were ill guarded and apprehensive of nothing, he took them without resistance, and made use of them to transport his troops with incredible dispatch to the mouth of the Galesus; he then sailed very expeditiously up the river. The advanced guards of the confederate camp that were stationed towards the river, imagined that these barks had brought them the troops which were expected, and immediately shouted aloud for joy. Adrastus and his soldiers landed before they could be known, and fall upon

the allies, who apprehend nothing, as they are scattered up and down in an open camp, unarmed, and without a commander.

The part of the camp which Adrastus first attacked, was that of the Tarentines, where Phalantus commanded. The Daunians entered it with such vigour, that the Lacedæmonian youth, being in a surprise, could not resist them. While they are looking for their arms, and hinder each other in their confusion, Adrastus orders the camp to be fired. The flames instantly ascend from the tents, and reach the very clouds; roaring like a deluge that pours over a whole country, and up-roots and bears away by its rapidity the largest oaks, the corn, barns, stables, flocks and herds. The wind impetuously drives the fire from tent to tent, and the whole camp instantly resembles an old dry forest, which a single spark has kindled into a blaze.

Phalantus, though he has the nearest view of the danger, can apply no remedy to it. He perceives that his troops must all perish in the flames, if they do not immediately abandon the camp; but he perceives also how much the confusion of such a retreat is to be dreaded before a victorious enemy. He begins however to draw off his half-armed Lacedæmonian youth, but Adrastus allows them no time to breathe. On one side a band of skilful archers gall Phalantus's soldiers with innumerable arrows, and slingers on the other pour a flinty shower. Adrastus himself, marching sword in hand at the head of a chosen band of the most intrepid Daunians, pursues the fugitives by the light of the flames; he mows down all who escape them with his keen steel; he swims in blood; he cannot slake his thirst of slaughter: lions and tigers equal not his fury when they rend the shepherds and their flocks. Phalantus's troops sink before him: their courage forsakes them; pale death, led on by an infernal fury whose head bristles with snakes, freezes the blood in their veins;

their benumbed limbs stiffen, and their shivering knees rob them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalantus, whom shame and despair still supply with some remains of strength and vigour, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, beneath the blows of Adrastus's thundering hand. Hippias is stretched on the earth, and rolls in the dust; black bubbling gore spouts like a torrent from the deep wounds in his side; his eyes exclude the light, and his furious soul issues out with his blood. Phalantus himself, all besmeared with his brother's gore, and unable to assist him, finds himself beset with a crowd of enemies who strive to fell him to the earth. His shield is pierced with a thousand darts; he is wounded in several parts of his body, and cannot rally his flying troops: the Gods see, but do not vouchsafe him their pity.

*End of the Sixteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the SEVENTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, clad in his divine armour, runs to Phalantus's assistance, kills Iphicles the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have obtained a compleat victory over them, if a sudden storm had not put an end to the battle. He afterwards orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes care of them himself, particularly of Phalantus. He celebrates the funeral rites of his brother Hippias, and presents him with his ashes which he had collected together in a golden urn.*

**JUPITER** in the midst of all the celestial Deities beheld the slaughter of the allies from the top of Olympus ; and at the same time consulting the immutable Destinies, saw all the chiefs whose thread of life was that day to be cut by the fatal scissars. All the Immortals looking earnestly upon him to read his pleasure in his countenance, the father of Gods and men, with a sweet but majestic voice, said : You see to what an extremity the confederates are reduced, you see Adrastus overthrowing his enemies ; but this is a deceitful spectacle. The glory and prosperity of the wicked is short ;

the impious Adrastus, detestable for his perfidy, shall not obtain a compleat victory. This calamity befalls the allies only to teach them to correct their errors, and to keep their enterprises more secret. The wise Minerva is now preparing fresh glory for her darling, the young Telemachus. He said; and all the Gods continued to view the combat in silence.

Mean time Nestor and Philoctetes are informed that part of the camp is already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were continually spreading; that the troops were in disorder, and that Phalantus could no longer sustain the efforts of the enemy. These dreadful words no sooner strike their ears but they run to arms, assemble the officers, and order them to hasten out of the camp to escape the flames.

Telemachus, who was dejected and inconsolable, now forgets his grief, and takes his arms, the inestimable present of the wise Minerva, who appearing in the shape of Mentor, pretended that she had received them of an excellent artist of Salentum, though she had in reality prevailed on Vulcan to make them in the smoky caverns of mount *Ætna*.

These arms were smooth as glass, and glittered like the rays of the sun. On the shield were seen Neptune and Pallas contending which of them should have the honour of giving their name to an infant city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and one beheld a furious steed springing from it. Fire darted from his eyes, and foam issued from his mouth. His mane waved with the wind; his pliant and nervous legs moved with vigour and swiftness. He did not walk; he bounded by the mere strength of his loins, but with such rapidity that he left no footsteps behind him: and one thought he heard him neigh.

In another part was Minerva presenting olives, the fruit of the tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city. The bough, on which the fruit hung, was an emblem of gentle peace and plenty,

preferable to the troubles of war, of which the horse was a symbol. The Goddess obtained the victory by her plain and useful gifts, and stately Athens bore her name.

Minerva was also seen assembling around her all the polite arts, which were represented by little children with wings. Terrified at the brutal fury of all-destroying Mars, they fled to her for shelter, as bleating lambkins fly for refuge to their dams at the sight of a ravenous wolf, that darts with extended flaming jaws to devour them. Minerva, with a disdainful and angry countenance, was also confounding, by the excellence of her works, the foolish temerity of Arachne, who presumed to vie with her as to the perfection of her tapestry. One saw the wretch's lessening limbs losing their form, and changing into those of a spider.

Near this part Minerva appeared again, giving advice to Jupiter himself in the war of the giants, and sustaining all the other affrighted Deities. She was also represented with her lance and ægis on the banks of Xanthus and Simois, leading Ulysses by the hand, reviving the courage of the flying Greeks, and withstanding the efforts of the most valiant Trojan commanders and of the formidable Hector himself; and lastly, introducing Ulysses into the fatal machine which was in a single night to subvert the empire of Priam.

Another part of the shield represented Ceres in the fruitful fields of Enna, in the midst of Sicily. The Goddess was assembling the inhabitants together, who were scattered up and down, and lived by hunting, or picking up the wild fruits that dropped from the trees. She taught these rude mortals the art of manuring the earth, and of extracting their food out of her fertile bosom; she presented them with a plough, and taught them to yoke the oxen to it. One might see the earth parting into furrows by means of the sharp-edged share; and then one beheld the golden harvests which hid the fruitful fields.

The reaper with his sickle was cutting down the kindly fruits of the earth, and paying himself for all his toils. Iron, elsewhere an instrument to destroy, was here used but to procure plenty, and to give birth to every kind of pleasure.

The nymphs, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, were dancing together, near a grove in a meadow, on the banks of a river. Pan was playing on his pipe, and the Fauns and wanton Satyrs were frisking together in a corner. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, was likewise there, leaning one hand on his thyrsus, and holding in the other a vine adorned with leafy branches and clustering grapes. His beauty was effeminate, but blended with I know not what of noble, of amorous and languishing. He looked as when he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her solitary, forsaken, overwhelmed with sorrow on an unknown shore.

To conclude, in all parts were seen multitudes of people; old men bearing their first fruits to the temples; young men tired with the toils of the day, returning home to their wives; their wives going to meet them, fondling their little children, and leading them by the hand. There were also shepherds that seemed to sing, and others to dance to the sound of their reeds. Every thing was an image of peace, plenty, and pleasure; every thing seemed smiling and happy. Nay, the very wolves were sporting among the sheep in their pastures, and the lion and the tiger, having quitted their fierceness, were feeding with tender lambkins: a child was their shepherd, and he governed them all with his crook. This delightful picture put one in mind of all the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus being clad in this celestial armour, instead of taking his own shield, takes the terrible ægis, which Minerva had sent him by Iris, the swift messenger of the Gods. Iris had taken away his own shield without his perceiving it, and had



given him the ægis, dreadful even to the Gods themselves, instead of it.

Thus armed, he runs out of the camp to avoid the flames, and calls all the chiefs of the army to him with a strong voice, which instantly revives all the terrified allies. Celestial fire sparkles in the eyes of the youthful warrior. He all the while seems as calm, as free and composed, as diligent in issuing out his orders, as a wise senior could who is intent on the regulation of his family, and the instruction of his children; but then he is as rapid and violent in the execution, as an impetuous river, which not only rolls its foamy waves with rapidity, but also bears away with its torrent the heaviest vessels with which it is loaded.

Philoctetes, Nestor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and of the other nations, perceived that the son of Ulysses had I know not what of authority, to which they were forced to submit. The experience of the seniors fails them; counsel and wisdom forsake all the commanders; nay, jealousy itself, so natural to man, is extinguished in every heart; all are silent, all admire Telemachus, all wait for his commands without reflecting on what they do, and as if they had been used to do it. He advances and ascends an eminence; and from thence observing the posture of the enemy, he instantly judges that it is necessary to use the utmost dispatch to surprise them in the disorder into which they had put themselves by burning the confederate camp. He fetches a compass with great expedition, followed by all the most experienced commanders, and falls upon the Daunians in the rear, at a time when they thought that the army of the allies was involved in the flames. The Daunians are disordered by this sudden attack, and fall beneath Telemachus's hands, as leaves in the close of autumn in the forests, when the boisterous north-wind, bringing back winter, makes the trunks of the old trees groan, and violently shakes all the branches. The earth is

strewed with men slain by Telemachus. With his javelin he pierces the heart of Iphicles, the youngest of Adrastus's children, who presumed to engage him, in order to save his father's life, who was in danger of being killed by Telemachus. The son of Ulysses and Iphicles were both handsome, vigorous, expert and brave, of the same stature, of the same sweet disposition, of the same age, and both alike dear to their parents ; but Iphicles resembled a flower in the fields, which blooms and is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then kills Euphorion, the most renowned of all the Lydians that came into Hetruria. His sword afterwards slays Cleomenes, who was lately married, and had promised his bride to bring her the rich spoils of the enemy ; but he was never to see her again.

Adrastus quivers with rage when he sees that his son and several of his commanders are dead, and that victory is slipping out of his hands. Phalantus, just ready to sink at his feet, looks like a half-slain victim, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies away from the altar. A moment more had been sufficient for Adrastus to have compleated the Lacedæmonian's destruction.

Phalantus, drowned in his own blood and in that of those who fought around him, hears the shouts of Telemachus coming to his relief. The same instant life returns, and the cloud which had already overspread his eyes, disperses. The Daunians, perceiving this unexpected attack, leave Phalantus to repulse a more dangerous enemy. Adrastus resembles a tiger, from whom a company of shepherds snatch the prey he was going to devour. Telemachus seeks him in the throng, being desirous to end the war at once by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy ; but Jupiter would not grant the son of Ulysses so quick and easy a victory. Nay, Minerva herself was willing that he should suffer more hardships, that he might be the better qualified to govern.

The impious Adrastus was preserved therefore by the father of the Gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which Jupiter formed in the air, saved the Daunians; dreadful thunders spoke the will of the Gods. One would have thought that the eternal vaults of high Olympus were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; lightnings cleft the clouds from pole to pole, and the eye was scarcely dazzled by their piercing fires, but all was wrapt again in the most hideous midnight darkness. A fluicy shower which fell at the same time, contributed likewise to part the two armies.

Adrastus availed himself of the succour of the Gods without being duly sensible of their power, and by this ingratitude merited to be reserved for a severer vengeance. He immediately marched his army between the half-burnt camp, and a morass which reached quite to the river; and this he did with such dexterity and dispatch, that his retreat was a proof of his readiness at expedients and of his presence of mind. The allies, spurred on by Telemachus, were eager to pursue him; but by the favour of the storm he escaped from them, as a swift-winged bird escapes from the nets of the fowler.

The allies now return to their camp, and think only of repairing their loss. As they entered it, they beheld the most lamentable effects of war; the sick and the wounded, wanting strength to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to save themselves from the flames: they seemed half-burnt, and with a doleful dying voice sent up bitter cries to heaven, which pierced the very soul of Telemachus. He could not retain his tears; he often turned away his eyes through horror and compassion, nor could without shuddering behold their bodies, though still alive, devoted to a lingering and painful death, and looking like the flesh of victims that has been burnt on the altars, and diffuses a smell all around.

Alas!

Alas ! cried Telemachus, lo the evils which war-draws after it ! How blind a fury possesses wretched mortals ! They have but a few days to live upon earth, and those are days of sorrow ; why then will they quicken the pace of death which is already so near ? Why will they add so many flocking evils to the bitterness with which the Gods have crowded their span of life ? Men are all brothers, and yet they tear each other in pieces. Savage brutes are less cruel than they. Lions make not war upon lions, nor tigers upon tigers ; they attack but animals of a different species. Man only, notwithstanding his reason, does what creatures void of reason never did. And then, why these wars ? Are there not lands enough in the world to supply all men with more than they can cultivate ? What a waste of desolate tracts which mankind can never stock with inhabitants ! What then ! does ambition, a prince's aiming at the vain title of a conqueror, kindle wars in countries sufficiently large ? Yes, a single person, sent into the world by the Gods in their wrath, brutally sacrifices millions to his vanity. Every thing must be destroyed ; every thing must swim in blood ; every thing must be involved in flames, that what escapes the sword and fire, may perish by famine still more cruel than they ; and all this, that a single man who mocks at human nature, may gratify his humour and ambition in this general devastation ! What a monstrous kind of vanity ! Can one too much detest and despise men who have thus far forgotten humanity ? No, no : instead of being demi-Gods, they are not so much as men, and ought to be had in execration in all the ages by which they hoped to be admired. Oh ! how cautious ought kings to be with respect to the wars they undertake ! Their wars ought to be just ; nay more, they ought to be necessary for the public weal. The blood of the people ought not to be shed but to save the people themselves in cases of extremity. But flattering

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counsels, false notions of glory, groundless jealousies, unbounded avarice, hid under fair disguises, in short imperceptible motives, almost always hurry kings into wars which render them miserable, which tempt them needlessly to risk their all, and prove as fatal to their own subjects as their enemies. Thus reasoned Telemachus.

But he did not satisfy himself with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to soften them. He went himself into the tents, to relieve the sick and the dying; he gave them money and medicines; he comforted and encouraged them by friendly discourses, and sent others to visit those he could not visit himself.

There were among the Cretans that accompanied him, two old men, whose names were Traumaphilus and Nosophugus. Traumaphilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learnt the divine art of healing wounds, of *Æsculapius's* sons. He used to pour into the deepest and most envenomed a certain odorous liquid which eat away the dead and mortified flesh, so that there was no need of incision, and quickly formed new flesh, which was sounder and of a better colour than the former. As for Nosophugus, he had never seen the sons of *Æsculapius*, but had, by means of Merion, been possessed of a sacred and mysterious book which *Æsculapius* had given his sons. Besides, Nosophugus was beloved of the Gods; he had composed hymns in honour of Latona's children, and daily sacrificed a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inspired; he no sooner saw a sick person but he knew the cause of his malady by his eyes, his complexion, the conformation of his body, and his manner of breathing. Sometimes he administered sudorifics, and shewed, by the success of sweating, how much the opening or shutting of the pores contributes to the disorder or restoration of the whole bodily machine. Sometimes in lingering

distempers he gave certain draughts, which gradually strengthened the noble parts, and renewed men's vigour by sweetening their blood. But he used to declare that it was through a want of virtue and resolution, that men so often needed physic. It is a shame to mankind, said he, that they should have such a multitude of maladies; for sound morals are productive of health. Their intemperance converts into deadly poisons the aliments which are designed to preserve their lives. Immoderate pleasures shorten men's days more than medicines can lengthen them. The poor are seldomer sick for want of food, than the rich are by eating too much. Aliments which are too grateful to the palate, and cause men to eat more than is needful, poison instead of nourishing. Medicines themselves are real evils which ruin the constitution, and should never be used but on urgent occasions. The grand medicine, which is always innocent and always useful, is sobriety, moderation in all sorts of pleasures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise. Thereby is generated a sweet and well tempered blood, and redundant humours are dissipated. Thus was the wise Nosophugus less admirable on account of his cures, than on account of the regimen he prescribed to prevent diseases, and to render medicines useless.

These two men, being sent by Telemachus to visit all the sick in the army, cured many by their medicines, but more by the care they took to have them well looked after; for they made it their business to keep them clean, in order to prevent any unwholesome air, and to make them observe a sober and regular diet during their recovery.

All the soldiers, moved by these benefits, rendered thanks to the Gods for having sent Telemachus into the confederate army. He is not a man, said they; he is undoubtedly some beneficent Deity in an human shape. At least, if he be a man, he resembles the rest of mankind less than he does the

Gods; he is come into the world only to do good, and is more amiable for the sweetness of his temper and his humanity than for his valour. Oh! that we could have him for our king! but the Gods reserve him for some happier people whom they love, and among whom they design to renew the golden age.

Telemachus, as he went in the night to visit the several quarters of the camp by way of precaution against any stratagems of Adrastus, heard these praises, which could not be suspected of adulation, like those which flatterers often bestow on princes to their faces, supposing that they have neither modesty nor delicacy, and that nothing is necessary to gain their favour but to praise them beyond measure. The son of Ulysses could relish nothing but truth; he could bear no commendations but those which were privately given him in his absence, and he had really deserved. To such his heart was not insensible; he felt that sweet, that pure delight which the Gods have annexed to virtue only, and which ill men, for want of having experienced it, can neither comprehend nor believe; but he did not indulge himself in this pleasure. All the faults he had committed would presently crowd into his mind; he forgot not his natural haughtiness, and indifference for mankind; he was secretly ashamed of being born with so hard a heart, and of appearing so humane; he referred to the wise Minerva all the glory which was given him, thinking that he himself did not deserve it.

It was you, great Goddess, said he, who gave me Mentor to instruct me and to rectify my evil disposition; it is you who give me the wisdom to improve by my faults, and to be diffident of myself; it is you who check my impetuous passions; it is you who make me sensible of the pleasure of relieving the distressed: but for you, I should be hated, and deserve to be so; but for you, I should commit irreparable errors, and be like a child, that, uncon-

scious of its weakness, quits its mother, and falls the very first step it takes.

Nestor and Philoctetes were surpris'd to see Telemachus become so humane, so careful to oblige, so officious, so ready to relieve the wants of all, and so skilful and industrious to prevent them; they perceived him to be quite another man, but knew not how to account for it. What surpris'd them yet more, was the care he took of Hippias's funeral. He went himself to fetch his bloody and disfigured body from the place where it was buried under an heap of dead; he shed pious tears over it, and said, O mighty shade, thou now knowest how much I esteem thy valour. Thy haughtiness indeed provoked me, but thy failings proceeded only from the warmth of youth. I well know how much need that age has of pardon. We should hereafter have been sincere friends. I also was in the wrong. Why, ye Gods! have you ravished him from me, before it was in my power to force him to love me?

Telemachus afterwards caus'd his body to be wash'd with odorous liquors, and then order'd a funeral pyre to be prepar'd. Lofty pines, groaning beneath the strokes of the axe, roll down from the tops of the mountains. Oaks, those aged sons of earth, that seem'd to menace heaven, tall poplars, elms with verdant heads and thick leaved branches, and beeches, the honour of the woods, are brought and laid upon the banks of the river Galeus. There a pile, resembling a regular building, is erect'd; the flame begins to appear, and curling clouds of smoke ascend to the skies. The Lacedæmonians advanced with slow and mournful steps, with downcast eyes and pikes inverted; the deepest sadness is imprint'd on their wild faces, and floods of tears stream from their eyes. Next them came the aged Pherecydes, less bow'd down by his numerous years than by the grief of surviving Hippias, whom he had brought up from his infancy. He lifted up



his hands and his tearful eyes to heaven. Since Hippias's death he had refused all manner of sustenance; gentle sleep had not been able to weigh down his eye-lids, nor to suspend his anguish a moment: he walked with tottering steps behind the crowd, unknowing whither he went. Not a single word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too much oppressed; he was speechless through grief and despair. But when he saw the kindling pyre, he was instantly transported and cried out:

O Hippias! Hippias! I shall never see thee more! Hippias is no more, and yet I still live! O my dearest Hippias! It was I, a cruel and merciless wretch! it was I taught thee to despise death. I hoped thy hand would have closed my eyes, and that thou wouldest have caught my latest breath. Ye cruel Gods! to lengthen out my life that I might see the death of Hippias! O my dear child, whose education has cost me so many cares, I shall see thee no more! but I shall see thy mother die of grief, reproaching me with thy death; I shall see thy youthful wife beat her bosom and tear off her hair, and I shall be the cause! O beloved shade! summon me to the Stygian shore; the light is hateful to me; it is thou alone, my dear Hippias, I wish to see again. Hippias! Hippias! O my dearest Hippias! I live but to pay my last duty to thy ashes.

Mean time the corps of youthful Hippias appeared, stretched out at its length, and borne on a bier adorned with purple, gold and silver. Death, which had extinguished his eyes, had not been able to efface all his beauty, for there still remained on his pallid visage a faint picture of the graces. Around his neck, whiter than snow, but reclined on his shoulder, waved his long black hair, which, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymedes, was now to be reduced to ashes. In his side was seen the deep wound which let out all his blood, and sent him down to Pluto's gloomy realm.

Telemachus, sorrowful and dejected, came next to the corps, and strewed flowers upon it. When it arrived at the pyre, the son of Ulysses could not see the flames catch the linen it was wrapt in, without weeping afresh. Farewell, brave Hippias, said he; for I dare not call thee my friend; be appeased, thou shade, who hast merited so much glory! Did I not love thee, I should envy thy happiness: thou art delivered from the miseries we still suffer, and hast retreated from them in the path of glory. Ah! how happy should I be in making a like end! May Styx not stop thy ghost! may the Elysian fields be open to it! may fame preserve thy renown throughout all ages, and may thy ashes rest in peace!

He had scarcely spoken these words, which were intermingled with sighs, but the whole army made a loud lamentation; they were moved for Hippias, whose gallant actions they recited, and their sorrow for his death, recalling all his good qualities to their minds, made them forget the failings which were owing to the impetuosity of youth and a bad education. But they were still more moved with the tender sentiments of Telemachus. Is this then, said they, the proud, the haughty, the scornful, the stubborn young Greek? Lo! how gentle, how humane, how kind he is. Without doubt Minerva, who so greatly loved his father, loves him also; she without doubt has made him the choicest present which the Gods can make to men, by giving him a heart susceptible of friendship, as well as wisdom.

And now the body was consumed by the flames. Telemachus himself besprinkled the yet smoking ashes with perfumed liquors; he then inclosed them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers, and carried it to Phalantus, who was stretched at full length, pierced with various wounds, and so extremely weak that he had a near prospect of the gloomy gates of Tartarus.

Already had Traumaphilus and Nosophugus, whom the son of Ulysses had sent to him, admiri-

nistered all the assistance of their art; they had gradually recalled his soul, which was ready to take its flight; new spirits insensibly revived him; an agreeable penetrating vigour, the balm of life, insinuated itself from vein to vein even to the inmost recesses of his heart, and a pleasing warmth snatched him from the icy hands of death. The moment his swooning was over, grief succeeded: he began to be sensible of the loss of his brother, which he had not before been in condition of feeling. Alas! said he; why all these pains to save my life? Were it not better for me to die, and follow my dearest Hippias? I saw him perish by my side. O Hippias, the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more! I then no more shall see thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor tell thee my pains, nor comfort thee under thine! Ye Gods! ye enemies of mankind! there is no Hippias for me! Is it possible? Is it not a dream? No, it is but too true. O Hippias, I have lost thee, I saw thee die, and must live till I have revenged thy death: I will sacrifice the cruel Adrastus, besmeared with thy blood, to thy manes.

Whilst Phalantus was speaking thus, Traumaphilus and Nosophugus endeavoured to appease his grief, that it might not increase his disorders, and prevent the effect of their medicines. Perceiving of a sudden that Telemachus was coming to him, his heart was at first agitated by two contrary passions; on one hand, he retained a resentment of all that had past between Telemachus and Hippias, which was quickened by his grief for Hippias's death; and, on the other, he could not be ignorant that he owed the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who had snatched him, quite covered with blood and half-dead, out of Adrastus's hands. But when he saw the golden urn in which the dear ashes of his brother Hippias were inclosed, he shed a torrent of tears; he immediately embraced Telemachus without being able to speak; and at length, with a feeble voice, interrupted with sobbings, he said:

Worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you ; to you I am indebted for this remainder of life which draws towards its end ; but I am indebted to you for something much dearer to me. But for you, my brother's body had been the prey of vultures ; but for you, his shade, deprived of sepulture, had miserably wandered on the Stygian banks, and been continually repulsed by the inexorable Charon. Must I be so much obliged to one I have so much hated ? Reward him, ye Gods ! and rid me of so wretched a life. As for you, Telemachus, perform for me the last duties which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to your glory.

This said, Phalantus was quite spent and overwhelmed with an excess of grief. Telemachus stood by him, not daring to speak to him, and waiting till he should recover his strength. Phalantus soon returning from his swoon, took the urn out of Telemachus's hands, kissed it several times, bedewed it with his tears, and said : Ye dear, ye precious ashes ! when shall mine be inclosed in this urn with you ! O thou ghost of Hippias, I follow thee to the shades below ; Telemachus will revenge us both.

And now Phalantus's disorder daily decreased by the care of the two men who were skilled in the science of Æsculapius. Telemachus constantly attended them when they visited their patient, to make them the more diligent to hasten his cure ; and the whole army admired the goodness of his heart in thus relieving his greatest enemy, more than the valour and wisdom he had discovered in saving the confederate army in battle. Telemachus at the same time was indefatigable in the hardest toils of war. He slept little, and his slumbers were often interrupted either by advices, which he received at all hours of the night as well as of the day, or by his visiting the several quarters of the camp, which he never did twice together at the same hour, that he might the more easily surprise those that were not sufficiently vigilant ; he



used often to return to his tent besmeared with sweat and dust; his food was plain; he lived like the common soldiers, to set them an example of sobriety and patience. The army having but little provisions in this incampment, he thought fit to stop the murmurs of the soldiers by voluntarily bearing himself the same inconveniencies as they. His body, instead of being weakened by so laborious a life, was strengthened and hardened daily; he began to lose the soft graces which are as it were the bloom of youth; his complexion grew browner and less delicate, and his limbs more robust and nervous.

*End of the Seventeenth Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the EIGHTEENTH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, persuaded by various dreams that his father Ulysses is no longer on earth, executes his design of going to seek him in hell. He goes privately out of the camp, attended by two Cretans as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia; he there plunges through a dark dreary passage, arrives on the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his bark. He goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to permit him to seek for his father. He crosses Tartarus, where he sees the tortures of the ungrateful, the perjured, the hypocrite, and particularly of bad kings.*

**A** DRASTUS, whose troops had been considerably weakened in this engagement, retired behind mount Aulon, to wait for various re-inforcements, and to endeavour once more to surprise his enemies: so an hungry lion, driven back from the sheep-fold, returns to the gloomy wood, and re-enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having taken care to establish a strict discipline through all the camp, thought only of executing a design which he had formed and concealed from all the chiefs of the army. He had long been disturbed every night with dreams, which shewed him his father Ulysses. His dear image used constantly to return towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her dawning fires to chase the wandering stars from heaven, and gentle slumbers with all their trains of fluttering dreams from the earth. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses in a delightful island on the bank of a river in a flowery meadow, quite naked, and surrounded by nymphs who were throwing him garments, that he might cover himself with them. Sometimes he thought he heard him talking in a palace all glittering with gold and ivory, where men with wreaths of flowers on their heads were listening to him with pleasure and admiration. And Ulysses would often appear to him of a sudden amidst the merriments and pleasures of festivals, wherein the sweet harmony of a voice was heard in concert with a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, and than the voices of all the Muses.

When Telemachus awaked, he was troubled at these agreeable dreams. O my father ! my dear father Ulysses ! cried he, the most frightful dreams would be more pleasing to me. These images of felicity convince me that you are already descended to the mansion of happy souls, whose virtue the Gods reward with an eternal peace. Methinks I see the Elysian fields. Oh ! how dreadful it is to hope no more ! O my much-loved father ! shall I never see thee ? Shall I never embrace him who so dearly loved me, and in quest of whom I undergo so many toils ! Shall I never hear that mouth speak which used to utter wisdom ? Shall I never kiss those hands, those dear victorious hands, which have vanquished so many enemies ? Will they not punish Penelope's frantic suitors, nor Ithaca ever rise again from its ruin ? You, ye Gods, who hate my father, you send

me these fearful dreams to rob my heart of every hope, to rob me of my life. No, I will live no longer in this uncertainty. What say I! Alas! I am but too certain that my father is no more; I'll go even to hell to seek his ghost. Theseus, the impious Theseus, who presumed to offer violence to the infernal Deities, descended thither; but piety is my motive for going. Hercules descended thither: I indeed am not Hercules; but an attempt to imitate him is glory. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the heart of that God who is represented as inexorable, and obtained his leave for Eurydice's return to the living. I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus, for my loss is greater. Who would compare a young girl, who was no more than multitudes of others, with Ulysses the admiration of all Greece? We will go, we will die, if it must be so. And why should I, whose life is so miserable, be afraid of death? O Pluto! Proserpine! I will quickly try if you are so inexorable as you are said to be. O my father, having vainly compassed earth and seas to find you, I will now go and see if you are not in the gloomy mansions of the dead. Though the Gods refuse to let me see you on earth, and in the enjoyment of the light of the sun, perhaps they will not refuse to let me see at last your ghost in the sable realm of night.

Telemachus, as he spoke these words, bedewed his bed with his tears. He immediately rose, and endeavoured by means of the light to sooth the smarting grief these dreams had occasioned; but the arrow having pierced his heart, he carried it every where with him. During his anguish he resolved to descend to hell at a famous place, which was not far from the camp; it is called Acherontia, because there is a hideous cavern there, which leads down to the banks of Acheron, a river whereby the Gods themselves are cautious how they swear. The city was built on the top of a rock, like a nest on the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern,



which fearful mortals durst not approach. The shepherds were careful to turn their flocks from it. The sulphurous vapours of the Stygian lake, which incessantly exhaled through this opening, infected all the air. Nor herbs nor flowers grew around it; there no gentle zephyrs ever breathed, no vernal bloom was seen, nor autumn's precious gifts. The earth was parched and languid, and one saw but a few fatal cypresses and leafless shrubs. Even at a distance Ceres all around denied the husbandman her golden harvests, and Bacchus seemed in vain to promise his delicious fruits, for the clustering grapes withered instead of ripening. The mournful Naiads poured no limpid stream; their waves were always bitter and muddy. In this spot over-run with thorns and brambles, no birds did ever warble, nor find a grove to retreat to; they went and sung their loves under a milder sky. Here nothing was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the dismal screams of the owl. The grass itself was bitter, and the flocks which fed on it, felt not the pleasing joy which makes them bound along. The bull fled from the heifer, and the disconsolate swain forgot his pipe and his flute.

Out of this cavern issued from time to time a black, thick smoke, which formed a kind of night at the mid of day. The neighbouring people then redoubled their sacrifices to appease the infernal Divinities; but men in the flower of their age and earliest bloom of youth, were often the only victims which these cruel Deities took a pleasure in sacrificing by a fatal contagion.

It was here Telemachus resolved to find a way to Pluto's gloomy mansion. Minerva, who incessantly watched over him and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious to him; Jupiter himself, at her request, having commanded Mercury, who daily descends to hell to deliver up to Charon a certain number of dead, to bid the king of the shades permit the son of Ulysses to enter into his empire,

Telemachus steals out of the camp by night; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who, being in the heavens the bright planet of the night, and on earth the chaste Diana, is in hell the formidable Hecate. This Goddess kindly heard his vows, because his heart was pure, and he was led by the pious affection which a son owes to his father.

He was scarcely arrived at the mouth of the cavern, when he heard the subterraneous empire roar; the ground trembled beneath his feet, and the heavens were armed with lightnings and flashes of fire, which seemed to fall on the earth. The young son of Ulysses felt his heart moved, and his whole body covered with a cold sweat; but his courage supported him. Lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, Ye mighty Gods, cried he, these omens, which I deem propitious, I accept with pleasure; compleat your work. He said, and redoubling his pace, rushed boldly forward.

Whereupon the thick smoke which rendered the mouth of the cavern fatal to all animals that approached it, was dispersed, and the poisonous stench ceased for a while. Telemachus entered alone; for what mortal durst attend him? Two Cretans, who came with him to a certain distance from the cave, and to whom he had communicated his design, waited in a temple at a distance, trembling, half-dead, offering up their vows, and despairing of ever seeing Telemachus again.

Mean time the son of Ulysses rushed sword in hand into this horrible darkness. He presently perceives a faint glimmering light, like that which is seen in the night - time upon earth; he observes the airy ghosts fluttering around him, and drives them away with his sword. He afterwards sees the doleful banks of the marshy river, whose foul and sluggish waters are continually whirling round. On the shore he discovers an innumerable crowd of unburied dead, vainly presenting themselves to the inexorable Cha-

ron. This God, whose everlasting age is eternally furly and morose, but full of vigour, threatens them, drives them away, and immediately admits the young Greek into his bark. Telemachus, as he enters it, hears the groans of a disconsolate ghost.

What occasions your distress? said he : who were you upon earth? I was, replied the shade, Nabopharzan, king of haughty Babylon. All the nations of the East trembled at the very sound of my name; I caused myself to be worshipped by the Babylonians in a marble temple, where I was represented by a golden statue, before which were burnt both night and day the most precious perfumes of Æthiopia. Whoever presumed to contradict me, was immediately chastised for it. New pleasures were daily invented to make my life more delightful, and I was still young and robust. Oh ! what joys had I to taste on a throne ! But a woman whom I loved, and who did not love me, made me very sensible that I was not a God : she poisoned me. I now am nothing. My ashes were yesterday deposited in a pompous manner in a golden urn. My people wept for me ; they tore off their hair ; they seemed as if they would throw themselves into my flaming pyre to die with me, and they still go and pour forth their groans at the foot of the stately tomb in which my ashes are laid : but nobody really laments me ; my memory is abhorred even in my own family, and I already suffer here below an horrible kind of treatment.

Telemachus, moved by this sight, said, Were you really happy while you reigned? Did you feel that sweet peace of mind, without which the heart is always oppressed and withers in the midst of pleasures? No, replied the Babylonian, I do not even know what you mean. The sages indeed vaunt of this peace as the only good ; but for me, I never experienced it. My heart was continually agitated by new desires, by fear and by hope. I endeavoured to make myself giddy by the rapid motions of my passions, and I took care to maintain the intoxicating career, and to make

it lasting : the shortest interval of calm reason had been very irksome to me. This is the peace which I enjoyed ; all other seemed to me but a fable and a dream. These are the blessings which I regret.

The Babylonian, as he spoke thus, wept like a mean-spirited wretch, that had been enervated by prosperity, and had not been used to bear adversity with fortitude. There were several slaves about him who had been put to death to honour his funeral : Mercury had delivered them up to Charon with their king, and had given them an absolute power over him whom they had served upon earth. The shades of these slaves were no longer afraid of Nabopharzan's shade ; they held it in chains, and offered it the most cruel indignities. One said to him, Were we not men as well as thou ? What made thee so frantic as to think thyself a God ? Shouldest thou not have remembered that thou wert of the same race as others ? Another, to insult him, said, Thou wert in the right in being unwilling to be taken for a man ; for thou wert a monster void of humanity. A third cried out, Well ! where are thy flatterers now ? Wretch, thou hast no longer any thing to give ; thou hast not the power to do any more mischief ; thou art become the slave even of thy own slaves. The Gods are slow to do justice, but they do it at last.

At these grating words Nabopharzan threw himself prostrate on the earth, tearing off his hair in a fit of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves, Haul him up by his chain, raise him whether he will or no ; he shall not have even the consolation of hiding his confusion ; all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it, to justify the Gods, who have so long suffered this impious wretch to reign upon earth. This, Babylonian, is but the beginning of thy sorrows ; prepare thyself to be tried by Minos, the inflexible judge of hell.

During this speech of the terrible Charon, the bark reached the shore of Pluto's realm. All the ghosts ran to view the living mortal that appeared in



the boat in the midst of the dead; but the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they fled like the shades of night, which the least glimpse of day disperses. Charon, with a brow less wrinkled, and eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young Greek, Thou mortal beloved of the Gods, since it is given thee to enter the kingdom of night, which is inaccessible to the living, make haste and go where the Destinies call thee; go along this gloomy path to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find on his throne; he will permit you to enter regions whose secrets I am forbidden to discover to you.

Hereupon Telemachus advances with hasty steps. He sees on all sides fluttering shades more numerous than the grains of sand on the sea-shore; and observing the confusion and hurry of this infinite multitude, and the profound silence of these spacious regions, he is struck with an holy fear. His hair rises upright on his head, on his arrival at the inexorable Pluto's drear abode; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it is with difficulty that he is able to address these words to the God: You behold, O tremendous Deity, the son of the unhappy Ulysses; I am come to inquire if my father be descended into your empire, or if he be still wandering on the earth.

Pluto was seated on a throne of ebony. His countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and sparkling, his brows wrinkled and threatening. The sight of a living man was hateful to him, as the light is offensive to the eyes of animals that are used to go out of their retreats only by night. By his side appeared Proserpine, who alone attracted his looks, and seemed a little to mollify his heart. She enjoyed an ever-blooming beauty; but she seemed to have joined to her divine charms I know not what of the obduracy and cruelty of her husband.

At the foot of the throne was pale devouring death, with his keen scythe, which he was continually whetting. Around him hovered gloomy cares, cruel jealousy, revenge all dropping with blood and covered with

wounds ; groundless hate ; avarice gnawing her own flesh ; despair rending herself with her own hands ; mad ambition overthrowing every thing ; treason thirsting for blood, and unable to enjoy the evils she had occasioned ; envy pouring her deadly venom around her, and raging at her want of power to injure ; impiety digging a bottomless pit, and flinging herself in despair into it ; ghastly spectres ; phantoms which assume the form of the dead to terrify the living ; frightful dreams, and want of sleep as tormenting as they : all these dreadful images environed the haughty Pluto, and crowded his palace. He answered Telemachus in a voice which made the bottom of Erebus roar :

Young mortal, destiny has given thee to violate this sacred asylum of shades ; pursue thy glorious fortune ; I shall not tell thee where thy father is ; it suffices that thou art free to look for him. As he was a king upon the earth, you need only run through, on one hand, that part of dreary Tartarus where wicked kings are punished, and the Elysian fields, on the other, where good kings are rewarded. But you cannot go from hence to the Elysian fields, without passing through Tartarus. Hasten thither, and quit my dominions.

Telemachus instantly seems to fly through those empty and immense spaces, so much did he long to know if he should see his father, and to get out of the dreadful presence of the tyrant who awes both the living and the dead. Near him he presently perceives the dismal Tartarus, from which issued a black thick smoke, whose poisonous steam should have been mortal, had it been diffused in the mansions of the living. This smoke hovered over a river of fire and whirlwinds of flames, whose roaring, like that of the most impetuous torrents falling from the highest rocks into the deepest abysses, prevented one's hearing any thing distinctly in these regions of sorrow.

Telemachus, being secretly encouraged by Minerva, enters this gulf undaunted. He immediately perceived a great number of men who had lived in the lowest stations, and were punished for having sought riches by fraud, treachery and cruelty. He observed many impious hypocrites, who pretending to love religion, had used it only as a specious pretence to gratify their ambition, and to impose upon the credulous. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, though it is the most precious gift of the Gods, were punished as the most wicked of all mankind. Children who had killed their fathers and their mothers, wives who had dipt their hands in their husbands' blood, and traitors who had violated all the most solemn oaths, and sacrificed their country, suffered less cruel tortures than these hypocrites. Such is the pleasure of the three judges of hell; and their reason for it, is because hypocrites are not satisfied with being wicked like other impious wretches; they endeavour to be thought good, and make men, by their counterfeited virtue, afraid of relying on the true one. The Gods, whom they mocked, and rendered contemptible to men, take a pleasure in exerting their whole power to revenge themselves of their insults.

Near these appeared others, who, though not esteemed culpable by the vulgar, are persecuted by the divine vengeance without mercy: these are the ungrateful, the liar, the flatterer who applauded vice, malignant censurers who endeavoured to sully the purest virtue, and those who rashly judged of things without knowing them thoroughly, and thereby injured the reputation of the innocent.

But of all kinds of ingratitude, that which is committed with regard to the Gods, was punished as the blackest. What! said Minos, is a man reputed a monster, who is ungrateful to his father, or his friend, of whom he has received some favours, and does he glory in being ungrateful to the Gods, of whom he holds his life, and all the blessings it includes! Does

he not owe his birth to them more than to the father and mother of whom he was born? The more crimes are winked at and excused upon earth, the more are they the objects of an implacable vengeance; which nothing escapes, in hell.

Telemachus, seeing the three judges sitting, and passing sentence on a person before them, was so free as to ask them what his crimes were. Upon which the criminal took the word, and cried, I never did any harm; I placed all my delight in doing good; I was generous, liberal, just, compassionate; with what then can I be charged? Whereupon Minos said, Thou art charged with nothing as to men; but didst thou not owe them less than the Gods? What is this justice thou vauntest of? Thou hast failed in no duty towards men, who are nothing; thou hast been virtuous, but thou didst ascribe all thy virtue to thyself, and not to the Gods who gave it thee; for thou wouldest needs enjoy the fruits of thy own virtue, and make that the only spring of thy happiness. Thou hast been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who made all things, and made nothing but for themselves, cannot give up their right. Thou hast forgotten them; they will forget thee, and deliver thee up to thyself, since thou resolved'st to be thy own and not theirs. Now therefore find thy consolation, if thou canst, in thy own bosom. Lo! thou art now for ever separated from men whom thou soughtest to please. Lo! thou, who wast thy own idol, art now alone with thyself. Be assured that there is no true virtue without a reverence and love of the Gods, to whom all things are due. Thy false virtue, which long dazzled the eyes of men who are easily imposed upon, will now be put to confusion. Men, judging of virtue and vice by what thwarts or suits their interest, are blind both as to good and evil. Here a divine light overthrows all their superficial opinions, often condemns what they admire, and justifies what they condemn.



At these words the philosopher, as if he had been thunderstruck, could not support himself. The complacency with which he had formerly contemplated his moderation, his courage and generous inclinations, was changed into despair. A survey of his own heart, which had been an enemy to the Gods, became his punishment. He views himself, and cannot cease to view himself. He sees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom in all his actions he sought to please. There is an universal change of every thing within him, as if all his bowels had been turned up-side down ; he no longer finds himself the same man, and every prop in his heart fails him. His conscience, whose testimony used to please him so highly, rises up against him, and bitterly reproaches him with his mistaken and chimerical virtues, which had not the worship of the Deity for their principle and end ; he is troubled, astonished, overwhelmed with shame, remorse and despair. The Furies indeed do not torment him, because they are satisfied with giving him up to himself, as his own heart abundantly revenges the derided Gods. He seeks the blackest corners to hide himself from the rest of the dead, unable to hide himself from himself ; he seeks for darkness, but he cannot find it. A troublesome light follows him every where ; every where the piercing rays of truth pursue him, in order to avenge the truth he neglected to follow. Every thing which he loved, becomes hateful to him, as being the source of his miseries, which are to be eternal. O fool, says he to himself, I have known neither Gods, nor men, nor myself. No, I have known nothing, since I never loved the only true good. All my steps have been erroneous ; my wisdom was but folly ; my virtue was only a blind and impious pride ; I was my own idol.

At last Telemachus beheld the kings who had been condemned for abusing their power. On one hand a vengeful Fury presented a mirror which shewed them all the deformity of their vices. There

they saw, and could not avoid seeing, their gross vanity and greediness of the most ridiculous encomiums ; their barbarity to mankind, whom they ought to have rendered happy ; their insensibility to virtue ; their fears to hear the truth ; their affection for base flatterers ; their supineness, their luxury, their indolence, their misplaced jealousies, their pomp ; their excessive magnificence, founded on the ruin of the people ; their ambition to purchase a little empty glory with the blood of their citizens ; and lastly their inhumanity, in daily seeking for new delights in the tears and despair of the miserable multitude. In this mirror they continually viewed themselves, and found that they were more frightful and monstrous than the Chimera which Bellerophon vanquished, than the Lernæan Hydra which was subdued by Hercules, and even than Cerberus himself, though he disgorges from his three yawning mouths a black venomous gore, which is enough to poison the whole race of mankind.

At the same time, on the other hand, another Fury repeated to them in an insulting manner all the praises which their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they were living, and held up another mirror in which they saw themselves such as adulation had described them ; the contrast of these two portraits was the punishment of their vanity. It was remarkable that the wickedest of these princes were those to whom the most fulsome commendations had been given in their life-time ; because the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not ashamed to require the base incense of the poets and orators of their time.

They are heard to groan in this profound darkness, where they can see nothing but the insults and derisions which they are doomed to suffer, and have nothing about them that does not repulse them, that does not thwart them, that does not confound them. Whereas upon earth they sported with the lives of men, and pretended that all things were made for

their use; in Tartarus they are delivered up to all the caprices of certain slaves, who make them in their turn feel all the rigours of servitude. They serve with reluctance, and despair of ever being able to soften their captivity. Under the lashes of these slaves, now become their merciless tyrants, they are like the anvil under the strokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the burning forges of mount *Ætna*.

There Telemachus saw pale, ghastly, dismayed countenances; for gloomy grief preys on these guilty wretches. They are terrified at themselves, and can no more shake off this terror than their nature itself. They need no other punishment of their crimes than their crimes themselves, which they continually see, in all their enormity, staring them in the face and haunting them like hideous spectres. To avoid these, they seek for a more powerful death than that which separated them from their bodies; they call, in their despair, for a death which will extinguish all sense and consciousness; they implore the abysses to swallow them up, and to screen them from the vengeful and persecuting rays of truth. But they are reserved for a vengeance which distils upon them drop by drop, and is inexhaustible. The truth which they dreaded to see, becomes their punishment; they see it, and have eyes only to see it rise up against them. The sight of it pierces them, rends them, tears them. It resembles lightning; without hurting the outside, it penetrates to the inmost bowels. The soul, like metal in a flaming furnace, is as it were melted by this vindictive fire, which destroys its whole texture, but consumes nothing; which dissolves even the first principles of life, and yet makes it impossible to die. They are racked with inconceivable tortures; they can find no comfort nor rest for a single moment; they exist only by their fury against themselves, and a despair which makes them outrageous.

Among these objects, which made Telemachus's hair rise upright on his head, he saw several of the  
ancient

ancient kings of Lydia, who were punished for having preferred the pleasures of an effeminate life to the toils of making their people happy, which ought to be inseparable from royalty.

These princes reproached each other with their blindness. One said to another, who had been his son, Did I not often, during my old age and before my death, recommend to you the redressing the evils which I had occasioned by my negligence? Ah unhappy father! replied the son, it was you who ruined me; it was your example that inspired me with the love of pomp, with pride, voluptuousness and cruelty. Seeing you reign in such luxury and with a crowd of flatterers about you, I was habituated to love flattery and pleasure; I thought that the rest of men were with respect to kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are with respect to men; animals which we value only for their service, and as they contribute to our convenience. This I believed; it was you that made me believe it, and I now suffer these numberless miseries for imitating you. To these reproaches they added the most shocking imprecations, and seemed in a rage to tear each other in pieces.

Around these kings still hovered, like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, groundless alarms, diffidence which revenges the people of the cruelty of their princes, an insatiable thirst of riches, false glory which is always tyrannical, and shameful luxury which doubles all the miseries of men, and has it not in her power to yield them substantial pleasures.

Several of these kings were severely punished, not for the evil which they had done, but for the omission of the good which they ought to have done. All the crimes of the people, that proceed from a negligent execution of the laws, were imputed to their kings, who ought to reign only that the laws may reign by their ministry. To them also were imputed all the disorders which arise from pomp, luxury, and all other excesses which reduce men to extremity, and tempt them to violate the laws for the sake of money,



Those kings especially were treated with the greatest rigour, who, instead of being good and watchful shepherds of the people, had studied only to worry the flock like ravenous wolves.

But what astonished Telemachus yet more, was to see in this abyss of darkness and misery, a great number of kings, who having past on the earth for tolerable good kings, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus for submitting to be governed by wicked and crafty men. They were punished for the evils which they had suffered to be committed by their authority. Most of these had been so weak, that they had been neither good nor bad; they had never been afraid of knowing the truth, but they had not relished virtue, nor placed their delight in doing good.

*End of the Eighteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the NINETEENTH.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus enters into the Elysian fields, where he is known by Arceſius his great grandfather, who assures him that Ulyſſes is living, that he will see him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arceſius gives him a description of the felicity which good men enjoy, and eſpecially good kings, who in their life-time ſerved the Gods, and were a bleſſing to the people they governed. He makes him obſerve, that the heroes who had excelled only in the art of war, are much leſs happy in a place by themſelves. He gives Telemachus ſome inſtructions, who then returns with ſpeed to the confederate camp.*

WHEN Telemachus came out of this place, he found himſelf relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breaſt; he was ſenſible, by this relief, of the miſery of thoſe who are confined there without hopes of ever being releaſed, and was terrified to ſee how much more rigorouſly kings were tormented than other offenders. What! ſaid he, ſo many duties, ſo many dangers, ſo many ſnares, ſo many difficulties in getting at the truth in order to

guard against others and against one's self also ! and at last so many tortures in hell, after one has been so envied, so disquieted, so thwarted during a short life ! O how senseless is he that is ambitious of reigning ! Happy the man who confines himself to a private and peaceful station, in which he may with less difficulty be virtuous !

As he made these reflections, his soul was disordered, he trembled, and fell into a consternation, which made him feel something of the despair of the wretches he had just seen ; but as he went away from this doleful mansion of darkness, horror and despair, his courage began insensibly to revive : he already felt, and had a glimpse of the pure and sweet light of the abode of heroes.

Here resided, separated from the rest of the just, all the good kings that had ever ruled over mankind. As wicked princes suffered punishments in Tartarus, infinitely more severe than private offenders ; so good kings enjoyed in the Elysian fields an happiness infinitely greater than that of other men who had loved virtue on earth.

Telemachus advanced towards these princes, who were in fragrant groves on an ever-springing and flowery turf. A thousand limpid rills watered, and diffused a delicious freshness over these enchanting scenes. An infinite number of birds made the groves ring with their tuneful chantings. One beheld the vernal flowers springing beneath one's feet, at the same time that the richest autumnal fruits were hanging on the trees. There were never felt the raging dog-star's heats : there the lowering boreal winds never durst to breathe the severities of winter. Neither blood-thirsty war, nor cruel envy that bites with an invenomed tooth, and bears writhen adders in her bosom and around her arms, nor jealousy, nor diffidence, nor fear, nor vain desires, do ever approach this happy mansion of peace. Here the day never ends, and night with her sable veil is a stranger. A pure and grateful light is diffused around the bodies

of these righteous men, and invests them with its rays as with a garment. This light does not resemble the glimmering light which enlightens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is nothing but darkness; it is rather a celestial glory than a light. It more thoroughly penetrates the grossest bodies than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal. It never dazzles: on the contrary, it strengthens the eyes, and conveys an inexpressible serenity through all the recesses of the soul. This is the only food of the blessed. It proceeds from and enters into them; it penetrates and is incorporated with them, as aliments are incorporated with us. They see it, they feel it, they breathe it; it causes an inexhaustible fountain of tranquillity and joy to spring up in them. They are immersed in this abyss of delights as fishes in the sea. They covet nothing more; they have all things without having any thing; for the taste of this pure light appeases the hunger of their hearts. All their desires are satisfied, and their plenitude raises them above every thing that empty greedy mortals pursue upon earth. All the surrounding delights are nothing to them, because the consummate happiness which comes from within, leaves them no cravings for any thing they see of delightful without. They are like the Gods, who, replenished with nectar and ambrosia, would not deign to feed on any gross aliments which might be set before them at the most sumptuous tables of mortals. All evils fly far from these serene abodes; death, sickness, want, pain, sorrow, remorse, fear, hope itself which often gives us as much trouble as fear, divisions, hatred, quarrels, can have no admission here.

Should the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose brows, covered with ice and snow from the beginning of the world, cleave the clouds, should they, I say, be thrown from their foundations that are fixed in the center of the earth, the souls of these righteous men would not even be moved: they only pity the miseries which depress those who live in the world; but it is a sweet



and peaceful pity, that does not in the least lessen their unchangeable felicity. Eternal youth, endless happiness, a glory wholly divine is painted on their faces; but their joy has nothing of wanton or indecent. It is a sweet, a noble, a majestic joy; it is a sublime, a ravishing taste of truth and virtue. They every moment experience without interruption that ecstasy of soul which a mother feels at the sight of a beloved son whom she thought dead: but the rapture, which quickly forsakes the mother, never flies from their souls. It never languishes a moment; it is always new; they taste the transports of inebriating joys without their disorder and stupefaction. They discourse together of what they see and of what they taste. They despise and deplore the soft pleasures, and the vain grandeur of their former condition; they review with pleasure the few but sorrowful years, in which they were under a necessity of combating against themselves, and against a torrent of corrupt men, in order to be virtuous; they admire the assistance of the Gods, who led them, as it were by the hand, through innumerable dangers to virtue. Something inconceivably divine flows incessantly through their souls, like a flood of the divine nature itself which is united to them. They see, they taste that they are happy, and are conscious that they shall always be so; they sing the praises of the Gods, and make all together but one voice, one mind, one heart: the same tide of felicity ebbs and flows as it were in their united souls.

In these heavenly raptures ages roll away more swiftly than hours among mortals; and yet a thousand and a thousand ages subtract nothing from their happiness, which is always new and always perfect. They all reign together, not on thrones which the hand of man can subvert, but in themselves and with an unalterable power; for they no longer need to make themselves formidable by a power borrowed of a vile and wretched people. They no longer wear those vain diadems, whose lustre conceals numberless

fears and anxious cares; the Gods themselves having crowned them, with their own hands, with crowns which nothing can tarnish.

Telemachus, who was seeking his father, and expected to find him in these enchanting regions, was so ravished with this taste of peace and happiness, that he would have been glad to have found him there, and was sorry that he himself was obliged to return to the society of mortals. Here, said he, is life indeed, whereas ours is but death. But he was astonished as he had seen so many kings in the tortures of Tartarus, that he saw so few happy in the Elysian fields; he was thereby convinced that there are very few princes resolute and courageous enough to resist their own power, and to repulse the numerous flatterers who are used to stir up all their passions. Good kings therefore are very rare; and most are so wicked that the Gods would not be just, if, having suffered them to abuse their power in their life-time, they did not chastise them after their death.

Telemachus, not seeing his father Ulysses among all these kings, looked for the divine Laertes his grandfire. While he was seeking him in vain, a venerable majestic old man came towards him, whose age did not resemble that of mortals, who are bowed down with the weight of years on the earth. One perceived only that he had been old before his death; for all the gravity of age was now blended with all the graces of youth, which revive in the most decrepid the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This senior advanced hastily, and viewed Telemachus with complacency, as one who was very dear to him. Telemachus, who did not know him, was in pain and suspense.

I excuse my dear son, said this senior, your not knowing me; I am Arcegius, the father of Laertes. I finished my course a little before my grandson Ulysses departed for the siege of Troy. Though thou wert then but an infant in thy nurse's arms, I conceived great hopes of thee, and they have not

deceived me, since I see that thou art descended into Pluto's kingdom in quest of thy father, and that the Gods support thee in this enterprize. O my happy child! the Gods love thee, and are preparing a glory for thee which will equal that of thy father. And happy am I to see thee again! Cease to search for Ulysses here; he is still alive, and is reserved to be the restorer of our house in the island of Ithaca. Laertes himself, though bowing under a weight of years, still enjoys the light, and waits for his son's coming to close his eyes. Thus mortals pass away like flowers which bloom in the morning, and wither and are trodden under foot in the evening. The generations of men roll away like the waves of a rapid river; nothing can stop the tide of time, which draws after it every thing that seems the most immoveable. Thou thyself, my son, my dear son, thou who now enjoyest such a sprightly pleasurable youth, do thou remember that this gay season is but a flower which will wither almost as soon as it is blown. Thou wilt perceive thyself insensibly alter: the smiling graces, the sweet pleasures which attend thee, strength, health, joy, will vanish like a pleasing dream; nothing but a regretful remembrance will be left thee. Languid old age, that enemy to pleasure, will come and wrinkle thy brows, bow down thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the source of joy in thy heart, and make thee loath the present, and apprehensive of the future, and insensible to all things but pain. This time appears to you at a distance. Alas! thou deceivest thyself, my son; it comes with hasty wings: lo! it is here. What advances with such rapidity is not far from thee, and the present fleeting moment is already at a distance, since it ceases to be the instant we speak, and can approach us no more. Never rely therefore, my son, on the present; but support thyself in the rugged thorny path of virtue by viewing the future. Prepare thyself a mansion, by purity of manners and a love of justice, in this blissful abode of peace. Thou shalt quickly see thy father resume his authority in

Ithaca. Thou wert born to reign after him; but, alas! my son, how deceitful is a crown! When one views it at a distance, one sees nothing but grandeur, lustre and pleasures; but when near, it is all beset with thorns. A private person may without reproach lead a life of ease and obscurity; but a king cannot, without dishonouring himself, prefer a life of pleasure and indolence to the painful duties of government. He owes himself to his subjects; he is never permitted to be his own master, and his least over-sights are of the greatest consequence, because they make his people wretched, and that sometimes for ages. He ought to curb the audaciousness of the wicked, to support innocence, to suppress calumny. It is not enough for him not to do any evil; he must do all the possible good of which the state stands in need. Nay, it is not enough that he does good himself; he must likewise prevent all the evil which others would do, were they not restrained. Be apprehensive therefore, my son, be apprehensive of so dangerous a situation; arm thyself with resolution against thyself, against thy passions, and against flatterers.

Arcefius, as he spoke these words, seemed animated by a divine fire, and let Telemachus see by his countenance that he greatly pitied kings on account of the miseries which are inseparable from a crown. When it is assumed, said he, to gratify one's self, it is a monstrous tyranny: and when it is assumed to discharge the duties of it, and to govern a numerous people, as a father governs his children, it is a grievous thralldom, which requires an heroic fortitude and patience. And it is accordingly certain, that they who have really reigned virtuously, here enjoy every thing which the power of the Gods can bestow in order to render their happiness compleat.

While Arcefius was speaking in this manner, his words sunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were engraved upon it, like the figures which a skilful artist engraves on brass, and designs to transmit to the view of the latest posterity. This sage discourse was like a



subtle flame that penetrated into the bowels of the young Telemachus; he found himself moved and on fire; something divine seemed to melt his heart within him. What he had in his inmost parts secretly consumed him; he could neither contain it, nor support it, nor resist so violent an impression: it was a lively pleasing sensation, immixed with pains capable of depriving one of life.

Telemachus, beginning at length to breathe more freely, perceived in the countenance of Arceſius a great reſemblance of Laertes; nay, he fancied that he had a confuſed idea of having ſeen the like features in his father Ulyſſes, when he departed for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted his very heart; ſweet and joyful tears ſtreamed from his eyes. He was deſirous of embracing ſo dear a perſon, and ſeveral times attempted it in vain. The empty ſhade eluded his arms, as flattering objects ſlip from a man in a dream when he thinks himſelf ſure of them: one while the thirſty mouth of the ſleeper purſues a fugitive ſtream; another while his lips move to form words which his ſtiſſened tongue cannot utter; then, his hands are eagerly extended, and catch nothing. So Telemachus was unable to gratify his fondneſs: he ſees Arceſius, he hears him, he talks to him, he cannot feel him. At length he aſks him who the perſons are whom he ſees around him.

You ſee, my ſon, replied the ſage ſenior, men who were the ornament of their times, and the glory and happineſs of the human race; you ſee the ſmall number of kings who were worthy to be ſo, and who faithfully diſcharged the office of Gods upon earth. The others whom you ſee near, but ſeparated from them by that little cloud, enjoy a much lower degree of glory. Thoſe indeed are heroes; but the reward of their valour and military expeditions cannot be compared with that of wiſe, juſt and beneficent princes,

Among these heroes you see Theseus, whose face is somewhat melancholy. He had the misfortune to be too credulous with regard to an artful wife, and is still grieved for having requested of Neptune the cruel death of his son Hippolytus. O how happy, had he not been so passionate and so easily provoked ! You likewise behold Achilles leaning on his spear, by reason of the wound he received in his heel by the hand of the effeminate Paris, which put an end to his life. Had he been as just, wise, and moderate as he was intrepid, the Gods would have granted him a long reign ; but they pitied the Phthians and Dolopians, over whom, according to the course of nature, he would have reigned after Peleus, and determined not to deliver so many people to the mercy of a fiery man, who was more easily enraged than the most stormy sea. The fatal sisters shortened the thread of his days, and he resembled a flower, which, when hardly blown, is cut down by the plough-share, and falls before the close of the day which gave it birth. The Gods made use of him, as of floods and tempests, to punish the crimes of men ; they made Achilles their engine to throw down the walls of Troy, in order to revenge Laomedon's perjury, and Paris's unlawful love. Having made this use of the instrument of their vengeance, they were appeased, and refused, notwithstanding the tears of Thetis, to suffer this young hero to continue longer in the world, who was fit only to disturb mankind, and to overturn cities and kingdoms.

But dost thou see that other personage there with that fierce countenance ? It is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles. You undoubtedly are not ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he pretended that his armour could be given to none but himself ; your father did not think that he ought to yield it to him ; the Greeks adjudged it in favour of Ulysses. Ajax killed himself through rage and vexation ; indignation and fury are still visible in his face. Do not approach him, my

son; for he would think that you intended to insult him in his misfortunes, though he really merits pity. Do you not perceive that he looks upon us with uneasiness, and is entering abruptly into that gloomy grove, because we are odious to him? On the other side, you see Hector, who had been invincible, if the son of Thetis had not lived at the same time. But lo! there goes Agamemnon, who still bears the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son, I tremble when I think of the calamities of the impious Tantalus's family. The enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled that house with horror and blood. Alas! what a multitude of others does a single crime draw after it! Agamemnon, returning at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired: such is the fate of almost all conquerors. All the persons you see there were formidable in war; but they were not amiable and virtuous. Accordingly they are admitted only into the second mansion of the Elysian fields.

As for these, they reigned with justice, they loved their subjects, and are the favourites of the Gods. While Achilles and Agamemnon, who were so prone to dissention and war, do still even here retain their pains and natural failings, while they vainly regret the loss of their lives, and are grieved at their being now but empty and impotent shadows; these righteous princes, being purified by the divine light, on which they feed, have nothing more to wish for the completion of their happiness. They view the anxious cares of mortals with pity; and the greatest affairs which disquiet the ambitious, appear to them like the sports of children. Their souls are replenished with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain head. They have nothing more to suffer from themselves or others, no more desires, no more wants, no more fears. All is at an end as to them, except their felicity, which cannot end.

Take notice, my son, of old king Inachus; who founded the kingdom of Argos. What sweetness,

what majesty in his old age ! Flowers spring beneath his steps. His easy gait resembles the flight of a bird. He holds an ivory lyre in his hand, and sings in an eternal transport the marvellous works of the Gods. His heart and mouth breathe an exquisite perfume. The harmony of his voice and lyre would ravish both Gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for loving the people whom he assembled within his new walls, and whose legislator he was.

On the other side, thou mayest see among those myrtles, Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city sacred to the Goddess of wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops, bringing useful laws from Egypt, which was the source of letters and morality, to Greece, softened the savage nature of the Attic towns, and united them in the bands of society. He was just, humane, compassionate ; he left his subjects in affluence, and his own family in moderate circumstances, being unwilling that his power should descend to his children, because he thought that others were more worthy of it.

In that little valley I must likewise shew you Erichthon, who invented the art of making money of silver. He did it with a view of facilitating commerce between the islands of Greece ; but he foresaw the inconveniencies which would attend this invention. Apply yourselves, said he to the people, to multiply the riches of nature among you, which are the true riches : manure the earth, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil and fruits ; take care to have innumerable flocks and herds, which may feed you with their milk and cloth you with their wool, and you will thereby place yourselves in circumstances of never being afraid of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you inure them to labour ; for the earth is inexhaustible, and increases her fertility in proportion to the number of inhabitants that cultivate her with care ; she liberally rewards all such for their toils, whereas she is sparing and ungrateful to those who cultivate her in a negli-



gent manner. Confine yourselves therefore chiefly to the true riches which suffice the wants of man. As for money, it must be esteemed only as it is necessary either in the wars which we are inevitably forced to maintain abroad, or for the trading in some necessary commodities which are wanting in our own country : and it is accordingly to be wished, that men would cease to trade in all things which serve only to maintain extravagance, pomp, and luxury.

The sage Erichthon would often say, I greatly fear, my children, that I have made you a fatal present, in communicating to you the invention of money. I foresee that it will excite avarice, ambition, pomp ; that it will cherish an infinite number of pernicious arts, which tend only to the softening and to the corruption of manners ; that it will give you a disgust of the happy simplicity in which all the repose and all the security of life consist ; that it will in short make you despise agriculture, which is the foundation of the life of man, and the source of all real blessings : but the Gods are witnesses to the integrity of my heart, in imparting this invention to you, which is in itself useful. At last, when Erichthon perceived that money corrupted the people as he had foreseen, he retired through grief to a savage mountain, where he lived poor and sequestered from mankind to an extreme old age, and would no more concern himself in the government of cities.

A little while after him the famous Triptolemus appeared in Greece, whom Ceres taught the art of tilling the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harvest. Not that men before him were strangers to corn or to the manner of multiplying it by sowing ; but they were not perfect in the art of tillage, till Triptolemus, sent by Ceres, came with a plough in his hand, to offer the Goddess's gifts to all who should have resolution enough to conquer their natural sloth, and addict themselves to constant labour. Quickly did Triptolemus teach the Greeks to furrow the earth, and to make her fruitful by

rending her bosom ; quickly did the ardent and indefatigable reapers cause the yellow ears which covered the fields, to fall beneath their sharp-edged sickles. Even wild and savage people, who wandered up and down the woods of Epirus and Ætolia, in quest of acorns for their food, softened their manners, and became subject to laws, when they had learnt how to make the harvests rise, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks relish the pleasure of owing their riches only to their labour, and of finding in one's own field all that is necessary to render life easy and happy. This simple, this innocent plenty, which is inseparable from agriculture, made them recollect the wise counsels of Erichthon; they contemned money and all artificial riches, which are riches only in the imagination of men, which tempt them to pursue dangerous pleasures, and divert them from labour, wherein they would find all real blessings, together with purity of manners and perfect freedom. The Greeks therefore knew that a fertile and well cultivated field is the real treasure of a family, which is wise enough to chuse to live frugally as their fathers lived. And happy had they been, had they remained steady in maxims so proper to make them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so by a solid virtue! But, alas ! they begin to admire false riches ; they by little and little neglect the true, and degenerate from this admirable simplicity. O my son, you will one day reign ; then remember to bring men back to the practice of agriculture, to honour that art, to encourage those who apply themselves to it, and not to suffer men to live idle, or to be employed in arts which nourish pomp and luxury. These two men, who were so wise upon earth, are here beloved of the Gods. Take notice, my son, that their glory as much surpasses that of Achilles and other heroes who excelled only in battle, as the delightful spring is pleasanter than the icy winter, or as the light of the sun is brighter than that of the moon.

While Arceſius was talking in this manner, he

perceived that Telemachus's eyes were fixed on a little laurel grove, and a river bordered with violets, roses, lilies, and several other fragrant flowers, whose lively colours resembled those of Iris, when she descends from heaven to earth, to declare the commands of the Gods to mortals. The great king Sesostris was in this beautiful grove, and Telemachus knew him again, though he was a thousand times more majestic than he had ever been on the throne of Egypt. Rays of benign light shot from his eyes, and dazzled those of Telemachus. When one saw him, one would have thought that he was inebriated with nectar; so much had the divine spirit raised him above the reach of human reason as a reward of his virtues.

Telemachus said to Arcesius, O my father, I perceive Sesostris, the wise king of Egypt, whom I saw not long since. That indeed is Sesostris, replied Arcesius; and you see by him how bountifully the Gods reward good princes. But you must know that all this happiness is nothing in comparison of that which was designed him, if too great a prosperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and justice. His passion to lower the pride and insolence of the Tyrians engaged him to take their city: This conquest inspired him with a desire of making others; and suffering himself to be seduced by the vanity of conquerors, he subdued, or, to speak more justly, he ravaged all Asia. At his return to Egypt he found that his brother had seized upon the crown, and had, by an unrighteous administration, changed the best laws of the country. Thus did his great conquests only serve to embroil his own kingdom. But what made him more inexcusable, was his being so intoxicated with vain glory, as to cause his chariot to be drawn by the proudest of the kings he had conquered. He was afterwards sensible of his error, and ashamed of having been so inhuman. Such was the fruit of his victories, and such are the mischiefs which conquerors bring upon themselves and their kingdoms, by endeavouring

to usurp those of their neighbours. This was what sullied the reputation of a prince who was otherwise so just and beneficent, and it is this which diminishes the happiness which the Gods had prepared for him.

Dost thou not see him, my son, whose wound appears so glorious? He was a king of Caria, Diocledes by name, who sacrificed himself for his people in battle, because the oracle had declared that the nation whose king should perish, would be victorious in the war between the Carians and the Lycians.

Take notice of that other personage also : he was a wise legislator, who having enacted laws which were adapted to make his subjects virtuous and happy, made them swear that they would never violate any of them in his absence. This done, he departed, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor in a foreign land, in order to oblige his people by this oath for ever to observe such salutary laws.

The other whom you see, is Eunesimus, king of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. During a pestilence which ravaged the whole earth and covered the banks of Acheron with new ghosts, he, laying down his life for so many millions of innocent persons, besought the Gods to lay aside their wrath. The Gods heard him, and here bestowed a real crown upon him, of which all earthly crowns are but empty shadows.

The old man whom you see with a wreath of flowers on his head, is the famous Belus : he reigned in Egypt, and married Anchinoë the daughter of the God Nilus, who conceals the source of his waters, and enriches the country by his inundations. He had two sons ; Danaus, whose history you know, and Egyptus, who gave his name to this beautiful kingdom. Belus thought himself richer by the plenty he procured his subjects, and by their affection for him, than by all the taxes which he could have imposed upon them. These men, my son, whom you look upon as dead, are alive ; and the wretched life which men drag



on the earth is death : the names only are changed : May the Gods render thee virtuous enough to merit this blessed life, which nothing can put a period to ; nor disquiet ! But hasten hence ; it is time to go and seek thy father. Alas ! what blood wilt thou see shed before thou findest him ! But then what glory awaits thee in the fields of Hesperia ! Be mindful of the wise Mentor's counsels : if thou followest them, thy name will be glorious among all nations and in all ages.

He said, and immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory door which leads out of Pluto's darksome realm. Telemachus departed, with tears in his eyes ; without being able to embrace him ; and ascending from these gloomy regions, hastened back to the confederate camp, having in his way rejoined the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him as far as the cavern, and expected to see him no more.

*End of the Nineteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWENTIETH.

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The ARGUMENT.

*In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus prevails on them not to surprise the city of Venusium, which had been left by both parties in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. He shews his wisdom with regard to two deserters ; one of them, whose name was Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him, and the other, named Dioscorus, offered the allies the head of Adrastus. In the ensuing battle Telemachus carries death wherever he goes in quest of Adrastus ; and that king, who seeks him also, meets with and kills Pifistratus, the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes to his assistance, and as he is about to kill Adrastus, is wounded and obliged to retire from the battle. Telemachus follows the cries of the confederates, of whom Adrastus makes a terrible havock ; he engages this enemy, and gives him his life on conditions which he imposes upon him. Adrastus, getting up again, attempts to surprise Telemachus, who seizes him a second time, and takes away his life.*

**I**N the mean time the chiefs of the army assembled to deliberate whether they should seize on Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had formerly

usurped from his neighbours the Peucetæ of Apulia; who had entered into the league against Adrastus, in order to demand justice for that invasion. Adrastus, to satisfy them, had delivered the city by way of trust into the hands of the Lucanians; but he had corrupted the Lucanian garrison and its commander by his money: so that the Lucanians had in reality less authority than he in Venusium; and the Apulians, who had consented that the Lucanian garrison should keep Venusium, had been over-reached in this negotiation.

A citizen of Venusium, named Demophantes, had privately offered the allies to deliver up one of the gates of the city to them by night. This proposal was so much the more advantageous, as Adrastus had laid up all his provisions and military stores in a castle near Venusium, which could not defend itself if that city were taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already declared that they ought to embrace so favourable an opportunity; and all the other commanders being swayed by their authority, and dazzled by the advantages which would arise from so easy an enterprise, approved their opinion: but Telemachus at his return did all he could to dissuade them from it.

I am not ignorant, said he, that if ever a man deserved to be circumvented and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has so often deceived all others. I plainly see that in surprising Venusium you will only take possession of a city which belongs to you, since it belongs to the Apulians, a nation who have entered into your league. I own that you may do this with a greater show of reason, as Adrastus, who put this city as a pledge into the hands of the Lucanians, has corrupted the governor and the garrison, in order to enter it whenever he shall think proper. And then I am sensible as well as you, that if you take Venusium, you will the next day become masters of the castle in which Adrastus has lodged all his stores, and that you would thus in two days put an end to this formidable war. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by such means? Must fraud be

repelled by fraud ? Shall it be said that so many princes having entered into a league to chastise the impious Adrastus for his treacheries, are become treacherous like him ? If it is lawful for us to act like Adrastus, he is not guilty, and our endeavours to punish him are wrong. What ! has all Hesperia, supported by so many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms against the perfidy and perjury of Adrastus, but perfidy and perjury ? You have sworn by things the most sacred to leave Venusium as a pledge in the hands of the Lucanians. But their garrison, say you, is corrupted by Adrastus's money ; I perceive that as well as you. But this garrison is still in the pay of the Lucanians ; it has not refused to obey them, and has, at least in appearance, observed the neutrality. Neither Adrastus nor any of his soldiers have ever entered Venusium ; the treaty subsists, and your oath is not forgotten by the Gods. Shall we keep our promises, only when we want plausible pretences to break them ? Shall we be faithful and religious observers of oaths, only when we can get nothing by violating them ? If the love of virtue and the fear of the Gods have no influence upon you, have at least some concern for your reputation and interest. If you give mankind this pernicious instance of breaking your word and of violating your oath to terminate a war, what wars will you not kindle by this impious conduct ? What neighbour will not be constrained to apprehend every thing from and to detest you ? Who for the future in the most pressing exigencies will confide in you ? What security will you be able to give when you design to be sincere, and when it is of consequence to you to persuade your neighbours that you are so ? Will a solemn treaty do it ? You will have trampled one under your feet. Will an oath do it ? Ah ! will it not be known that you look upon the Gods as cyphers, when you expect to draw any advantage from perjury ? You will not therefore be safer in peace than in war. Every thing which



comes from you, will be received as a disguised or open war. You will perpetually be the enemies of all who shall have the misfortune to be your neighbours. All transactions which require reputation; probity and confidence, will become impossible to you; you will have no means of making people believe what you promise.

There is, added Telemachus, a yet nearer concern which must needs affect you, if you have any sense of probity, or any foresight with regard to your own interest, viz, that so treacherous a conduct would be an internal attack upon your whole league, and quickly ruin it; your perjury would cause Adrastus to triumph.

The whole assembly, murmuring at these words, asked him how he could take upon him to say, that an action which would infallibly make the confederates victorious would ruin the confederacy? How, replied he, will you be able to confide in each other, if you once violate your sincerity, the only band of society and confidence? When you have laid it down as a maxim, that the laws of probity and fidelity may be dispensed with for the sake of some signal advantage, which of you will trust another, since another may find it very advantageous to falsify his word and to deceive you? Where will you be then? Which of you will not endeavour by his own artifices to prevent those of his neighbour? What will be the fate of a confederacy of so many nations, when they have agreed among themselves, after a general discussion of the matter, that it is lawful to over-reach one's neighbour and to violate one's plighted faith? How great will your mutual jealousies be, your dissensions, your zeal to destroy each other! Adrastus will have no occasion to attack you; you will sufficiently worry one another, and justify his perfidies. Ye sage, ye magnanimous princes, you who so wisely govern innumerable multitudes, disdain not to hearken to the counsels of a young man. Should you ever fall into the most terrible extremities into which war some-

times precipitates men, you may rise again by your vigilance and the struggles of your virtue; for true courage never despairs. But if you have once broken down the barrier of honour and probity, your ruin is inevitable: you can never revive the confidence which is necessary to make all important affairs successful; nor reclaim men to the principles of virtue, which you have taught them to despise. And what do you apprehend? Are you not brave enough to conquer without treachery? Is not your valour, together with the forces of so many nations, sufficient for this? Let us fight, let us die, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile means. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power, provided we abhor imitating his baseness and perfidy.

When Telemachus concluded his speech, he perceived that soft persuasion had flowed from his lips, and sunk deep into their hearts. He observed that there was a profound silence throughout the whole assembly; every one's thoughts being employed, not on him or the graces of his words, but on the force of truth, which was so striking in the whole course of his reasoning. Amazement was painted on their faces. At length an hollow murmur was heard spreading itself by little and little through the whole assembly. They all looked upon one another, being afraid to speak first, and waiting till the principal commanders should declare themselves, though every one found it difficult to retain his sentiments. At last the grave Nestor pronounced these words:

Worthy son of Ulysses, the Gods prompted you to speak, and Minerva, who so often inspired your father, suggested to you the wise and generous counsel which you have given us. I do not regard your youth; I see Minerva in all you have said. You have pleaded the cause of virtue. Without virtue the greatest advantages are real losses; without virtue men soon draw on themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the jealousy of their allies, the hatred of all good men, and the just wrath of the Gods. Let us therefore

leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of conquering Adrastus only by our courage.

He said; and the whole assembly applauded the wisdom of his words. But every one, as he gave his applause, turned his eyes with amazement towards the son of Ulysses, and imagined that he saw the wisdom of Minerva, his inspirer, shine forth in him.

There soon arose another question in the council of the kings, by which he did not acquire less glory. Adrastus, ever bloody and perfidious, sent into the camp one Acanthus a deserter, who was to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army. He was particularly ordered to spare no pains to effect the death of the young Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who had too much courage and candour to be mistrustful, readily and kindly received this wretch, who had seen Ulysses in Sicily, and who related to him the adventures of that hero. He maintained him, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for Acanthus complained of having been deceived and unworthily treated by Adrastus. But this was cherishing and warming a venomous viper in his bosom, which was ready to sting him to death. Another deserter was taken whose name was Arion, whom Acanthus was sending back to Adrastus, to inform him of the state of the confederate camp, and to assure him that he would the next day poison the principal kings and Telemachus at an entertainment which the latter was to give him. Arion being apprehended confessed his treason, and it was suspected that Acanthus was concerned with him, because they were intimate friends; but Acanthus, who was a deep dissembler and not to be daunted, defended himself so artfully that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the conspiracy discovered.

Several of the kings were of opinion that they ought in this uncertainty to sacrifice Acanthus to the public safety. He must, said they, be put to death; the life of a single person is nothing, when the safety  
of

of so many princes is concerned. What if an innocent person perish, when the point in debate is the preservation of those who represent the Gods among men?

What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy! replied Telemachus. How! are you so lavish of human blood! O you who are appointed the shepherds of men, and who govern them only to take care of them as a shepherd takes care of his flock, you are, it seems, ravenous wolves, and not shepherds; at most you are shepherds only to fleece and slay the flock, instead of leading it into good pastures. According to you, a man is guilty the moment he is accused; to be suspected merits death; the innocent are at the mercy of the envious and the slanderer; and the more your tyrannical jealousy increases in your bosom, the greater number of victims must be slain.

Telemachus spoke these words with an authority and vehemence that carried an irresistible conviction with it, and overwhelmed the authors of such base advice with shame. He afterwards said in a milder tone: As for me, I am not so fond of life as to pay so dear for it; I had rather that Acanthus should be a villain than be one myself, and that he should rob me of my life by treachery than that I should be so unjust as to put him to death on suspicion only. But have a little patience, ye princes, who, as you are appointed kings, that is judges, of the people, should know how to try men with justice, wisdom and moderation; have patience, I say, and give me leave to examine Acanthus in your presence.

Hereupon he questions Acanthus concerning his correspondence with Arion; he presses him with a thousand circumstances, and several times makes as if he would send him back to Adrastus, as a deserter that deserved to be punished, to see whether he was afraid of being sent back or not. But Acanthus's voice and countenance continued calm and composed, and from thence Telemachus concluded that he could not be innocent. Not being able however to draw



him into a confession, Telemachus at last said, Give me your ring, I will send it to Adrastus. At this demand of his ring Acanthus grew pale, and was in confusion. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceived it and took the ring. I will immediately send it, said he, to Adrastus by the hands of your acquaintance Polytropas the Lucanian, and he shall pretend that he is sent secretly by you. If by this means we discover your correspondence with Adrastus, you shall die without mercy in the most racking tortures; but if, on the contrary, you now confess your guilt, you shall be pardoned, and we will content ourselves with sending you to an island where you shall want for nothing. Upon this Acanthus made a full discovery; and Telemachus prevailing on the kings to give him his life according to his promise, he was sent to one of the Echinadian islands, where he lived unmolested.

A little while after, one Dioscorus, a Daunian of an obscure birth, but of a violent and daring spirit, came by night to the camp of the allies, and made them an offer of assassinating king Adrastus in his tent. This he was able to effect: for a man is master of the lives of others, when he does not value his own. This Dioscorus breathed nothing but revenge, because Adrastus had taken from him his wife, whom he passionately loved, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herself. He had privately concerted measures to enter the king's tent by night, and to be favoured in this attempt by several Daunian captains; but he thought it necessary that the confederate princes should attack Adrastus's camp at the same time, that he might in the confusion more easily escape, and carry off his wife. If he could not carry her off, he was content to perish, after he had killed the king.

As soon as Dioscorus had explained his design to the kings, every body turned towards Telemachus, as it were to ask his decision of the matter. The Gods, said he, who have preserved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. And though we were not virtuous

enough to abhor treason, yet our own interest would be sufficient to induce us to reject it: for when we have given a sanction to it by our example, we shall deserve to have it turned against us; and from that moment which of us should be safe? Adrastus may possibly avoid the blow which threatens him, and make it fall on the confederate kings. Besides, war would cease to be war; wisdom and virtue would be of no use, and we should see nothing but perfidy, treason and assassinations. We ourselves should feel, and should deserve to feel, their fatal effects, since we should authorise the greatest of evils. I think therefore that this traitor ought to be sent back to Adrastus. I own indeed that this prince does not deserve it; but all Hesperia and all Greece, which have their eyes upon us, deserve such a conduct from us as the price of their esteem. Besides, we owe to ourselves, we owe to the righteous Gods, this abhorrence of treachery.

Upon this, Dioscorus was sent to Adrastus, who trembled at the danger he had been in, and could not enough wonder at the generosity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of pure and disinterested virtue. Adrastus could not but admire what he saw, though he had not resolution enough to commend it. This noble action of the allies recalled to his mind an odious remembrance of all his treacheries and cruelties. He sought to lessen the generosity of his enemies, and was ashamed to appear ungrateful to those to whom he owed his life; but corrupt men soon harden themselves against every thing which might give them the least compunction. Adrastus, perceiving that the reputation of the allies daily increased, thought himself under a necessity of performing some signal action against them; and as it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he resolved at least to endeavour to obtain so eminent an advantage over them by arms, and hastened to engage them.

The day of battle being come, Aurora in her rosy progress scarcely began to open the gates of the East to the Sun, when the young Telemachus, out-stripping

the vigilance of the oldest commanders, broke from the arms of balmy sleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, crowned with waving hair, already glittered on his head, and the cuirass he wore dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan had, besides its native beauty, the splendor of the ægis which was concealed in it. He held a spear in one hand, and pointed with the other to the several posts which it was necessary to secure. Minerva had filled his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a noble majesty, which already promised victory. He marched; and all the princes, forgetting their age and dignity, found themselves hurried along by a superior power, which compelled them to follow his steps. Impotent jealousy could no longer find admission to their hearts: every thing yields to him whom Minerva invisibly leads by the hand. His behaviour had nothing of impetuosity or rashness: he was affable, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and to profit by their counsels; but active, cautious, extending his views to the remotest exigencies, disposing every thing in the best manner, never confounding himself nor others, excusing errors, rectifying miscarriages, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inspiring freedom and confidence. If he gave an order, it was in the plainest and most perspicuous terms; he repeated it, to give the person who was to execute it, a clearer idea of it; he saw by his eyes whether he apprehended it right, and then made him explain in a familiar manner, how he understood his words, and what was the principal end of his enterprise. When he had thus sounded the capacity of the person he employed, and made him thoroughly understand his designs, he did not send him away till he had given him some mark of his esteem and confidence by way of encouragement. Thus all whom he employed were full of zeal to please him and to succeed in their commissions, without being cramped by any apprehension of his imputing their ill success to them; for he excused

all miscarriages which did not proceed from the want of good will.

The horizon looked red and inflamed by the dawning rays of the sun, and the sea blazed with the fires of the new-born day. All the coast was overspread with men, arms, horses, rolling chariots; and a confused uproar was heard, like that of the angry billows when Neptune in the deep abyss stirs up the lowering tempests. Thus Mars began, by the din of arms, and the horrid equipage of war, to fire every heart with fury. The plain was thick set with bristling pikes, like ears of corn which hide the fertile furrows in the times of harvest. Already had a cloud of rising dust gradually stolen heaven and earth from the eyes of men; confusion, horror, slaughter, and ruthless death advanced.

The arrows hardly began to fly, when Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, uttered these words: O Jupiter, father of Gods and men, thou seest the justice of our cause, and that we have not been ashamed to sue for peace. We engage with reluctance; we would spare the blood of man, and do not hate even this cruel, this perfidious, this sacrilegious foe. Behold, thou, and determine between him and us. If we must die, our lives are in thy hands: if Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant overthrown, it will be thy power and the wisdom of thy daughter Minerva which will give us the victory; the glory of it will be due to thee. Thou holdest the balance, and decidest the fate of battles. For thee we fight; and as thou art righteous, Adrastus is more thy enemy than ours. If thy cause is victorious, before the close of the day, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall stream on thy altars.

He said, and instantly drives his fiery foaming couriers into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first he met was Periander the Locrian, clad in the skin of a lion which he had killed in his travels in Cilicia. He was armed, like Hercules, with an enormous club, and resembled the giants in strength and stature. As soon



as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth and beautiful countenance. It well befits thee, said he, effeminate boy, to dispute the glory of combat with us! Go, child, go seek thy father in the shades. As he spoke these words, he raised his knotty, ponderous and iron-spiky club, which looks like the mast of a ship, which makes every one apprehensive of its fall, and threatens the head of the son of Ulysses. But he eludes the blow, and rushes upon Periander as rapidly as an eagle cleaves the air. The descending club dashes in pieces the wheel of a chariot which was near that of Telemachus. Mean while the young Greek wounds Periander in the throat with a dart; the bubbling blood spouts from the gaping wound, and stops his voice; his fiery steeds, no longer feeling his fainting hand, and the reins flowing on their necks, carry him here and there; he falls from his chariot; his eyes closed, and pallid death is already stamped on his ghastly visage. Telemachus pitied him, and immediately gave his body to his domestics; keeping the club and lion's skin as a token of his victory.

He then seeks Adrastus in the throng, and in seeking him sends a croud of warriors to hell: Hileus, whose car was drawn by a pair of steeds which resembled those of the Sun, and were bred in the spacious meadows which the Ausidus waters: Demoleon, who in Sicily did heretofore almost equal Eryx in the combat of the cestus: Crantor, who was the host and friend of Hercules, when that son of Jupiter, in his way through Hesperia, deprived the infamous Cacus of his life: Menecrates, who was said to resemble Pollux in wrestling: Hippocoon the Salapian, who imitated Castor's address and graceful manner in the management of a steed: Eurymedes the famous hunter, who was always besmeared with the blood of bears and wild boars which he killed on the snowy tops of the cold Apennine, and who was said to be so dear to Diana that she herself taught him the art of shooting with arrows: Nicostratus, the vanquisher of

the giant who used to vomit fire on the rocks of mount Garganus : Cleanthus, who was to marry young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris. She had been promised by her father to him that should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was engendered on the banks of the river, and was to devour her in a few days, according to the prediction of an oracle. This youth, through an excess of love, made a vow to kill the monster, or to perish in the attempt ; he succeeded, but had not tasted the fruits of his victory. For while Pholoe was preparing for her happy nuptials, and impatiently expected Cleanthus, she heard that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that the fatal sisters had cruelly cut the thread of his life. She filled the woods and the mountains near the river with her wailings ; her eyes swam in tears ; she tore off her lovely tresses ; she neglected the flowery garlands she used to gather, and taxed the heavens with injustice. As she wept incessantly both night and day, the Gods, moved by her sorrow, and by the prayers of the river, put an end to her grief : for she poured forth such floods of tears, that she was suddenly changed into a fountain, which gliding into the bosom of the river, mingles its stream with that of the God her father. But the water of this fountain is still bitter ; nor springs the grass on its banks ; nor is there any shade but that of the cypress on its melancholy borders.

Adrastus in the mean time, hearing that Telemachus spread terror all around him, sought him with great eagerness ; he expected that he should easily conquer so young an adversary, being surrounded by thirty Daunians of extraordinary strength, dexterity and courage, to whom he had promised great rewards, if they could, by any means whatever, destroy Telemachus in the battle. Had they then met him, these thirty men, by environing Telemachus's chariot, while Adrastus attacked him in the front, would undoubtedly have slain him without any difficulty ; but Minerva mislaid them.

Adrastus thought he saw and heard Telemachus

in a valley at the foot of a hill, where there was a crowd of combatants; he runs, he flies, he longs to sate himself with blood; but instead of Telemachus he finds the aged Nestor, who with a trembling hand was throwing some random unavailing darts. Adrastus in his rage attempts to kill him, but a band of Pylians poured around their king.

Hereupon a cloud of arrows darkened the air, and hid all the combatants; nothing was heard but the doleful cries of the dying, and the clattering of the arms of those who fell in the conflict; the earth groaned beneath an heap of dead, and rivers of blood streamed every where. Bellona and Mars, with the infernal Furies, clad in robes all dropping with gore, feasted their cruel eyes on the sight, and incessantly renewed the rage of every heart. These Deities, the deadly foes of mankind, chased far away from both parties generous compassion, sedate valour, and soft humanity; there was nothing in this confused and enraged throng but slaughter, revenge, despair and brutal fury. The sage and invincible Pallas herself shivered, and started back with horror at the sight.

Mean time Philoctetes, marching slowly, and holding the arrows of Hercules in his hands, advanced to Nestor's assistance. Adrastus, not being able to reach the divine senior, had hurled his darts at several Pylians, and made them bite the ground. He had already slain Ctesilas, so swift of foot that he hardly imprinted his footsteps in the sand, and who in his own country out-ran the most rapid currents of Eurotas and Alpheus. At his feet were fallen Eutyphron, more lovely than Hylas, and as keen a hunter as Hippolytus; Pterelas, who accompanied Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was dear to Achilles himself for his strength and courage; Aristogiton, who bathing in the waves of the river Achelous, is said to have privately received of that God the power of assuming all kinds of forms. And indeed he was so pliant and nimble in all his motions, that he slipped out of the strongest hands: but Adrastus with

a thrust of his spear rendered him motionless, and his soul immediately took its flight with his blood.

Nestor, seeing his most valiant captains fall beneath the hands of the cruel Adrastus, like the golden ears in harvest beneath the keen sickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot the danger to which he vainly exposed his age. His wisdom forsook him, and he thought only of pursuing with his eyes his son Pisistratus, who on his part ardently maintained the fight, to drive the danger from his father; but the fatal moment was come, when Pisistratus was to convince Nestor how wretched men often are by living too long.

Pisistratus pushed so violently at Adrastus with his spear, that the Daunian should have fallen, had he not avoided it; but while Pisistratus, staggered with the false thrust he had made, was recovering his spear, Adrastus run his javelin into the midst of his belly. His bowels came out with a torrent of blood; his colour faded like a flower crompt by the hands of a nymph in the meadows; his eyes were almost extinguished, and his voice began to fail him. Alceus his governor, who was near him, caught him as he was ready to fall, and had only time to convey him into his father's arms, where he endeavoured to speak and give the last marks of his fondness; but as he opened his mouth, he expired.

While Philoctetes was spreading slaughter and horror around him, to repel the efforts of Adrastus, Nestor clasped the body of his son in his arms, rending the heavens with his cries, and unable to bear the light. Wretch that I am, said he, in having been a father and in living so long! Ah! why, ye cruel Fates! why did ye not cut the thread of my life when I chased the Calydonian boar, or in my expedition to Colchos, or at the first siege of Troy? I should not then have died inglorious, nor with anguish. I now drag a painful, despicable, impotent old age; I live but to suffer; I have no sense but of sorrow. O my son! my dear son Pisistratus! When I lost thy brother Antilochus, I had thee to comfort me; I have



thee no more ; nothing will comfort me now ; all is over as to me. Hope, the only sweetener of human woes, is a blessing which concerns me not. Antilochus ! Pisistratus ! O my dear children, I lost you both methinks to day ; the death of the one opens again the wound which the other had made in my heart. Never shall I behold thee more ! Who shall close my eyes ? Who collect my ashes ? O my dear Pisistratus ! thou, as well as thy brother, didst die like a man of courage ; I alone cannot die.

This said, he attempted to kill himself with a dart which he had in his hand ; but he was withheld. And the body of his son being wrested from him, the unhappy old man fell into a swoon, and was carried to his tent, where having a little recovered his strength, he would have returned to the battle, had he not been detained by force.

Mean time Adrastus and Philoctetes were in quest of each other. Their eyes sparkled, like those of a lion and a leopard striving to tear each other in pieces, in the fields which the Cayster waters. Menaces, the rage of war, and bloody revenge, appeared in their savage looks. They carry certain death wherever they hurl their darts, and all the combatants behold them with terror. They are now within sight of each other, and Philoctetes takes one of those dreadful arrows, which in his hands never miss their aim, and whose wounds were incurable ; but Mars, who favoured the cruel and intrepid Adrastus, would not suffer him to perish so soon, being desirous of making him his instrument of prolonging the horrors of war, and of heightening the carnage. The Gods as yet forbore to make Adrastus an example of their justice, in order to chastise mankind and to shed their blood.

The moment Philoctetes designs to attack him, he himself is wounded by the spear of Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, who was more lovely than the famous Nireus, whose beauty was only inferior to that of Achilles of all the Greeks that fought at the

siege of Troy. Philoctetes was hardly wounded, when he aimed an arrow at Amphimachus which pierced him to the heart. His fine black eyes immediately lost their lustre, and were overspread with the shades of death. The roses of his lips, more ruddy than those with which the rising Aurora strews the horizon, faded : a ghastly paleness deadened his cheeks : his soft, his delicate face was instantly deformed. Philoctetes himself was moved with pity, and all the combatants made loud laments, seeing the youth weltering in his blood, and his locks, as lovely as those of Apollo, trailing in the dust.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was obliged to retire from the battle, having lost a great deal of his blood and his strength. Besides, his old wound in the heat of the action seemed ready to bleed afresh and to renew his pains ; for the sons of Æsculapius by their divine skill had not been able to cure him entirely. Lo ! he is ready to fall on a heap of bloody bodies which surround him ; but Archidamus, the most bold and expert soldier of all the Oebalians, whom he had brought with him to found Petelia, forces him from the fight the moment Adrastus would easily have felled him at his feet. Adrastus now finds nothing which presumes to resist him, or to retard his victory. Every thing falls, every thing flies before him ; he resembles a rapid stream, which having over-swelled its bounds, sweeps away, with its furious torrent, the corn, the flocks, the shepherds and villages.

Telemachus heard at a distance the shouts of the victors, and beheld the disorder of the confederates flying before Adrastus, like an herd of timorous deer crossing the spacious plains, the woods, the mountains, and even the most rapid rivers, when they are pursued by the hunters. He deeply sighs ; indignation is manifest in his eyes ; he quits the place where he had long fought with great danger and glory ; he runs to sustain the fugitives ; he advances all besmeared with the blood of a multitude of enemies

whom he had stretched on the dust ; and at a distance shouts loud enough to be heard by both armies.

Minerva had infused something terrible into his voice, which made the neighbouring mountains ring : that of the cruel Mars sounds not louder in Thrace, when he calls the infernal Furies, war and death. This shouting of Telemachus inspires his own party with courage and intrepidity, and chills the enemy with fear. Even Adrastus is ashamed to find himself disordered, being terrified with I know not how many fatal presages, and animated rather by despair than a sedate valour. Thrice were his trembling knees going to sink beneath him, and thrice he drew back without thinking on what he did. A swooning paleness and a cold sweat spread over all his limbs ; his hoarse and faltering voice could sound no word distinctly ; his eyes sparkling with a gloomy fire, seem ready to start out of his head ; he looks like Orestes tortured by the Furies ; all his motions are convulsive. Now he begins to believe that there are Gods ; he fancies that he sees them incensed against him, and that he hears a hollow voice arising from the deepest abyss, and citing him to dreary Tartarus. Every thing made him sensible of a heavenly and invisible hand stretched over his head, and ready to fall heavy upon him. Hope was extinguished in his heart, and his courage vanished, like the day light when the sun sinks into the bosom of the waves, and the earth is wrapt in the shades of night.

The impious Adrastus, who had already been suffered to live too long, if mankind had not wanted such a scourge ; the impious Adrastus, I say, draws near his latest hour. He madly runs to meet his inevitable fate ; horror, stinging remorse, consternation, fury, rage, despair, attend his steps. He scarcely sees Telemachus ; but he fancies that he sees Avernus yawn, and whirlwinds of flames, issuing from dreary Phlegethon, ready to swallow him up. He cries out, and his mouth remains open without being able to utter a word. So a person asleep in a fright ;

ful dream opens his lips, and strives to speak ; but his speech continually fails him, and he seeks it in vain. Adrastus with a trembling hasty hand hurls his javelin at Telemachus. The latter is undaunted, like one favoured of the Gods, and defends himself with his shield. Victory already seems to cover him with her wings, and to hold a crown over his head. A calm and composed courage glittered in his eyes, and one would have taken him for Minerva herself, so wise and discreet he appears in the greatest dangers. Adrastus's javelin is repelled by the shield. Upon which the Daunian instantly draws his sword, to deprive the son of Ulysses of the advantage of throwing his javelin in his turn. Telemachus, seeing Adrastus with his sword in his hand, immediately draws his also, and drops his useless javelin.

When they were thus closely engaged, all the other combatants silently laid down their arms to gaze upon them, and from this single combat expected the issue of the war. Their swords, bright as the flashes whence the bolts are hurled, frequently cross each other, and deal their fruitless blows upon their burnished and resounding armour. The two combatants stretch themselves out, shrink themselves up, stoop down, rise again in an instant, and at length grapple with each other. The ivy growing at the foot of an elm, does not more closely embrace its hard and knotty trunk with its entwining arms, even to its highest branches, than these two combatants grasp each other. Adrastus having lost nothing of his strength, and that of Telemachus not being yet at its height ; the former makes several efforts to stagger and throw his antagonist by surprise. At last he endeavours to seize the sword of the young Greek, but in vain ; for the moment he attempts it, Telemachus lifts him from the ground, and throws him on the sand. And now this wretch, who had always despised the Gods, betrays an unmanly apprehension of death ; he is ashamed to ask his life, and yet cannot help manifesting his desire of it. He endeavours to move Telemachus's compassion.



Son of Ulysses, said he, I at length acknowledge the righteous Gods; they punish me as I have deserved; nothing but distress opens men's eyes, and shews them the truth; I see it, it condemns me: but let an unfortunate prince put you in mind of your father, who wanders far from Ithaca, and let him excite your pity.

Telemachus, who kneeled upon him, and had already raised his sword to plunge it into his throat, immediately replied: I sought nothing but victory and the peace of the nations I came to assist; I do not delight in blood-shed. Live therefore, Adrastus; but live to repair your faults; restore every thing which you have usurped; re-establish peace and justice on the coast of great Hesperia, which you have stained by numberless massacres and treacheries; live, and become another man. Learn by your fall that the Gods are righteous, that the wicked are miserable, that they deceive themselves by seeking for happiness in violence, inhumanity and falsehood, and in short that nothing is so delightful and happy as a plain and steady virtue. Give us as hostages your son Metrodorus, with twelve of the principal persons of your nation.

This said, Telemachus suffers Adrastus to rise, and holds out his hand to him without suspecting his treachery. But Adrastus immediately darts another javelin at him, which was very short and he had kept concealed. It was so sharp, and so artfully thrown, that it would have pierced Telemachus's armour, had it not been divine. Adrastus at the same time runs behind a tree to avoid the pursuit of the young Greek. Whereupon Telemachus cries out, Lo! Daunians, the victory is ours; the impious wretch saves himself only by his treachery. Who fears not the Gods, is afraid of death; on the contrary, who fears the Gods, fears nothing but them. In speaking these words, he advances towards the Daunians, and makes a sign to those of his own party who were on the other side of the tree, to intercept the perfidious Adrastus. Adra-

tus fearing to be taken, makes as if he would go back again, and attempts to break through the Cre-  
tans who obstruct his passage. But Telemachus, swift  
as a thunderbolt hurled by the hand of the father of  
the Gods from the top of Olympus on the heads of  
the guilty, flies instantly on his enemy; he seizes him  
with his victorious hand; he throws him on the  
earth, as the cruel north-wind beats down the tender  
harvests which gild the fields; he hears him no more,  
though the impious wretch makes a second attempt to  
abuse his goodness; he plunges his sword into him,  
and hurls him headlong into the flames of dreary  
Tartarus, a punishment worthy of his crimes.

*End of the Twentieth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWENTY-FIRST.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Adrastus being dead, the Daunians hold out their hands to the allies as a sign of peace, and desire a king of their own nation. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where several are of opinion that they ought to divide the countries of the conquered, and to yield the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Far from accepting of this offer, Telemachus shews it to be the common interest of the allies to make Polydamas king of the Daunians, and to leave them in possession of their lands. He afterwards persuades those people to give the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who happened at that time to arrive in Hesperia. The troubles being thus ended, they all separate, in order to return every one to his respective country.*

**A**DRASTUS was hardly dead when all the Daunians, instead of bewailing their defeat and the loss of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance, and held out their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom his father had bred up in maxims of dissimulation, injustice and inhumanity, was coward enough

to fly ; but a slave, an accomplice in all his infamous and cruel actions, whom he had made free and loaded with riches, and to whom he had committed himself in his flight, thought only of betraying him for his own interest ; he slew him as he fled by a wound in the back ; he cut off his head, and brought it to the camp of the confederates, expecting a great reward for a crime which put an end to the war. But they abhorred the villain, and ordered him to be put to death.

Telemachus, seeing the head of Metrodorus, who was a youth of wonderful beauty, and naturally of an excellent disposition, which had been corrupted by pleasures and ill examples, could not retain his tears. Alas ! cried he, lo the effects of the poison of prosperity in a young prince ; the more elevated his condition and the more sprightly his temper, the further he strays from every sentiment of virtue. I should now perhaps have been like him, had not the misfortunes in which, I thank the Gods, I was born, and the instructions of Mentor, taught me to govern my passions.

The assembled Daunians desired, as the only condition of peace, that they might have a king of their own nation, who might by his virtues wipe off the reproach with which the impious Adrastus had stained the crown. They thanked the Gods for destroying the tyrant ; they crowded to kiss Telemachus's hand which had been dipt in the monster's blood, and their defeat was as it were a triumph to them. Thus in a moment irrecoverably fell the power which threatened all others in Hesperia, and made so many nations tremble. As in platforms which seem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little undermined, the feeble toils which attack their foundations are a long while derided ; nothing appears to be weakened, all is smooth, nothing shakes ; while all the props are gradually destroyed, till the moment the earth sinks, and leaves a chasm behind it : so an unjust and fraudulent power, whatever success



it may procure by its violence, digs a pit beneath its own feet. Treachery and cruelty by degrees sap all the most solid foundations of unlawful authority. Men admire it, and dread it, and tremble before it, till the instant it is no more. It sinks beneath its own weight, and nothing can raise it up again; because it has with its own hands destroyed the true supports of probity and justice, which beget love and confidence.

The leaders of the army assembled the next day to grant the Daunians a king, and every one was delighted to see the two camps blended together by so unexpected a friendship, and the two armies which were now become but one. The sage Nestor was not in a condition to be present at this council, because his grief and age had withered his heart, as a shower beats down and causes a flower to languish in the evening, which in the morning, while Aurora was rising, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become inexhaustible fountains of tears. Balmy sleep, which soothes the acutest pains, fled far away from them; and hope, the food of the human heart, was extinguished in him. All aliments were bitter to this unfortunate old man. The light was odious to him; his soul desired only to quit his body, and to plunge into the eternal night of Pluto's empire. In vain was all the discourse of his friends; his drooping heart loathed their friendship, as a sick man loaths the most delicate food. To all the most affecting things which could be said to him, he only replied by groans and sighs. He now and then was heard to say, O Pisistratus! Pisistratus! Pisistratus! my son! thou callest me, I come. Thou, Pisistratus, wilt render death a pleasure to me. O my dear son! the only blessing I crave, is to see thee again on the Stygian shore. And then would he pass whole hours without speaking a word, sighing, and lifting up his hands and tearful eyes to heaven.

Mean while the assembled princes were waiting for Telemachus, who remained with Pisistratus's

body, strewing a profusion of flowers and the most exquisite perfumes upon it, and shedding the bitterest tears. My dear companion ! said he, I shall never forget my seeing thee at Pylos, my going with thee to Sparta, and my finding thee again on the coast of the great Hesperia. I am thy debtor for a thousand and a thousand good offices ; I loved thee, thou lovedst me also. I knew thy valour ; it would have surpassed that of several famous Greeks. Alas ! it has occasioned thee a glorious death ; but then it has robbed the world of a blooming virtue which would have equalled that of thy father. Yes, thy wisdom and eloquence would, when matured by age, have been, like that senior's, the admiration of all Greece. Thou didst already possess that sweet insinuation, which, whenever he speaks, is irresistible ; that simple manner of narration ; that sage moderation, which is a charm to sooth the irritated mind ; that authority which arises from wisdom and the force of good counsels. When thou spokest, every one lent an ear, every one was prepossessed in thy favour, every one wished to find thee in the right ; thy plain, thy unadorned words stole as gently into the heart as dews descend on the springing grass. Alas ! how many blessings which we enjoyed a few hours since, are ravished from us for ever ! Pisistratus, whom I embraced in the morning, is now no more ; nothing but a sad remembrance of him is left us. Ah ! hadst thou closed Nestor's eyes, and not we thine, he would not then have seen what he now sees, nor have been the most wretched of fathers.

This said, Telemachus ordered the gory wound in Pisistratus's side to be washed, and caused him to be laid on a purple bed, where, with his head reclined and pale as death, he resembles a young tree, which having covered the earth with its shade, and shot its flourishing branches to heaven, is wounded by the keen axe of the woodman ; and having no longer any hold of its roots, or the earth, that fruitful mother which nourishes her plants in her bosom, it droops.

and loses its verdure ; it can no longer support itself, it falls ; its branches, which used to hide the heavens, are faded, withered, dragged in the dust ; it is now but a mere trunk, cut down, and despoiled of all its honours. Thus Pisistratus, a prey to death, was now borne away by those who were to lay him on the fatal pyre. The flames already mount to heaven. A band of Pylians, with downcast streaming eyes, with arms reversed, and gentle steps, attended. The body is quickly burnt, and the ashes are put into a golden urn, which Telemachus, who takes care of the whole ceremony, commits as a great treasure to Callimachus, who had been Pisistratus's governor. Keep these ashes, said he, the sad but precious remains of him whom you loved ; keep them for his father. But do not present them unto him till he has fortitude enough to ask for them : what provokes sorrow at one time, alleviates it at another.

Telemachus afterwards went into the assembly of the confederate kings, where every one, as soon as he saw him, was silent in order to hear him. He blushed, and could not be prevailed on to speak. The praises which were bestowed upon him by public acclamations, on account of his late actions, increased his confusion, and he wished it had been in his power to hide himself. This was the first time he ever appeared confounded and dubious. At length he asked it as a favour, that they would not commend him any more. Not, said he, that I do not love praise, especially when it is bestowed by such good judges of virtue ; but because I am apprehensive of being too fond of it : it corrupts mankind, it makes them full of themselves, and renders them vain and presumptuous. We should deserve and shun it. There is a resemblance between the justest and most groundless praises ; and tyrants, the most wicked of all men, are those who cause themselves to be praised the most by flatterers. What pleasure is there in being commended like them ? Valuable praise is that which you will give me in my absence, if I am happy

enough to deserve it. If you think me really virtuous, you must also think me modest and apprehensive of vanity. Spare me therefore, if you esteem me, and do not praise as if I were enamoured of applause.

Telemachus, having spoken thus, made no reply to those who continued to extol him to the skies, and by an air of indifference quickly put a stop to the encomiums they bestowed upon him. They began to apprehend that their praises were offensive; but their admiration increased, every one knowing the tenderness he had shewed for Pisistratus, and the care he had taken to pay him the last offices of friendship. The whole army was more affected with these marks of the goodness of his heart, than with the amazing proofs he had given of his wisdom and valour. He is wise, he is valiant, said they in private to each other; he is beloved of the Gods, and the true hero of our age; he is more than human. But all this is only marvellous and matter of astonishment. He is humane, he is good, he is a faithful and affectionate friend; he is compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly theirs whom he ought to love; he is the delight of those who live with him; he has divested himself of his haughtiness, indifference and pride. This is what is useful, this is what touches the heart; this is what endears him to us, and makes us affected with all his virtues; this is what makes us all ready to lay down our lives for him.

As soon as these discourses were ended, the council considered the necessity of giving the Daunians a king. Most of the princes who were present, were of opinion that they ought to divide Daunia, as a conquered country, among themselves; and they offered Telemachus for his share the fertile territory of Arpi, which twice a year yields the rich presents of Ceres, the delicious gifts of Bacchus, and the ever-verdant fruits of the olive-tree sacred to Minerva. This country, said they, ought to make you forget the barren Ithaca and its cottages, the frightful rocks of Dulichium, and the savage woods of Zacynthus.



Go no longer in quest of your father, who without doubt perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, through the vengeance of Nauplius and the wrath of Neptune; nor of your mother, who has yielded to her suitors since your departure; nor of your country, whose soil is not so favoured of heaven as that which we offer you. He heard these discourses with patience; but the rocks of Thrace and Thessaly are not more deaf and insensible to the plaints of despairing lovers, than Telemachus was to all these offers.

For my part, replied he, I am not affected with riches and pleasures. What profits it to possess a greater extent of land, and to govern a greater number of men? The prince thereby but increases his troubles and lessens his liberty. Even the wisest and most moderate persons find misery enough in life, without adding to it the toils of governing intrac-table, restless, unjust, false and ungrateful men. When a man seeks to be the master of others for his own sake, and regards nothing but his own authority, pleasures and glory, he is impious, and a tyrant, and the scourge of the human race. When on the contrary he endeavours to govern them according to right maxims, and only for their own good, he is not so much their master as their guardian; he gets nothing by it but infinite trouble, and is far from desiring to stretch his authority farther. The shepherd who does not prey upon his flock, who defends it against wolves at the hazard of his life, and watches both night and day to lead it into rich pastures, has no desire to increase the number of his sheep, nor to seize on those of his neighbour; this were to increase his toils. Though I have never governed, added Telemachus, yet have I learnt from laws and wise legislators, how painful an office it is to rule cities and kingdoms. I am therefore contented with my barren Ithaca, though it be small and barren: I shall acquire sufficient glory, if I reign over it with justice, piety and courage. My reign will even com-

mence but too soon. The Gods grant that my father, escaping the fury of the billows, may reign over it to the extremest old age, and that I may long learn under him how to subdue my passions, in order to know how to govern those of a whole nation!

Telemachus then said, Hear, ye assembled princes; what I think myself obliged to say to you for your own interest. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will govern them with justice, and teach them how beneficial it is to preserve their sincerity, and never to usurp the dominions of their neighbours; which they could never learn under the impious Adrastus. While they are swayed by a wise and moderate prince, you will have nothing to apprehend from them. They will be indebted to you for the good king you will have given them; they will be indebted to you for the peace and prosperity they will enjoy. Instead of attacking, they will continually bless you, and both the prince and the people will be the work of your hands. If on the contrary you divide their country among yourselves, the evils which will ensue, and of which I tell you beforehand, are these: The Daunians, driven to despair, will begin the war again; they will justly fight for their liberty, and the Gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight for them. And if the Gods interfere, you will sooner or later be confounded, and your prosperity will vanish like smoke. Counsel and wisdom will be taken from your commanders, courage from your armies, and fertility from your lands. You will deceive yourselves with false hopes, you will be rash in your enterprises, you will silence men of probity who tell you the truth, you will fall of a sudden, and it will be said of you: Are these the flourishing nations who were to give laws to the whole earth? Lo! they fly before their enemies; they are the sport of nations, who trample them under their feet. These are the doings of the Gods: this is what unjust, haughty and inhuman nations deserve.

Again, consider that if you attempt to divide this conquest among you, you will unite all the neighbouring nations against you. Your confederacy, formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will become odious; and you yourselves will be justly accused by all the world of aiming at universal tyranny. But supposing that you are victorious over the Daunians and all other nations, this victory will prove your destruction, and I will tell you in what manner. Consider that this enterprize will dissolve your union. As it is not founded on justice, you will have no rule to settle every claimant's pretensions among yourselves; every one will insist that his share of the conquest be proportioned to his power; not one of you will have authority enough over the rest to make a peaceable partition. Lo the source of a war, of which your grandchildren will not see the end. Is it not better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's ambition through such a multitude of dangers and inevitable calamities? Are not a profound peace, its train of sweet and innocent pleasures, a happy plenty, the friendship of one's neighbours, the glory which is inseparable from justice, the authority which is acquired in rendering ourselves by our integrity the arbiter of all foreign nations; are not these, I say, more desirable blessings than the foolish vanity of an unjust conquest? O kings! O princes! you see that I have no interest in what I say; have regard therefore to one who loves you enough to contradict and displease you, by setting the truth before you.

While Telemachus was discoursing in this manner with an authority which they had never seen in any other, and all the princes astonished and in suspense were admiring the wisdom of his counsels, there was heard a confused noise which spread itself through the camp, and reached even to the place where the assembly was held. A stranger, it was said, is just landed on this coast with a band of soldiers. This unknown person is of a lofty mien; every thing in him looks heroic;

heroic; one easily perceives that he has suffered a long while, and that his great courage has rendered him superior to all his sufferings. The people of the country, who guard the coast, at first resolved to repel him as an enemy that was come to invade them: but, drawing his sword with an intrepid air, he told them that he knew how to defend himself in case he were attacked, but that he desired nothing but peace and hospitality. Upon which he held out an olive branch as a suppliant; he was heard; he desired to be brought before those who rule in this part of Hesperia, and is conducted hither to be examined by the assembled kings.

This was hardly said, but the stranger entered with a majesty which surprised the whole assembly. He might easily have been taken for the God of war, when he assembles his blood-thirsty troops in the mountains of Thrace. He began thus:

O ye shepherds of the people, who are undoubtedly assembled here to defend your country against its enemies, or to give life to the most righteous laws, hear a man whom fortune has persecuted. May the Gods grant that you may never taste the like distress! I am Diomedes, king of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the siege of *Troy*. The vengeance of that Goddess pursues me through the whole world. *Nep- tunc*, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, gave me up to the rage of the winds and the billows, which have often dashed my ships in pieces against the rocks. Inexorable *Venus* has robbed me of all hopes of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and that grateful light of the country where I first beheld the day. No, I shall never see more what was dearest in the world to me. I come, after various shipwrecks, to seek on these unknown shores a little repose and a safe retreat. If you fear the Gods, and especially *Jupiter*, who takes care of strangers; if you have any sense of pity, refuse me not some barren corner of these spacious regions, some desert, some sandy spot, or steepy rocks,



where I and my companions may found a city which may at least be a melancholy image of our lost country. We only desire some small tract which is useless to you. We will live in peace and strict friendship with you; your enemies shall be ours; we will espouse all your interests, and desire nothing but to live according to our own laws.

While Diomedes was speaking thus, Telemachus, keeping his eyes fixed upon him, discovered all the different passions in his countenance. When Diomedes began to mention his long sufferings, he hoped that this majestic person would prove to be his father. As soon as he had declared that he was Diomedes, Telemachus's countenance withered like a beautiful flower blasted by the cruel breath of the bitter north-winds. And at last Diomedes's complaint of the implacable wrath of a Goddess melted his soul, by reviving his idea of the like calamities which his father and he had suffered; tears of grief and joy run down his cheeks, and he immediately fell upon Diomedes's neck and embraced him.

I am, said he, the son of Ulysses whom you formerly knew, and who was not unuseful to you when you seized the famous horses of Rhesus. The Gods have treated him as well as you without mercy. If there is truth in the oracles of Erebus, he is still alive; but, alas! he lives not for me. I have abandoned Ithaca in quest of him; but I cannot find him, nor my way back to Ithaca. Judge by my distress of my pity for yours. The benefit of afflictions is to learn to sympathize with others in their troubles. Though I am but a stranger here, yet have I the power, O mighty Diomedes (for, notwithstanding the miseries which overwhelmed my country in my infancy, I have not been so ill educated as to be ignorant of your glory in battle); I have the power, I say, O most invincible of all the Greeks next to Achilles, to procure you some relief. The princes here present are humane; they are sensible that there is no virtue, no true courage, no solid glory without huma-

nity. Misfortune adds a new lustre to the glory of the great. They are not perfect, till they have tasted of adversity; their lives not affording examples of patience and fortitude. Virtue in distress melts every heart which has any relish for virtue. Leave the care therefore of your consolation to us; since the Gods, in sending you hither, confer a favour upon us, and we ought to think ourselves happy in being able to soften your miseries.

While he was speaking, Diomedes looked stedfastly and with astonishment upon him, and found his heart greatly affected. They embraced as if they had been long bound in the bands of a strict friendship. O worthy son of the wise Ulysses, said Diomedes, I perceive in you the sweetness of his countenance, the grace of his speech, the strength of his eloquence, the nobleness of his sentiments, and the wisdom of his thoughts.

Philoctetes then embraced the great son of Tydeus; and they related to each other their disastrous adventures. Philoctetes afterwards said, You will without doubt be very glad to see the sage Nestor; he has just lost Pisistratus, the last of his children, and all that is now left him in life is a tearful path which leads him to the grave. Come and sooth his grief: an unfortunate friend is fitter than any other to allay the anguish of his heart.

Hereupon they repaired to Nestor's tent, whose mind and senses were so deprest by grief, that he hardly knew Diomedes again. At first Diomedes wept with him, and their interview redoubled the old man's sorrow; but by degrees the presence of this friend relieved his heart, and one might easily perceive that his woes were a little suspended by the pleasure of reciting his sufferings, and of hearing in his turn what had happened to Diomedes.

While they were discoursing together, the assembled kings and Telemachus were considering what they were to do. Telemachus advised them to give Diomedes the country of Arpi, and to choose Polyda-

mas, who was of their nation, king of the Daunians. This Polydamas was a famous general whom Adrastus, through jealousy, would never employ, lest the success of his arms, of which he hoped alone to have all the glory, should be attributed to this able commander. Polydamas had often told him in private, that he exposed his life and the safety of the state too much in this war against so many confederate nations, and had endeavoured to prevail on him to observe a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours; but men who hate the truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it, and are not affected with their sincerity, their zeal, or disinterestedness. The seducements of prosperity hardened Adrastus's heart against the most wholesome counsels. By not following them, he daily triumphed over his enemies; for haughtiness, breach of faith, and violence, continually made him victorious. The evils with which Polydamas had so long threatened him, did not happen. Adrastus laughed at an apprehensive wisdom, which was perpetually foreseeing inconveniencies. Polydamas became insupportable to him; he was removed from all his posts, and left to languish in solitude and poverty.

Polydamas was at first greatly dejected at this disgrace; but it gave him what he wanted, by showing him the vanity of exalted stations. He became wise at his own expence; he rejoiced that he had been unfortunate; he learned by degrees to suffer, to live upon a little, calmly to nourish his soul with truth, to cultivate secret virtues, which are of much greater worth than the glaring; in fine, to live without mankind. He dwelt in a desert at the foot of mount Garganus, where an half-arched rock served him for a house; a brook, which fell from a mountain, slaked his thirst, and some trees presented him their fruits. He had two slaves, who tilled a little field, with whom he himself toiled with his own hands. The earth liberally rewarded him for his pains, and suffered him to want for nothing; he had

not only fruits and pulse in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant flowers also. There he deplored the misery of nations, which the mad ambition of a prince hurries on to their ruin. There he daily expected that the righteous Gods, notwithstanding their forbearance, would crush the impious Adrastus. The more his prosperity increased, the nearer he thought he saw his inevitable fall; for imprudent measures attended with success, and power screwed up to the highest pitch of absolute authority, are the forerunners of the downfall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of Adrastus's defeat and death, he discovered no joy that he had foreseen it, nor that he was rid of the tyrant; he only grieved lest he should see the Daunians in servitude.

This was the man whom Telemachus proposed to be advanced to the throne. He had for some time been acquainted with his courage and virtue; for Telemachus, according to Mentor's advice, was every where continually informing himself of the good and bad qualities of all persons who were in any considerable post, not only among the confederate nations who served in this war, but among the enemy also. His principal care in every place was to find out and sift the men who had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes were at first a little unwilling to place Polydamas on the throne. We have experienced, said they, how formidable a king of the Daunians who understands and delights in war, is to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander, and may bring us into great dangers. But Telemachus replied, Polydamas indeed understands war, but he loves peace; and these are the two very things which we ought to wish for. A man who knows the calamities, dangers and difficulties of war, is much better qualified to avoid it than one who has no experience of them. Polydamas has learned to relish the blessings of a quiet life; he condemned the enterprises of Adrastus, and foresaw their fatal conse-



quences. A weak and ignorant prince is more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will inquire into and determine every thing himself. A weak, ignorant and inexperienced prince will see only with the eyes of a passionate favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister. He will therefore blindly engage himself in war contrary to his inclinations; you will never be sure of him, for he will never have it in his power to be sure of himself; he will break his word with you, and will quickly reduce you to such extremities, that you must destroy him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time more just and noble, to make a faithful return to the confidence of the Daunians, and to give them a king worthy of commanding?

This speech convincing the whole assembly, Polydamas was proposed to the Daunians, who were impatiently waiting for an answer. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they replied, we now plainly perceive that the confederate princes design to deal sincerely and to make an eternal peace with us, since they give us for our king a man so virtuous and so capable of governing. Had they proposed to us a cowardly, an effeminate and ignorant person, we should have thought that they only intended to depress us and to change the form of our government, and we should secretly have retained a lively resentment of so cruel and artful a conduct; but the choice of Polydamas is a proof of their real candour. The allies without doubt expect nothing from us but what is just and noble, since they give us a king who is incapable of doing any thing contrary to the liberty and glory of our country. We accordingly protest in the sight of the righteous Gods, that rivers shall return to their sources, before we cease to love such beneficent princes. May our latest posterity be mindful of the benefit which we this day receive, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the golden age through the whole coast of Hesperia!

Telemachus then proposed to the Daunians the giv-

ing the fields of Arpi to Diomedes, to settle a colony there. This new people, said he, will be indebted to you for their establishment in a country which you do not cultivate. Remember that all men ought to love each other; that the earth is too large for them; that you must have neighbours, and that it is best to have such as may be obliged to you for their settlement. Pity the misfortunes of a prince who cannot return to his own country. Polydamas and he, being united together in the bands of justice and virtue, which alone are lasting, will maintain you in a profound peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring nations that may think of aggrandizing themselves. You see, ye Daunians, that we have given your nation a king capable of raising its glory to the heavens; do you therefore on your part give, at our request, a tract of land which is of no use to you, to a king who is worthy of all kind of succour.

The Daunians replied, that they could refuse Telemachus nothing, since he had procured them Polydamas for their king. Hereupon they went to seek him in his desert, and to place him on the throne; having first given the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomedes, to found a new kingdom there. The allies were over-joyed at this grant, because this colony of Greeks might powerfully assist their party, if the Daunians should ever attempt to renew the usurpations of which Adrastus had given an ill example.

And now all the princes prepared to take their leave of each other. Telemachus with tears in his eyes departed with his troops; having first tenderly embraced the valiant Diomedes, the sage and disconsolate Nestor, and the famous Philoctetes, the worthy inheritor of the arrows of Hercules.

*End of the Twenty-first Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWENTY-SECOND.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, arriving at Salentum, is surpris'd to see the country so well cultivated, and to find so little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains the reasons of this change, points out the wrong measures which usually hinder a state from flourishing, and proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model to him. Telemachus afterwards opens his heart to Mentor concerning his inclination to marry Antiope, the daughter of that king. Mentor joins with him in commending her good qualities, and assures him that the Gods design her for him; but that at present he ought to think only of departing for Ithaca, and of freeing Penelope from the persecutions of her suitors.*

**T**HE young son of Ulysses burnt with impatience to join Mentor again at Salentum, and to embark with him in order to return to Ithaca, where he hoped that his father might be arrived. When he approached Salentum, he was greatly astonished to see all the country round it, which he had left almost wholly waste and desert, cultivated like a garden, and full of diligent labourers. He knew that this must

be the work of the wise Mentor. As he afterwards entered the city, he observed that there were fewer traders in the luxuries of life, and much less magnificence. Telemachus was not pleased at this, for he was naturally fond of every thing which is fine and splendid; but he quickly changed his mind. He from afar beheld Idomeneus and Mentor coming towards him, and his heart was immediately transported with joy and tenderness. Notwithstanding his success in the war against Adrastus, he was apprehensive that Mentor might be dissatisfied with him; and, as he advanced, consulted his eyes to see whether he had any thing to reproach him with.

Idomeneus immediately embraced Telemachus as his own son; Telemachus afterwards threw himself on Mentor's neck, and bedewed him with his tears. Mentor said to him, I am satisfied with your conduct: you have committed great faults, but they have taught you to know and to be diffident of yourself. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their glorious actions. Great actions puff up the heart, and inspire a dangerous presumption; errors make a man enter into himself, and restore him the wisdom which he lost while he was successful. What yet remains for you to do, is to praise the Gods, and not to court the praises of men. You have performed great things: but, own the truth, you can hardly be said to have performed them. Is it not true that the power to perform them was infused into you, like something foreign to your nature? Were you not like to have ruined all by your passions and imprudence? Did you not feel that Minerva, as it were, transformed you into a person superior to yourself, to make you her instrument of performing what you have done? She restrained all your failings, as Neptune, when he stills a storm, restrains the angry billows.

While Idomeneus was eagerly asking questions of the Cretans who were returned from the war, Telemachus was thus listening to the wise counsels of Mentor. He afterwards turned his eyes with amazement



on every side, and said to Mentor, Here is a change of which I cannot comprehend the reason : has any calamity befallen Salentum in my absence ? Whence comes it that one no longer sees that magnificence which shone every where at my departure ? I now see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones ; the dresses are plain ; the buildings which are carrying on are less spacious and have fewer ornaments ; arts languish, and the city is become a desert.

Mentor replied with a smile, Did you observe the condition of the country round the city ? Yes, answered Telemachus, I saw that tillage is every where esteemed, and that the fields are cultivated. Which is preferable, added Mentor, a city proud of its marble, gold and silver, with an untilled and barren country, or a well cultivated and fruitful country, with a city that is modest in its buildings and manners ? A great city crowded with artists, who are employed in corrupting mens manners by administering to their luxury, and surrounded with a poor and ill cultivated kingdom, resembles a monster, whose head is of an enormous bulk, and bears no proportion to its starved and meager body. It is the number of the inhabitants and the plenty of provisions which constitute the true strength and the true riches of a kingdom. Idomeneus has now innumerable subjects who are indefatigable in labour, and crowd the whole extent of his country, which is now but one city, and Salentum no more than the center of it. We have transported from the city into the country, men who were wanted in the country, and who were superfluous in the city. We have moreover allured a great many foreigners into the kingdom. The more these people multiply, the more are the fruits of the earth multiplied by their labour ; this calm, this gentle increase enlarges his kingdom more than a conquest. We have expelled from the city only superfluous arts, which divert the poor from tilling the earth to satisfy their real wants, and corrupt the rich by plunging them into pomp and luxury ; we have not done the

least prejudice to the liberal arts, nor to men who really have a genius to cultivate them. Thus is Idomeneus much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence. That dazzling lustre concealed a weakness and indigence which would soon have overthrown his empire: he has now a greater number of subjects, and he subsists them with more ease. These men, inured to labour, pain, and a contempt of life, through their attachment to good laws, are all ready to fight in the defence of a country, which they have cultivated with their own hands. And this kingdom, which you think decayed, will soon be the wonder of Hesperia.

Remember, Telemachus, that there are two evils in the government of a nation, which are hardly ever cured. The first is an unjust and too violent a power in the prince; the second is luxury, which corrupts the morals of the people. When kings accustom themselves to know no law but their own absolute will, and no longer curb their passions, they may do any thing; but by their being able to do any thing, they sap the foundations of their power. They have no certain rules or maxims of government; every one strives who shall flatter them most: they have no longer any subjects; nothing is left them but slaves, whose number daily decreases. Who will tell them the truth? Who will set bounds to the torrent? Every thing gives way; the wise fly, hide themselves, and mourn in private. Nothing but a sudden and violent revolution can reduce this overflowing power into its natural channel, and the measures which might circumscribe, often irrecoverably destroy it. Nothing is so near a fatal fall as authority stretched too far. It resembles an over-strained bow, which at length snaps of a sudden, unless it be slackened; but who will presume to slacken it? The very soul of Idomeneus was seduced by the allurements of this power; he had been dethroned, but not undeceived. It was necessary the Gods should send us hither, to put him out of conceit with this blind and excessive power, which does not

benefit men ; and a sort of miracle moreover was necessary to open his eyes.

The other almost incurable evil is luxury. As too much power poisons princes, so luxury poisons a whole nation. It is said that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich ; as if the poor could not get their bread more usefully by multiplying the fruits of the earth, without debauching the rich by the refinements of voluptuousness. A whole nation habituates itself to look upon the most superfluous things as the necessities of life ; new necessities are daily invented, and men can no longer live without things which were unknown thirty years before. This luxury is called a good taste, the perfection of arts, and the politeness of the nation. This vice, which is the source of an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue, and spreads its contagion from the prince down to the very dregs of the people. The near relations of the king imitate his magnificence ; the nobility that of the king's relations ; the middle sort strive to come up to the nobility, ( for where is the man who forms a right judgment of himself ? ) and the lowest desire to pass for the middle sort. Thus every one lives above his circumstances ; some through ostentation, and to glory in their riches ; others through a false sense of shame, and to conceal their poverty. Even those who are wise enough to condemn so great a disorder, are not enough so to dare to be the first to rise up against it, and to set contrary examples. A whole nation is ruined, and all conditions of men confounded. The desire of getting money to support a vain expence, corrupts the purest minds ; to be rich is the only thing that is minded, and to be poor is infamous. Let a man be learned, wise, virtuous ; let him instruct mankind, win battles, save his country, sacrifice all his own interests ; yet will he be despised, if his talents are not set off with pomp and show. Even they who have not money, endeavour to seem to have it, and spend as if they really had it : they borrow, they

cheat, they use a thousand artifices to procure it. But who will cure these evils? The taste and customs of a whole nation must be changed, and new laws must be enacted. And who can attempt this but a king who is so much of a philosopher, and so prudent; as to put out of countenance, by the example of his own moderation, all those who are fond of ostentatious expences, and to encourage the wise, who would be very glad to be authorised in a laudable frugality?

Telemachus, hearing this discourse, was like a man coming out of a profound sleep. He felt the truth of these words, and they were engraved on his heart, as a skilful statuary imprints what features he pleases on the marble, and gives it softness, life and motion. Telemachus made no reply; but, revolving what he had heard in his mind, he surveyed the alterations which had been made in the city, and at length thus addressed himself to Mentor:

You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings; I neither know him nor his subjects again. Nay, I confess that what you have done here is infinitely greater than the victories which we have obtained. Chance and strength have a great part in the successes of war; we must share the glory of battles with our soldiers: but all you have done proceeds from a single head; you alone must have struggled against a king and all his people in order to reform them. The successes of war are always fatal and odious; here all is the work of a heavenly wisdom, all is calm, all is innocent, all is lovely, all discovers an authority more than human. When men thirst for glory, why do they not seek it by thus applying themselves to do good? O what wrong notions have they of solid glory, since they expect to obtain it by ravaging the earth and by shedding human blood! Mentor's countenance shewed that he was exceedingly glad to see Telemachus form so true a judgment of victories and conquests, at an age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.



After this Mentor added, All that you see here is indeed laudable and good ; but know that it is possible to do yet better. Idomeneus curbs his passions, and applies himself to govern his people with justice ; but he still commits a great many errors, which are the unhappy consequences of his former faults. When men desire to forsake evil, the evil still seems to pursue them ; they long retain bad habits, a weakness of nature, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy they who never strayed ! they may do good to a greater perfection. The Gods, Telemachus, require more of you than of Idomeneus, because you have known the truth from your youth, and have never been delivered up to the seducements of too great a prosperity.

Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is wise and knowing ; but he applies himself too much to particulars, and does not sufficiently consider the whole of his affairs to form judicious schemes. The art of a king, who is set over other men, does not consist in doing all himself ; it is gross vanity to hope to do this, or to endeavour to persuade the world that one is capable of it. A king ought to govern by choosing and guiding those who govern under him ; he must not descend to particulars, for that is doing the office of his agents ; he ought only to make them give him an account, and to know enough to examine that account with judgment. He is an admirable governor, who chooses and employs those who govern, according to their respective talents. The highest degree and perfection of government consists in governing those who govern : they must be watched, tried, checked, reprov'd, encouraged, promoted, degraded, removed from one post to another, and always kept in dependence. A prince who pries into every thing himself, betrays a mistrustful narrow soul ; he abandons himself to jealousy about trifles, which consumes the time and the freedom of mind which are necessary for affairs of importance. To form great designs the soul must be free and compos'd ; it must

think at its ease, and be entirely disengaged from all knotty and difficult affairs. A mind exhausted by particulars, resembles the lees of wine, which have neither strength nor flavour. Governors who descend to particulars, are always determined by the present, without extending their views to remote futurity; they are continually borne away by the affair of the day, which being the only object of their thoughts, makes too great an impression upon and cramps their minds; for men never form a right judgment of things unless they compare them all together, and range them in a certain order, that they may have connection and proportion. Not to observe this rule of government is to resemble a musician, who should content himself with finding out melodious sounds, and should give himself no trouble to combine and make them harmonize with each other, in order to compose a sweet and ravishing piece of music. It is also to resemble an architect, who thinks he does every thing when he heaps together large columns and a great number of well wrought stones, without attending to the order and proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. When he is building the saloon, he does not foresee that there must be a suitable staircase; when he is at work on the body of the structure, he never dreams of the court-yard nor the gate; his work is only a confused jumble of magnificent parts which are not made to fit each other. This performance, instead of doing him an honour, will be an eternal monument of his shame; for it is a proof that the workman had not a sufficient reach of thought to take in at once the general design of his whole work, which is the character of a bounded and subordinate genius. When a man is born with a mind thus limited to particulars, he is only fit to execute under another. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like music, and just proportions like architecture.

If you will give me leave to go on with my comparison from these arts, I will convince you what indifferent capacities those men have who descend to all the particular parts of government. A person in a concert who sings only particular things, though he sings them perfectly well, is no more than a singer ; he who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates its several parts, he alone is the master of music. In like manner he who forms the columns, or raises a side of the edifice, is no more than a mason ; but he who designed the whole building, and has all its proportions in his mind, he alone is the architect. Thus they who toil, who dispatch and transact the most business, are those who have the least share in the government ; they are but the under-workmen. The true genius that directs the state, is he who does nothing himself, and yet causes every thing to be done ; who thinks, who contrives, who dives into the future, who reviews the past, who orders and proportions every thing, who makes early preparations, who continually bears up against and struggles with fortune, as a swimmer against a torrent of water, and who studies night and day to leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, Telemachus, that a great painter assiduously toils from morning to night, that he may dispatch his works the sooner ! No ? such constraint and drudgery would damp the fire of his imagination ; his genius would work no longer : every thing must be struck off irregularly and by starts, as his fancy leads and his spirit prompts him. Do you think he spends his time in grinding colours, and in making pencils ? No, that is the business of his scholars. He reserves himself for thought and design ; he only studies to strike bold strokes, which may give a noble air, and life and passion to his figures. His head is full of the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he designs to represent ; he transports himself to their times, and puts himself in all the circumstances in

which they have been. To this kind of enthusiasm he must join the curb of judgment, that the whole may be true, correct and proportionable. Do you think, Telemachus, that less elevation of genius and efforts of thought are required to make a great king than to make a good painter? Conclude therefore that the business of a king ought to be to think, to form great designs, and to choose persons proper to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied, I comprehend methinks all you say; but if things were thus, a king not entering into particulars himself would often be imposed upon. You are mistaken, answered Mentor; a general knowledge of government prevents their being imposed upon. Men who observe no maxims in affairs, and who have no true discernment of men, are always groping as it were in the dark, and it is a chance if they are not imposed upon. They do not well know what they look for, nor which way they ought to direct their steps; their knowledge extends only to mistrust, and they sooner mistrust men of probity who contradict them, than traitors who flatter them. On the contrary, they who have certain principles to govern by and a knowledge of men, know what they are to expect of them, and the means of coming at it: they know, at least in general, whether the persons they employ are proper instruments for their designs, and whether they enter enough into their views to hit the mark they aim at. Besides, as they do not burden themselves with the weight of particulars, their minds are more at liberty to survey at one view the whole of the work, and to observe if it tends towards their principal design; if they are deceived, it hardly ever is in essentials. Again, they are above the little jealousies which denote a narrow mind and a groveling soul. They know that it is not possible to avoid being deceived in important affairs, since they are obliged to make use of men, who are so often deceitful. More is



lost by the irresolution which arises from diffidence, than by suffering one's self to be a little imposed upon. Happy the man who is imposed upon only in things of little consequence ; the more important may go on well, and a great man ought only to be in pain about them. Deceit must be severely punished when it is discovered ; but one must expect to meet with some deceit, if one would not really be deceived. A mechanic sees every thing in his shop with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands ; but a king can neither do nor see every thing in a large kingdom. He ought to do nothing but what nobody else can do under him, nor ought he to see any thing but what concerns the decision of important affairs.

In fine, Mentor said to Telemachus, The Gods love you, and design you a reign of wisdom. Every thing you see here is done less for Idomeneus's glory, than for your instruction. All the wise institutions which you admire at Salentum, are but a shadow of what you will hereafter do in Ithaca, if your virtues correspond to your high destiny. It is time for us to think of departing hence. Idomeneus keeps a ship ready for our return.

Hereupon Telemachus, though with some difficulty, opened his heart to his friend concerning an attachment which made him loath to leave Salentum. You will censure me perhaps, said he, for too easily conceiving passions in the places where I go ; but my heart would continually reproach me, should I not tell you that I love Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not such a blind passion as you cured me of in the isle of Calypso. I have been thoroughly sensible of the depth of the wound I received from love when I was with Eucharis ; I cannot yet pronounce her name without disorder, nor have time and absence been able to efface it. This fatal experience teaches

me to be diffident of myself. But what I feel for Antiope is quite another thing. It is not the phrenzy of love; it is judgment, it is esteem, it is conviction. How happy should I be in passing my life with her! If ever the Gods restore me my father, and permit me to choose a wife, Antiope shall be mine. What charms me in her, is her silence, her modesty, her reserve, her assiduity in labour, her industry in works of wool and embroidery, her application to the management of her father's house since the death of her mother, her contempt of gaudy apparel, her evident forgetfulness or rather ignorance of her beauty. When Idomeneus bids her lead the dance of the young Cretan maidens to the melody of flutes, she is attended with so many graces that one would take her for the smiling Venus; when he takes her with him to hunt in the forests, she seems as majestic, and as skilful in handling a bow, as Diana in the midst of her nymphs: she alone is ignorant of it, while all the world admires it. When she enters the temple of the Gods, and carries the sacred offerings in baskets on her head, one would think that she herself were the Divinity which inhabits the temple. With what awe and what devotion do we see her offer sacrifices, and deprecate the wrath of the Gods, when any crime is to be expiated, or any dreadful omen to be averted! In fine, when one sees her with a company of maidens, holding a golden needle in her hand, one thinks that she is Minerva herself, who has assumed an human form here on the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to men. She encourages others to work; she sweetens their toils and weariness by the charms of her voice, when she sings all the marvellous histories of the Gods; and she excels the most exquisite paintings by the delicacy of her embroideries. Happy the man whom gentle Hymen joins with her! He will have nothing to fear but to lose and survive her. I here

call the Gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart ; I shall love Antiope as long as I live, but she shall not one moment retard my return to Ithaca. Were another to possess her, I should pass the rest of my days in bitterness and sorrow ; but I will leave her, though I know that absence may cause me to lose her. I will not speak to her nor her father of my love ; for I ought to speak of it to you only, 'till Ulysses, re-seated on his throne, gives me his consent to do it. You may hereby know, my dear Mentor, how different this attachment is from the passion with which you saw me blinded for Eucharis.

Mentor replied, I grant, Telemachus, that there is a difference. Antiope is gentle, ingenuous, prudent ; her hands disdain not labour : she foresees things long before they happen, she provides for every thing ; she knows how to be silent, and to do things regularly without being in a hurry ; she is always employed, but never in a confusion, because she does every thing at a proper time. The good order of her father's house is her glory, and adorns her more than her beauty. Though she has the care of every thing, and is charged with the office of reproving, denying, saving ( things which make almost all women hated ), yet has she made herself the delight of the whole house ; because they find in her neither passion, nor obstinacy, nor levity, nor humour, as in other women. With a single glance she makes herself understood, and they are afraid to displease her ; she gives precise orders, she commands nothing but what may be done ; she reproves with gentleness, and encourages when she reproves. Her father's heart rests itself upon her, as a traveller, fainting with the heat of the sun, rests himself upon the tender grass in the shade. You are in the right, Telemachus ; Antiope is a treasure worthy to be sought after in the remotest countries. Her mind, no more than

her body, is never decked with vain and gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though lively, is restrained by her judgment; she does not speak but when it is necessary; and when she opens her mouth, soft persuasion and native graces flow from her lips. When she speaks, every body is silent, and she blushes at it; she can hardly help suppressing what she designed to say, when she perceives that she is listened to with so much attention. We have scarcely heard her speak.

Do you remember, Telemachus, when her father one day sent for her? She appeared with downcast eyes, was covered with a large veil, and spoke no more than was necessary to appease Idomeneus's anger, who was going to chastise one of his slaves with severity. She at first joined in his resentment, then she calmed him, at length she intimated what might be alledged in the wretch's excuse, and without making the king sensible that he was too much transported, she inspired into him sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when she sooths old Nereus, does not more gently calm the angry billows. In this manner will Antiope, without assuming any authority, or taking any advantage from her charms, one day manage the heart of her husband, as she now touches her lyre, when she would draw forth its sweetest melody. Once again, Telemachus, I own that your affection for her is reasonable; the Gods design her for you: you love her with a rational passion, but you must wait 'till Ulysses gives her to you. I commend you for not discovering your sentiments to her; but know that if you had by any indirect means acquainted her with your designs, she would have rejected them, and have ceased to esteem you. She will never promise herself to any body; she will leave her father to dispose of her, and will take for a husband none but a man who fears the Gods, and discharges all his duties. Have you not ob-



served as well as I, that she less frequently appears, and that she oftener bends her eyes on the ground since your return? She knows all your success in the war; she is not ignorant of your birth, of your adventures, or of any qualification which the Gods have bestowed upon you: it is this that makes her so shy and reserved. Let us go, Telemachus, let us go to Ithaca; I have nothing more to do but to conduct you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age: were she a shepherdess on the frigid Algidus, instead of the daughter of a king of Salentum, you would be the happiest of men in possessing her.

*End of the Twenty-second Book.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWENTY-THIRD.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Idomeneus, fearing the departure of his two guests, proposes several intricate affairs to Mentor, assuring him that he could not settle them without his assistance. Mentor tells him how he ought to act, and persists in his resolution to carry Telemachus home. Idomeneus again attempts to detain them by exciting the passion of the latter for Antiope : he engages them in a hunting match, at which he orders his daughter to be present. She would have been torn in pieces by a wild boar, but for Telemachus who rescues her. He is afterwards very unwilling to forsake her, and to take leave of the king her father ; but being encouraged by Mentor, he overcomes his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.*

**I**DOMENEUS, who feared the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, made it his whole study to retard it. He represented to Mentor that he could not without him adjust a dispute that was risen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the presages which are drawn from the flight of birds

and the entrails of victims. Why, said Mentor, would you intermeddle in things sacred? Leave the decisions of them to the Etrurians, who have the tradition of the most ancient oracles, and are qualified by inspiration to be the interpreters of the Gods. Use your authority only to stifle these disputes in their birth. Show neither partiality nor prejudice; content yourself with supporting the decision when it is made. Remember that a king is to be subject to religion, and is never to take upon him the regulation of it: religion comes from the Gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, instead of protecting they enslave it. Kings are so powerful, and other men so weak, that every thing will be in danger of being changed, according to the fancy of princes, if they should be permitted to concern themselves in questions relating to things sacred. Leave therefore the free decision of them to the favourites of the Gods, and confine yourself to the quelling of those who shall not conform to their determination when it is made.

Idomeneus afterwards complained of the perplexity he was in, with regard to a great number of lawsuits between divers private persons, which he was importuned to determine. Decide, replied Mentor, all new questions, which may be the foundations of general maxims, and become precedents of law: but never burden yourself with trying private causes; they would come and besiege you in crowds. You would be the only judge of all your people; all the other judges, who are under you, would become useless: you would be overburdened; trifling affairs would take you off from the important, and yet you would not be sufficient to adjust all the particulars of the trifling. Take care therefore not to plunge yourself into this perplexity; refer the causes of private persons to the ordinary judges; do nothing but what nobody else can do to ease you, and you will then discharge the real functions of a king.

I am

I am also importuned, said Idomeneus, to interfere in certain marriages. The persons of distinguished birth, who attended me in all my wars, and who lost large estates in my service, aim at a sort of recompense by marrying certain rich maidens; and I need but speak one word to procure these fortunes for them.

It is true, replied Mentor, that it would cost you but one word; but this word itself would cost you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and satisfaction of choosing their sons-in-law, and consequently their heirs? This were to bring all families into the severest slavery. You would make yourself answerable for all the domestic evils of your subjects. Marriage is full enough of thorns without this addition of bitterness. If you have faithful servants to reward, give them uncultivated lands; to these add rank and honours in proportion to their condition and services; add likewise, if necessary, some money saved out of the funds appointed for your own expense: but never pay your debts by sacrificing young maidens of fortune contrary to the inclination of their families.

Idomeneus soon past from this question to another: The Sibarites, said he, complain of our usurping some lands that belong to them, and of our giving them as grounds to be cultivated to the strangers whom we have lately allured hither. Shall I yield to these people? If I do, every one will think that he needs only to form pretensions upon us to have what he claims.

It is not reasonable, replied Mentor, to believe the Sibarites in their own cause, neither is it reasonable to believe you in yours. Who then must decide the matter? replied Idomeneus. Neither of the two parties, continued Mentor. A neighbouring people whom neither side can suspect of partiality, must be chosen as an umpire; such are the Sipontines, who have no interest opposite to yours. But am I obliged, rejoined Idomeneus, to be determined by an umpire? Am I not a king? Must a so-



vereign submit himself to foreigners as to the extent of his dominions?

Mentor thus resumed the discourse. Since you persist in keeping the lands, you must necessarily believe that your title to them is good. The Sibarites, on the other side, abate nothing of their pretensions, and maintain that their right is incontestable. In this opposition of opinions, an arbitrator chosen by both parties must make up the difference, or the fate of arms decide it; there is no medium. Were you to go into a republic, where there are neither magistrates nor judges, and where every family should think it had a right to do itself justice by violence against all the pretensions of its neighbours; you would deplore the misery of such a nation, and be struck with horror at its dreadful disorders, where all families would arm themselves one against another. Do you think the Gods would with less horror behold the whole world, which is the universal commonwealth, should every nation, which is but as a large family, think it had a right to do itself justice by violence, as to all the pretensions it had upon other neighbouring nations? A private man, who possesses a field by inheritance from his ancestors, cannot maintain himself in it but by the authority of the laws and the decree of the magistrates; he would be severely punished as a seditious person, should he attempt to maintain by force what justice has given him. And do you think that kings may immediately make use of violence to support their pretensions, without having first tried all the ways of gentleness and humanity? Is not justice much more sacred and inviolable in kings with regard to whole countries, than in private families with regard to a few plough'd fields? Is a man unjust, and a robber, who seizes a few acres of land? And is he just, and an hero, who seizes whole provinces? If men are prejudiced, if they are deceived and blinded in the trifling concerns of private persons, ought they not to be much more afraid

of being deceived and blinded in the great concerns of state? Shall a man rely upon his own judgment in an affair wherein he has so much reason to mistrust it? Will he not dread being mistaken in cases, wherein the error of a single person has such terrible consequences? The mistake of a prince whose pretensions are ill-grounded, often occasions devastations, famines, massacres, losses, and depravation of manners, whose fatal effects extend to the remotest ages. Should not a king, who is continually surrounded with crowds of flatterers, fear his being flattered on these occasions? If he agrees upon an umpire to decide the difference, he gives a proof of his equity, sincerity and moderation, and publishes the solid reason on which his cause is founded. The appointed umpire is a friendly mediator, and not a severe judge. His decisions are not blindly submitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce sentence like a supreme judge; but he makes propositions, and some things are given up by his advice for the preservation of peace. If a war happens notwithstanding all the pains which a prince takes to preserve peace, he then at least has on his side the testimony of his conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the just protection of the Gods. Idomeneus was affected by this discourse, and consented that the Sipontines should be mediators between him and the Sibarites.

The king, then perceiving that all his attempts to detain the two strangers were in vain, tried to hold them by a stronger tie. He had observed that Telemachus loved Antiope, and he hoped to detain him by that passion. With this view he ordered her to sing at several entertainments; she did it, that she might not disobey her father, but with such a reserved and melancholy air, that one easily saw the pain she suffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went so far as to bid her sing the victory gained over the Daunians and Adrastus: but she could not prevail on herself to sing the praises of Telemachus; she

excused herself in a respectful manner, and her father did not think fit to constrain her. Her sweet and ravishing voice went to the very soul of the young son of Ulysses; he was quite transported. Idomeneus, whose eyes were fixed upon him, took a pleasure in observing his transport. But Telemachus seemed as if he did not apprehend the king's designs: he could not help being moved on these occasions; but his reason prevailed over his love, and he was no longer the same Telemachus whom a tyrannical passion had formerly enslaved in the island of Calypso. While Antiope was singing, he would observe a profound silence; as soon as she had done, he would turn the conversation on some other subject.

The king, not being able this way to succeed in his design, resolved at last to have a great hunting-match, and ordered his daughter to partake of the diversion. Antiope wept, being unwilling to go to it; but her father's command must be obeyed. She mounts a foaming fiery steed, like those which Castor broke for battle; she manages him with ease; a troop of young virgins with eager joy attend her; and she appears in the midst of them, like Diana in the forests. The king sees her, and is insatiate in beholding her, which makes him forget all his past misfortunes. Telemachus sees her also, and is more struck with Antiope's modesty, than with her dexterity and all her graces.

The hounds chased a wild boar of an enormous bulk, and furious as that of Calydon. His lengthful bristles were hard, and stood upright like darts; his glaring eyes were red and fiery; his breath was heard from afar, like the murmurs of seditious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave to still the storms: his tusks, long and crooked as the keen scythe of the mowers, cut the trunks of the trees. All the dogs, that ventured to approach him, were torn in pieces. The boldest hunters were afraid to overtake him in their pursuit. Antiope, as swift in

the chace as the winds, was not afraid to approach and attack him. She hurls a javelin at him, which pierces him above the shoulder; the blood of the fierce animal gushes out like a torrent, and makes him more outrageous. He turns towards her who has wounded him. Upon which Antiope's courser, notwithstanding his great courage, trembles and starts back. The monstrous boar rushes against him, like ponderous engines which shake the walls of the strongest cities. The courser staggers, and is thrown down. Antiope lies on the earth, incapable of avoiding the fatal gripe of the fangs of the exasperated boar. But Telemachus, seeing Antiope's danger, had already leapt from his horse; he, swifter than lightning, darts between the fallen steed and the boar, which was going to revenge his blood; he holds a lengthful spear in his hand, and buries it almost entirely in the flank of the terrible animal, which falls raging on the ground.

Telemachus immediately cuts off his head, which is still terrible when nearly viewed, and which astonishes all the hunters. He presents it to Antiope; she blushes, and consults her father with her eyes, who after his fright is transported with joy to see her out of danger, and makes her a sign to accept of the present. As she took it, she said to Telemachus, I thankfully receive from you a more valuable gift; for I owe you my life. She had hardly spoken, but she feared that she had said too much; she looked on the ground: and Telemachus, who perceived her confusion, ventured to speak only these words: Happy the son of Ulysses in preserving so precious a life! but still more happy, could he pass his with you! Antiope, without replying, immediately rejoined the troop of her youthful companions, and mounted her steed again.

Idomeneus would that moment have promised Telemachus his daughter; but he hoped to inflame his passion the more by leaving him in suspense, and even imagined that he should detain him longer at



Salentum by his desire to insure his marriage. Thus reasoned Idomeneus within himself: but the Gods deride the wisdom of men. What was to detain Telemachus, was the very thing which hastened his departure; what he began to feel, gave him reason to be diffident of himself. Mentor redoubled his assiduity to inspire him with an impatience to return to Ithaca; he urged Idomeneus at the same time to let him go; the vessel was now ready. Thus Mentor, who regulated every moment of Telemachus's life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, did not let him stay in any place longer than was necessary to exercise his virtue, and to make him gain experience.

Mentor had taken care to order the vessel to be got ready as soon as Telemachus arrived; but Idomeneus, who beheld it equipping with great reluctance, fell into a deadly melancholy and a deplorable state of grief, when he saw his two guests, from whom he had received so much assistance, going to forsake him. He shut himself up in the most private parts of his house, where he eased his heart by sighs and tears; he forgot his food; no slumbers soothed his smarting grief; he withered, he pined away with his uneasiness. Like a large tree, which hides the earth with the shade of its spreading branches, whose trunk a worm begins to gnaw in those curious canals, through which the sap for its nourishment flows; as this tree, I say, which the winds could never shake, which the fertile earth delights to nourish in her bosom, and the axe of the woodman always respected, continually languishes without any apparent cause of its malady, and withers, and is despoiled of its leafy honours, and is but a trunk overspread with cloven bark, and sapless branches: so Idomeneus appeared in his grief.

Telemachus was moved, but afraid to speak to him. He dreaded the day of their departure; he sought for pretences to put it off, and would have remained a long while in this uncertainty, had not

Mentor said to him, I am very glad to see you so altered. You were naturally obdurate and haughty; your heart used to be touched only with your own inconveniency and your own interests: but you are at length become a man, and begin, by the experience of your own misfortunes, to compassionate those of others. Without this sympathy, a man has neither goodness, nor virtue, nor a capacity to govern others; but he must not carry it too far, nor sink into the weaknesses of friendship. I would willingly speak to Idomeneus to prevail on him to consent to your departure, and would spare you the confusion of so irksome a conversation; but I would not have a vicious modesty and sheepishness tyrannize over your soul. You must accustom yourself to blend resolution and firmness of mind with the warmth and softnesses of friendship; you must be afraid of grieving men unnecessarily; you must sympathize with them in the troubles which you cannot help occasioning, and soften as much as you can the stroke from which it is impossible to exempt them entirely. It is in order to soften it, replied Telemachus, that I should rather choose that Idomeneus should be informed of our departure by you than by me.

Mentor immediately answered, You are mistaken; my dear Telemachus; you are naturally like the children of kings, who are bred up in purple, and insist that every thing be done in their own way, and that all nature be obedient to their humour, and yet have not resolution enough to oppose any one to his face. It is not that they have any regard for men, or that they are tender of grieving them through any principle of goodness: but it is for their own ease; they do not care to see sorrowful and discontented faces about them. The distress and miseries of mankind give them no concern, provided they are not under their eyes. If they hear them mentioned, the discourse is grating and saddens them: to please them, they must continually be told that every thing goes well; while they are pursuing

their pleasures, they do not care to see or hear any thing which may interrupt their mirth. If there is a necessity to reprove, chastise, or undeceive any one, or to thwart the pretensions and unreasonable passions of some troublesome person, they will always commission others: rather than speak themselves with mildness and resolution on these occasions, they would suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted from them, and cause the most important affairs to miscarry, for want of courage to determine contrary to the sentiments of those with whom they have every day to do. This weakness, which is perceived in them, prompts all men to study to make their advantage of it; they teaze, they solicit, they tire them, and by tiring them obtain their ends. They at first flatter and praise them, in order to ingratiate themselves; but as soon as they have gained their confidence, and are seated near them in places of power, they lead them whither they please, and impose their yoke upon them. They groan beneath it, and often try to shake it off; but they wear it as long as they live. They are solicitous not to seem to be governed, and yet they always are so; nay: they cannot do without it; for they resemble feeble vines, which not being able to support themselves, creep around the trunk of some large tree.

I will not suffer you, Telemachus, to be guilty of a failing, which unfits a man for government. You, who are of so tender a disposition as to be afraid to speak to Idomeneus, will not feel his grief the moment you are got out of Salentum. It is not his grief which affects you, it is his presence which confounds you. Go, speak to Idomeneus yourself: learn on this occasion to be tender-hearted and resolute at the same time. Tell him how sorry you are to leave him, but tell him also with a peremptory tone how necessary your departure is.

Telemachus did not dare either to oppose Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus; he was ashamed of his fears,

but had not courage to overcome them; he paused, he took a step or two, and immediately returned, to alledge to Mentor some new reason of delay: but a single look of Mentor deprived him of his speech, and made all his fair pretences vanish. Is this then, said Mentor with a smile, the vanquisher of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Hesperia, and the son of the wise Ulysses, who is after him to be the oracle of Greece? He dares not tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer put off his return to his own country, to see his father again! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy will ye one day be, if you have a king who is a slave to a criminal modesty, and who sacrifices his most important affairs to his weaknesses in the veriest trifles! See, Telemachus, what difference there is between valour in battle, and courage in business: you were not afraid of Adrastus's arms, and yet you fear Idomeneus's grief. This is what dishonours princes who have performed the greatest actions; having shewn themselves to be heroes in war, they shew themselves to be the lowest of mankind in common occurrences, wherein others support themselves with vigour.

Telemachus, feeling the truth of these words, and stung with this reproach, hurried away without giving his passions time to speak. But as soon as he entered where Idomeneus was sitting with downcast, languid, and sorrowful eyes, they were afraid of and durst not look at each other; they understood one another without speaking a word; each feared that the other would break silence, and they both began to weep. At length Idomeneus, prompted by his excess of sorrow, cried out, What profits it to pay one's court to virtue, if she so ill requites her lovers? I am made sensible of my weakness, and then deserted! Well! I shall soon relapse into all my former misfortunes. Let no man talk to me of governing well; no, I am incapable of it, I am sick of mankind. Whither would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more, you seek him in vain;



Ithaca is become the prey of your enemies; they will destroy you, if you return thither. Some one of them has married your mother. Stay here, you shall wed my daughter, and be my heir; you shall reign after me: nay, during my life, you shall have an absolute power here; my confidence in you shall be unbounded. But if you are unmoved by all these advantages, at least leave me Mentor, who is my only resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your heart, pity the most wretched of men. How! silent! Ah! I feel how cruel the Gods are to me; I have even a quicker sense of it than I had in Crete, when I slew my own son.

At length Telemachus replied with a disordered and timorous voice, I am not at my own disposal; destiny recalls me to my country. Mentor, who is endued with the wisdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to depart. What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, my country, which ought to be yet dearer to me than they? As I am born to be a king, I am not designed for a life of pleasure and repose, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your kingdom is richer and more powerful than that of my father; but I ought to prefer that which the Gods have allotted me, to that which you have the goodness to offer me. I should think myself happy, were Antiope my wife, without any hopes of your kingdom: but, to render myself worthy of her, I must go where my duty calls me, and it must be my father who demands her of you. Did you not promise to send me back to Ithaca? Was it not upon this promise that I, with the allies, fought for you against Adrastus? It is time for me to think of repairing my domestic misfortunes. The Gods, who gave me to Mentor, gave Mentor also to the son of Ulysses, that he might fulfil the decrees of fate. Would you have me lose Mentor, after having lost every thing else? I have now neither estate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country; nothing is

left me but a wise and virtuous man, who is the most precious gift of Jupiter. Do you yourself judge if I can renounce him, and consent that he should forsake me. No, I would sooner die. Take my life, my life's a trifle; but take not Mentor from me.

As Telemachus spoke, his voice grew stronger, and his fears vanished. Idomeneus knew not what to answer, nor could he consent to what the son of Ulysses said. When he could no longer speak, he endeavoured at least by his looks and his gestures to move his pity. The same moment he saw Mentor appear, who made him this serious address:

Do not grieve; we quit you, but the wisdom which presides in the council of the Gods will remain with you; believe that you are very happy, in that Jupiter has sent us hither to save your kingdom, and to reclaim you from your errors. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you faithfully. The fear of the Gods, a taste for virtue, a love of the people, and compassion for the miserable, will always possess his heart. Harken to him, and employ him with confidence and without jealousy. The greatest service which you can receive from him, is to oblige him to tell you of all your failings without any softenings. The greatest fortitude of a good king consists in his seeking for real friends, who may point out his mistakes to him. If you are endued with this fortitude, our absence will be no prejudice to you, and you will live happy; but if flattery, which insinuates like a serpent, again finds the way to your heart, and makes you mistrust disinterested counsels, you are ruined. Do not suffer yourself to be dejected by grief; but exert yourself in the pursuit of virtue. I have told Philocles every thing which he ought to do to assist you, and never to abuse your confidence; I can answer for him. The Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus; every one ought courageously to follow where his destiny leads; it profits not to grieve. Should you ever want my assistance, after

I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will visit you again. And what could I do that would afford me a more sensible pleasure? I seek not riches nor power on earth? I would only assist those who seek after justice and virtue. Can I ever forget the marks of confidence and friendship which you have shewn me?

At these words Idomeneus became of a sudden quite another man; he felt that his soul was calmed, as Neptune with his trident calms the angry waves and the most lowering tempests: there remained only a gentle peaceful sorrow, which was rather a concern and a sense of fondness than anguish. Courage, confidence, virtue, and a reliance on the assistance of the Gods, began to revive within him.

Well then, said he, my dear Mentor, I must lose every thing, and not be discouraged! At least be mindful of Idomeneus, when you arrive at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with happiness; do not forget that Salentum is the work of your hands, and that you there left an unhappy king, whose only hope is in you. Go, worthy son of Ulysses, I detain you no longer; I am far from opposing the Gods, who lent me so great a treasure. Go, Mentor, also, thou greatest and wisest of mortals (if humanity can indeed perform what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity who have borrowed this form to instruct weak and ignorant mankind), go, be a guide to the son of Ulysses, more happy in the possession of you, than in being the vanquisher of Adrastus. Go both; I dare say no more, excuse my sighs. Go, live, be happy together; nothing in the world is left me now but the remembrance of having enjoyed you here. O happy, thrice happy days! days of whose value I was not sufficiently sensible! O days which are too swiftly fled, you will never return! Never will my eyes behold again what they see now!

Mentor laid hold of this moment to get away; he embraced Philocles, who bedewed him with his tears

without being able to speak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand to get out of those of Idomeneus: but Idomeneus, advancing towards the port, walked between Mentor and Telemachus; he gazed upon them, he sighed; he began to speak some broken words, but could utter none distinct.

And now a confused murmur is heard on the shore, which is crowded with mariners; the cordage is stretched, the sails are hoisted, a favourable gale begins to blow. Telemachus and Mentor take leave of the king, who holds them a long while locked in his arms, and pursues them as far as he can with his eyes.

*End of the Twenty-third Book.*





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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
SON of ULYSSES.

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BOOK the TWENTY-FOURTH.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*During their voyage, Telemachus gets Mentor to explain to him several difficulties concerning government ; among others, those of knowing men, in order to employ only the good, and not to be imposed upon by the bad. Towards the end of their conversation a calm obliges them to put in at an island where Ulysses was just landed. Telemachus sees him there, and talks to him without knowing him. But having seen him embark, he feels a secret uneasiness of which he cannot conceive the cause. Mentor explains it to him, comforts him, assures him that he will soon be with his father again, and makes a trial of his piety and patience, by putting off his departure, to offer a sacrifice to Minerva. At last the Goddess, concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form and discovers herself. She gives Telemachus her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus departs, arrives at Ithaca, and finds his father in the house of the faithful Eumæus.*

THE sails already swell, the anchors are weighed, the land seems to retreat, and the skilful pilot descries at a distance the mountains of Leu-

cate, which hides its head in whirling storms of freezing snow, and the Acroceraunian hills, which still uplift their haughty brows to heaven, though they have so often been shattered by thunder.

During this voyage Telemachus said to Mentor, I now understand the maxims of government which you have explained to me. At first they appeared to me like a dream ; but their obscurity gradually vanished, and I now view them in a clear light. So all objects look dark at the first dawns of Aurora in the morning, but afterwards seem to come as it were out of a chaos, when the light, which insensibly increases, distinguishes them, and restores them, to use the expression, their figures and natural colours. I am thoroughly convinced that the essential point of government is to discern the different characters of men, in order to choose and employ them according to their respective talents ; but I am still at a loss to know how one may obtain such an insight into mankind.

Hereupon Mentor replied, You must study men in order to know them ; and to know them, you must often see and have an intercourse with them. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, to make them speak, to consult them, to try them by little employments of which they should make them give an account, in order to see if they are capable of higher functions. Now, my dear Telemachus, did you in Ithaca acquire your skill in horses ? It was by often seeing them, and by taking notice of their faults and perfections in the company of persons of experience. In the same manner speak frequently of men's good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters, and you will insensibly learn the turn of their minds, and what may be expected from them. Who taught you to know the good and the bad poets ? It was frequently reading and reflecting upon them with men who had a taste for poetry. Who procured

you judgment in music ? It was the same application in observing skilful musicians. How can any one expect to govern men well, if he does not know them ? and how can he know them, if he does not converse with them ? It is not conversing with them, to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side but what is indifferent, and prepared with art. The business is to see them in private, to draw out to view all the secret springs of their hearts, to probe them on all sides, to sound them in order to discover their maxims. But to form a right judgment of men, it is necessary to begin by knowing what they ought to be ; it is necessary to know what real and solid merit is, in order to distinguish those who have it from those who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, without knowing precisely what merit and virtue are. They are only fair words and indefinite terms in the mouths of the generality of mankind, who take a pride in talking of them eternally. It is necessary to have certain principles of justice, reason, and virtue, to know who are reasonable and virtuous. It is necessary to understand the maxims of a wise and good government, to know men who are furnished with them, and those who depart from them through a false subtilty. In a word, to measure several bodies, it is necessary to have a fixed measure ; to form a judgment of men's minds, it is likewise necessary to have constant principles which may be the standard of all our judgments. It is necessary to know precisely what is the end of human life, and what end we ought to propose to ourselves in the government of men. Now this sole, this essential end is never to covet power and grandeur for one's own sake, for this ambitious pursuit would only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride ; but a man ought to sacrifice himself to the infinite toils of government, to make men virtuous and happy : he otherwise walks in darkness and at random as long as he lives : he drives like a ship on the open sea, that has no pilot,

that does not consult the stars, nor knows any of the neighbouring coasts ; he cannot but be wrecked.

Princes many times, for want of knowing where-  
in true virtue consists, know not what they ought to  
look for in men. True virtue has something of  
harshness for them ; it seems to them too austere and  
too independent ; it affrights and sours them ; they  
incline to flattery. From that moment they can no  
longer find either sincerity or virtue ; from that mo-  
ment they pursue an empty phantom of vain glory,  
which renders them unworthy of the true, and they  
soon habituate themselves to think that there is no  
true virtue in the world. For the good do indeed  
discern the wicked ; but the wicked do not discern  
the good, nor can they believe that there are any.  
Such princes suspect every body alike ; they hide  
themselves, they shut themselves up, they are jealous  
on the most trifling occasions, they dread mankind  
and make themselves dreaded by them. They shun  
the light, and dare not appear in their natural co-  
lours. Though they would not be known, they  
always are so ; for the malicious curiosity of their  
subjects pries into and guesses every thing : but they  
themselves know nobody. The selfish crew which  
besets them, is overjoyed to see them inaccessible.  
A king who is inaccessible to men, is inaccessible to  
truth also. They blacken by infamous tales and  
remove every thing from him which might open his  
eyes. Such kings pass their lives in a savage inhu-  
man grandeur ; they are continually afraid of being  
imposed upon, and yet they always unavoidably are  
and deserve to be so. When a man converses only  
with a small number of persons, he necessarily im-  
bibes all their passions and prejudices : and even vir-  
tuous men have their failings and prepossessions. Be-  
sides, one is at the mercy of tale-bearers, a base mali-  
cious tribe, who feed upon venom, who poison the  
most innocent things and magnify the least, who invent  
falsehoods rather than cease to injure, and who for their  
own interest play upon the jealousy and base curiosity  
of a weak and suspicious prince.



Get a knowledge therefore, my dear Telemachus, get a knowledge of men ; sift them, make them speak of one another, try them by little and little ; deliver yourself up to none ; profit by your own experience when you have been mistaken in your judgment ( for you will sometimes be mistaken ), and thereby learn not rashly to judge well or ill any man. The wicked are too deep dissemblers not to impose upon the good by their disguises ; but your past mistakes will be useful lessons of instruction. When you find a man of ability and virtue, employ him with confidence : for men of integrity are pleased to see others conscious of their uprightness ; they prefer esteem and confidence to riches. But do not spoil them by intrusting them with an unbounded power : many a man would have continued virtuous, who is no longer so, because his master has given him too much wealth and power. A prince, who is so beloved of the Gods as to find in a whole kingdom two or three real friends of a steady wisdom and integrity, quickly finds by their means other persons who are like them, to fill inferior posts ; by the men of virtue in whom he confides, he learns what he could not of himself discern in his other subjects.

But is it right, said Telemachus, to make use of ill men when they have talents for business, as I have often heard it is ? One is often, said Mentor, under a necessity to make use of them. In a convulsed and disordered state one often finds unjust and crafty men who are already in authority ; they are possessed of important posts which cannot be taken from them ; they have insinuated themselves into the confidence of certain persons of influence with whom one must needs keep well : nay, one must keep well with the villains themselves, because they are to be feared, and have it in their power to throw every thing into confusion. It is highly necessary therefore to make use of them for a time ; but it is necessary also to have in view the rendering them by degrees

unnecessary. As for a real and intimate confidence, take care never to repose it in them: for they may abuse it, and hold you fast, whether you will or not, by your secrets; a chain harder to be broken than any chains of iron. Employ them in temporary negotiations, treat them kindly, and engage them to be faithful to you by their passions themselves, for you have no other hold of them; but never admit them into your secret counsels. Always have some spring ready to put them in motion whenever you please, but never give them the key either of your heart or your affairs. When your kingdom is quiet, settled, and governed by wise and upright men, on whom you can depend, the wicked men, whom you were constrained to make use of, become useless by degrees. You must not then however cease to treat them kindly, for it is never allowable to be ungrateful even to the wicked; but at the same time that you treat them kindly, you must endeavour to make them virtuous. It is necessary to wink at certain human frailties in them; but you must however by degrees assume more authority, and check the growth of evils which they would commit openly, were they suffered to go on. After all, the doing good by wicked instruments is an evil; and though this evil is often inevitable, we must proceed gradually to put an entire stop to it. A wise prince, who aims only at good order and justice, will in time be able to do without corrupt and treacherous men; he will find good men enough who have sufficient abilities to serve him.

But it is not enough to find good subjects in a nation; it is necessary to make others so. That, answered Telemachus, must needs be very difficult. Not at all, replied Mentor: your diligence in seeking for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, excites and spurs on all persons of abilities and spirit; every one exerts himself. How many men are there who languish in idleness and obscurity, who would become great men, were they spurred on

to industry by emulation and hopes of success! How many men are there whom indigence and an impossibility of rising by virtue, attempt to raise themselves by vice! If therefore you annex rewards and honours to genius and virtue, what numbers of your subjects will of themselves become eminent and virtuous! But how many will you render so too, by making them rise step by step from the lowest employments to the highest! You will exercise their talents; you will prove the extent of their genius, and the sincerity of their virtue. The men who arrive at the highest posts, will have been trained up under your eyes in the inferior; you will have followed them all your life step by step, and will form your judgment of them, not by their words, but by the whole course of their actions.

While Mentor was reasoning thus with Telemachus, they perceived a Phæacian vessel that had put in at a little island, which was desert, wild, and surrounded with frightful rocks. The winds at the same time were hushed, the gentle zephyrs themselves seemed to hold their breath; the sea was become as smooth as a mirror; the flagging sails could no longer animate the vessel, and the efforts of the weary rowers were vain: it was necessary therefore to land in this island, which was rather a rock than a place proper to be inhabited by men. In less calm weather it would have been impossible to have landed there without the utmost danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, did not seem less impatient than the Salentines to proceed in their voyage. Telemachus advances towards them on the rocky shores, and immediately asks the first man he meets, if he had not seen Ulysses king of Ithaca in king Alcinous's palace.

The person to whom he accidentally address himself was not a Phæacian, but an unknown stranger, of a majestic, but melancholy and dejected air. He seemed thoughtful, and at first hardly heard Telemachus's question; but at length he answered, You

are not mistaken, Ulysses was entertained in king Alcinous's palace, a place where Jupiter is revered, and hospitality practised : but he is not there now ; you would seek him there in vain ; he is departed in order to revisit Ithaca, if the appeased Deities will at length suffer him to salute his household Gods again.

This stranger had hardly spoken these words in a melancholy manner, but he rushed into a thick grove on the top of a rock, whence he stedfastly viewed the sea, flying from every one he saw, and seeming uneasy at not being able to prosecute his voyage. Telemachus looked stedfastly upon him ; and the more he looked, the more he was moved and astonished. This stranger, said he to Mentor, answered me like one who does not much attend to what is said to him, and who is oppressed with grief. I pity the unfortunate, since I have been so myself, and I feel that my heart is concerned for this man, without knowing why. He was not over-civil to me, hardly vouchsafing to hear and answer me ; and yet I cannot help wishing that his miseries were at an end.

Mentor replied with a smile, Lo the use of the evils of life ; they soften the hearts of princes, and make them feel the woes of others. When they have tasted only of the sweet poison of prosperity, they fancy themselves Gods ; they will have mountains become plains to gratify them ; they esteem mankind as nothing, and make all nature their sport. When they hear of suffering, they know not what it means ; it is a dream to them ; they have never seen the distance between good and evil : misfortune alone can teach them humanity, and change their hearts of stone into hearts of flesh. They find that they are men, and that they ought to be tender of others who are like them. If a stranger excites so much pity, because he is a wanderer on this shore like you ; how much more compassion ought you to have for the people of Ithaca, when you hereafter



see them suffer ! This people, whom the Gods will commit to your care, as a flock is committed to a shepherd, will perhaps be rendered miserable by your ambition, or pride, or imprudence ; for the people suffer only through the faults of princes, who ought to be watchful to prevent their sufferings.

While Mentor was speaking thus, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and trouble, and at length replied with some emotion : If all these things are true, the condition of a king is very unhappy ; he is the slave of all whom he seems to command ; he is not so much born to command as to serve them ; he owes himself entirely to them ; he is burdened with all their wants ; he is the servant of all the people, and of every one in particular ; he must accommodate himself to their weaknesses, and correct them like a father, that he may render them wise and happy. The authority which he seems to have, is not his own ; he can do nothing for his own glory or pleasure ; his authority is that of the laws ; he must obey them, in order to be an example to his subjects. Properly speaking, he is only the guardian of the laws, to make them reign ; he must watch and toil to maintain them ; he has the least freedom and tranquillity of any man in his kingdom ; he is a slave, who sacrifices his own repose and liberty for the liberty and happiness of the public.

It is true, replied Mentor, that a king is a king only to take care of his people, as a shepherd takes care of his flock, or a father of his family. But do you think, my dear Telemachus, that he is unhappy in being obliged to do good to such multitudes ? He corrects the wicked by punishments, he encourages the good by rewards, and represents the Gods in thus conducting all the human race to virtue. Has he not glory enough in causing the laws to be observed ? That of placing him above the laws is a false glory, which inspires nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he cannot but be

unhappy; for he can find no peace in his passions and vanity. If he is virtuous, he must needs taste the purest and most solid of all pleasures in toiling in the service of virtue, and in the expectation of an eternal recompense from the Gods.

Telemachus, who had a secret uneasiness in his heart, seemed as if he had never understood these maxims, though his mind was well stored with them, and he had himself taught them to others. A melancholy humour inspired him contrary to his real sentiments, with a spirit of contradiction and subtilty, to oppose the truths which Mentor explained. To these arguments Telemachus opposed the ingratitude of men. What! said he, take so much pains to win the affections of men, who perhaps will never love you, and to do good to wretches who will make use of your benefits to your prejudice!

Mentor made him a calm reply: We must expect men to be ungrateful, and yet we must do good to them: we must serve them less for their own sakes, than for the love of the Gods, who command it. The good which a man does is never lost: if men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Besides, if the multitude is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous persons who are affected with your virtue: nay, the multitude itself, fickle and capricious as it is, never fails sooner or later to do a sort of justice to real virtue. But would you prevent the ingratitude of men? Do not labour solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in their pleasures: this glory, this abundance, these pleasures corrupt them; they will only be the more wicked for them, and consequently the more ungrateful; it is making them a fatal present, it is offering them a delicious poison. But apply yourself to reform their manners, and to instill into them justice, sincerity, a fear of the Gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness. By making them good, you will hinder them from being ungrateful, and confer virtue, a real good, upon

them; and virtue, if it be real, will for ever attach them to him who has instilled it into them. Thus by conferring the real good upon them, you will do good to yourself, and will have nothing to fear from their ingratitude. Is it any wonder that men are ungrateful to princes who never taught them any thing but injustice, unbounded ambition, a jealousy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtiness and treachery? The prince should expect nothing from them but what he has taught them to do. But on the contrary, if he endeavoured by his own example and authority to render them virtuous, he would find the fruits of his labour in their virtues, or at least he would find in his own and in the friendship of the Gods, wherewithal to comfort himself under all his disappointments.

This discourse was hardly ended, when Telemachus hastened towards the Phæacians, whose ship was anchored on the shore. He addressed himself to an old man amongst them, and asked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not seen Ulysses. The old man replied, We come from our own island, which is that of the Phæacians; we are going to Epirus for merchandize; and Ulysses, as you have already been told, came into our country, but is departed from it.

Telemachus immediately added, Who is that melancholy man who seeks the most solitary places, while he waits for the departure of your vessel? He is, replied the old man, a stranger that is unknown to us. But it is said that his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle foretold his mother, before his birth, that he would be a king, provided he did not remain in his own country; and that if he did remain there, the wrath of the Gods would fall on the Phrygians in a dreadful pestilence. As soon as he was born, his parents delivered him to certain mariners, who carried him to the island of Lesbos, where he was privately brought up at the expence of his country, which had so great an interest

rest to keep him at a distance. He soon grew tall, robust, handsome, and expert in all bodily exercises. He even applied himself with great taste and genius to the sciences and the liberal arts; but he was not suffered to stay in any country. The prediction concerning him became famous; he was presently known wherever he went, and kings were every where afraid that he would wrest their crowns from them. Thus has he been a wanderer from his birth, and can find no part of the world, where he may have the liberty to settle. He has often travelled into nations the most remote from his own; but he hardly arrives in any city before his birth and the oracle concerning him are discovered. He in vain hides himself, and chooses in every place some obscure kind of life; his talents for war, letters, and the most important affairs, shine forth, they say, whether he will or not; there always offers in every country some unforeseen occasion which gets the better of him, and makes him known to the public. His merit is the cause of his misfortune; it makes him feared, and excludes him from all places where he attempts to reside. It is his fate to be every where esteemed, beloved, admired, but expelled from all the known countries in the world. He is not young, and yet has he not hitherto been able to find any coast, either of Asia or Greece, where they would suffer him to live in peace. He seems to have no ambition, and does not aim at greatness; he would be very happy, had not the oracle promised him a crown. He despairs of ever seeing his country again; for he knows that he should carry nothing but mourning and tears into every family. A crown itself, the cause of his sufferings, seems not desirable to him; he pursues it contrary to his own inclinations, through a sad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it seems to fly before him, in order to mock this unhappy man even to his old age. Fatal gift of the Gods, which clouds his brightest days, and causes him nothing but pain, at a time when



feeble man needs nothing but rest! He is going, he says, to Thrace in quest of some savage lawless people, whom he may assemble, civilize, and govern for some years; after which, the oracle being accomplished, the most flourishing kingdoms will have nothing to apprehend from him. He designs then to retire to some village of Caria, where he will devote himself to agriculture, of which he is passionately fond. He is a wise and sober man, who fears the Gods, who has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and who knows how to live in peace with them without esteeming them. This is what is reported of this stranger, of whose fortunes you desired me to inform you.

During this conversation, Telemachus was continually turning his eyes towards the sea, which began to be in motion. The winds raised the waves, which beat against the rocks, and whitened them with their foam. The same instant the old man says to Telemachus, I must go; my companions cannot wait for me. As he speaks these words, he runs to the shore; the Phæacians embark, and nothing is heard but the confused clamours of the mariners, who were eager and impatient to be gone.

The stranger, who was called Cleomenes, had strayed some time up and down the island, climbing up to the tops of all the rocks, and from thence taking a melancholy survey of the vast expanse of the sea. Telemachus had not lost sight of him, nor ceased to watch his steps. His heart was moved for a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, who was born to perform the greatest actions, and was made, far from his native country, the sport of rigorous fortune. I perhaps, said he to himself, may see Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never return to Phrygia. An instance of a man more unhappy than himself alleviated Telemachus's grief.

At length, this man, seeing the vessel ready, descended from the craggy rocks with as much speed and agility, as Apollo in the forests of Lycia, having

tied his flaxen locks together, flies over the precipices, when he pursues the stags and wild boars with his arrows. And now this unknown person is on board the ship, which cleaves the briny wave, and flies from the land.

Hereupon a secret impression of sorrow is made on Telemachus's heart; he grieves without knowing why; tears trickle from his eyes, and nothing is so pleasing to him as to weep. At the same time he sees all the Salentine mariners on the shore, lying fast asleep on the grass; they were tired and quite spent; gentle sleep had insinuated itself into their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night had been shed upon them, by Minerva's power, in the middle of the day. Telemachus is surprised to see this universal drowsiness of the Salentines, while the Phæacians had been so watchful and diligent to improve a favourable wind; but he is more intent on viewing the Phæacian ship, which was ready to disappear in the midst of the waves, than to go and awake the Salentines. Amazement and secret anguish fasten his eyes on the departed bark, of which he now sees nothing but the sails, which look a little white in the azure waves; he does not even hear Mentor who speaks to him; he is quite beside himself, and transported like the priestesses of Bacchus, when they hold the thyrsus in their hands, and make the banks of Hebrus and the mountains of Rhodope and Ismarus ring with their frantic howlings.

At length he recovers a little from this kind of enchantment, and tears again begin to stream from his eyes. Whereupon Mentor says to him: I am not surprised, my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; the cause of your sorrow, which is unknown to you, is not unknown to Mentor; it is nature that speaks and works in you; it is she that melts your heart. The stranger, who excited such lively emotions in you, is the great Ulysses. What the old Phæacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is only a fiction, the more securely to conceal your

father's return to his kingdom. He is going directly to Ithaca; he is already near the port, and at length sees that so long wished for place again. Your eyes have seen him, as it was formerly foretold that you should, but without knowing him; you will quickly see him again, and know him, and he will know you. But at present the Gods do not permit you to know each other out of Ithaca. His soul was not less moved than yours; he is too wise to discover himself to any mortal, where he might be exposed to the treachery and insults of the cruel suitors of Penelope. Ulysses, your father, is the wisest of all men; his heart is like a deep well; his secrets cannot be drawn out of it. He loves truth, and never says any thing that wounds it: but he speaks it only when it is necessary; wisdom, like a seal, always keeps his lips shut against all useless words. How was he moved when he spoke to you! What violence did he do to himself, that he might not be known! What did he not suffer in seeing you! It was that which made him sad and dejected.

During this speech, Telemachus, being greatly moved and troubled, could not help shedding floods of tears, and his sobbings hindered him a long while from making a reply. At length he cried out, Ah! my dear Mentor, I felt I know not what in this stranger which attracted me to him, and moved all my bowels within me. But why, as you knew him, did you not tell me that it was Ulysses before his departure? Why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without seeming to know him? Pray what mystery is this? Shall I be wretched for ever? Will the angry Gods punish me with thirst like Tantalus, whom a delusive stream derides by its flight from his greedy lips? O Ulysses! Ulysses! art thou gone for ever? Perhaps I shall never see him more! Perhaps Penelope's lovers may cause him to fall into the snares which they laid for me! Had I gone with him, I should at least have died with him. O Ulysses! Ulysses! if storms do not throw you on the rocks

again (for I have every thing to apprehend from adverse fortune), I tremble lest on your arrival at Ithaca you should meet as dreadful a fate as Agamemnon did at Mycenæ. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me my happiness? I had now embraced him, I had now been with him in the port of Ithaca, we had been fighting to vanquish all our enemies.

Mentor replied with a smile, See, my dear Telemachus, the temper of mankind: you are now in the greatest distress, because you have seen your father without knowing him; and yet what would you not have given yesterday to have been assured that he was not dead? To day you are assured of it by your own eyes; and this assurance, which ought to overwhelm you with joy, fills you with anguish. Thus does the fickle soul of mortals esteem as nothing what is most desired, as soon as it possesses it, and is ingenious in tormenting itself with regard to what it does not yet possess. It is to exercise your patience that the Gods keep you thus in suspense. You look upon this as lost time, but know that it is the most useful of your whole life; for it exercises you in a virtue which is the most necessary in those who are to command. It is necessary to be patient, in order to become master of one's self and others. Impatience, which seems strength and vigour of soul, is nothing but weakness and an inability of bearing pain. He that cannot wait and suffer, is like a man who cannot keep a secret; they both want a firmness of soul to contain themselves, like a charioteer in a race, whose hand is not strong enough, when it is needful, to stop his fiery coursers: they no longer obey the reins, they rush down a precipice, and the feeble driver, with whom they run away, is dashed in pieces by his fall. So an impatient man is hurried by his fierce and unconquerable desires into an abyss of miseries. The greater his power is, the more fatal to himself is his impatience. He waits for nothing, he does not allow himself time to weigh



any thing, he breaks through all things to gratify himself; he tears off the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the doors rather than stay 'till they are opened to him; he will needs reap when the wise husband-man sows; every thing which he does in a hurry and out of season is ill-done, and cannot last longer than his fickle desires. Such are the mad projects of man who thinks he can do every thing, who gives himself up to his impetuous desires, and abuses his power. It is to teach you to be patient, my dear Telemachus, that the Gods do so much exercise your patience, and seem to mock you in the vagrant life wherein they always keep you in doubt. The good which you hope for shows itself to you, and flies away like an empty dream, which a man's awaking causes to vanish, to teach you that the very things which you think you hold fast in your hands may slip away in an instant. The wisest lessons of Ulysses will not be so useful to you as his long absence, and the hardships you suffer in quest of him.

Mentor afterwards resolved to put Telemachus's patience to a last and yet severer trial. The moment the youth was running to urge the mariners to hasten their departure, Mentor stopped him on a sudden, and engaged him to offer a great sacrifice to Minerva on the shore. Telemachus readily executes what Mentor desires. Two altars of turf are erected, the incense smokes, and the blood of the victims streams around. Telemachus sends up tender sighs to heaven, and acknowledges the powerful protection of the Goddess. As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, where he suddenly perceived that the face of his friend assumed a new form; the wrinkles of his brow disappear, as shades vanish when Aurora with her rosy fingers opens the gates of the East, and inflames all the horizon; his hollow and severe eyes are changed into eyes of a celestial azure, and filled with a divine fire; his white and uncouth beard disappears;

noble and majestic features, tempered with sweetness and grace, present themselves to the dazzled eyes of Telemachus. He sees a woman's visage with a complexion more beautiful than a tender flower just unfolded to the sun; the whiteness of the lily is there blended with the crimson of the opening rose. Eternal youth blooms on her face, with a plain unaffected majesty. An ambrosial odour is diffused from her flowing tresses. Her vestments glisten like the lively colours with which the rising sun paints the dusky vaults of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The Goddess does not touch the earth with her feet, but glides with ease through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her puissant hand she holds a glittering spear, that would terrify the most warlike cities and nations; nay, Mars himself would tremble at it. Her voice is sweet and mild, but strong and insinuating; all her words are darts of fire, which pierce the very soul of Telemachus, and make him feel a pleasing kind of pain. On her helmet is seen the solitary bird of Athens, and on her breast glitters the formidable ægis. By these marks Telemachus knows Minerva.

O Goddess, said he, it is you yourself then who have deigned to conduct the son of Ulysses for the sake of his father! — He would have proceeded, but his voice failed him, and his lips vainly endeavoured to express the thoughts which impetuously rushed from the bottom of his heart. The presence of the Goddess overpowered him, and he was like a man who is so much oppressed in a dream as to lose his breath, and who by the painful agitations of his lips cannot form a single word.

At length Minerva spoke these words: Son of Ulysses, hear me for the last time. I have never instructed any mortal with so much care as you; I have led you by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils which can try the heart of man. I have shewn you by striking examples the true and false maxims of government.

Your faults have not been less useful to you than your misfortunes : for where is the man that can govern wisely, if he has never suffered, and never profited by the sufferings into which his faults have plunged him ? You, like your father, have filled the earth and the seas with your disastrous adventures. Go, you are now worthy to tread in his steps. You have but a short and easy passage to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived ; assist him in fight, obey him like the meanest of his subjects, and be an example to others. He will give you Antiope for your wife, and you will be happy with her, because you sought for beauty less than for wisdom and virtue. When you come to reign, place all your glory in renewing the golden age ; hear every body ; believe a few ; be sure not to rely too much on yourself ; be afraid of being deceived, but never be afraid to let others see that you have been deceived ; love your people, and use all means of winning their love. Fear is necessary when love is wanting ; but, like the most violent and dangerous medicines, it should always be used with reluctance. Always consider at a distance all consequences of what you design to undertake ; be careful to foresee the most terrible evils, and know that true courage consists in facing and despising dangers when they become necessary. He that will not look upon them, has not courage enough to bear the sight of them with tranquillity ; he who surveys them all, who avoids all those which may be avoided, and who calmly encounters the rest, he alone is wise and magnanimous. Fly luxury, pomp and extravagance ; place your glory in simplicity ; let your virtues and good deeds be the ornaments of your person and palace ; let them be the guards which surround you, and let every body learn of you wherein true honour consists. Never forget that kings do not reign for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The good which they do, descends to the latest ages ; the evil which they do, multiplies from generation to generation even to remotest posterity :

one bad reign is often the cause of ages of calamity. Be particularly upon your guard against your own humour, an enemy which you will carry every where with you as long as you live, which will intrude into your counsels, and betray you if you listen to her. Humour makes a man lose the most important opportunities ; she gives him the desires and aversions of a child to the prejudice of his greatest concerns ; she causes his most weighty affairs to be decided by the most trifling reasons ; she obscures his talents, debases his courage, and renders him unequal, weak, mean, and insupportable. Be jealous of this enemy. And, O Telemachus, fear the Gods ; this fear is the greatest treasure of the human heart ; it comes attended by wisdom, justice, peace, joy, unmixed pleasures, real liberty, delightful abundance, and spotless glory.

I leave you, O son of Ulysses : but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you are always sensible that you can do nothing without it. It is time for you to learn to go alone. I was separated from you in Egypt and at Salentum, only to accustom you to live without me, as children are weaned when it is time to take their milk from them, and to give them more substantial aliments.

As soon as the Goddess had ended this speech, she sprung up into the air, and involved herself in a gold and azure cloud, in which she disappeared. Telemachus sighing, amazed and transported, threw himself prostrate on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. He afterwards went and waked his companions, departed, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father in the house of the faithful Eumæus.

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